

STARTING IN THE INDEPENDENT TOMORROW

TRAVEL FREE TO PARIS ON EUROSTAR



No 3,714

THE INDEPENDENT

FRIDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 1998



SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

INSIDE: THE ONLY
OFFICIAL UCAS GUIDE
TO UNIVERSITY PLACES

IN THE BROADSHEET REVIEW

The strange case
of Dr Death and
a page three girlSo, what tribe
are you in?
TRIBAL BRITAIN, PLUS
DESIGN, SCIENCE, MUSIC & LAWFour criminal charges that
could sink the presidencyBY ANDREW MARSHALL
AND DAVID USBORNE
in Washington

THE POLITICAL typhoon lashing President Bill Clinton intensified last night as word leaked out that the investigation into his illicit affair with the former intern, Monica Lewinsky, will yield grave allegations of serial criminal misdeeds committed over several months inside the walls of the White House.

If upon its release the report by the independent counsel, Kenneth Starr, into the Lewinsky scandal is as devastating as the leaks suggest, it could end the presidency of Bill Clinton.

The report is destined to be made public, at least in part, via the Internet as early as lunchtime today.

The President is expected to face no fewer than four charges of criminal misconduct. Sources said that he would be charged with perjury, abuse of power, witness tampering and obstruction of justice, each committed in a months-long effort to hide his relationship with Ms Lewinsky from the American people.

The report, which was kept under armed guard in a sealed room on Capitol Hill yesterday, is a "straightforward narrative" of a classic cover-up, the sources asserted, which demonstrated that the President of the United States "continued to lie, and lie and lie".

Potentially devastating to the President's hopes for survival, the combined charges could compel Congress to move swiftly towards impeachment proceedings.

INSIDE

President under siege
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The last president to face impeachment, Richard Nixon, choose to resign rather than undermine the office of the presidency 24 years ago, while confronting only one charge, obstruction of justice in the Watergate case.

The consideration of the evidence compiled by Mr Starr, delivered amid high drama to the Bill on Wednesday, is likely to begin in the Judiciary Committee today. The process is likely to drag on well into the new year. Only the President's resignation - which few in Washington dare to predict - would bring a quick close to the entire affair.

As well as reams of testimony and written evidence, the Starr report is believed to contain audio tapes of conversations between Ms Lewinsky and her friend Linda Tripp when the scandal first threatened to erupt, as well as results of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's laboratory test of alleged semen stains on Ms Lewinsky's infamous blue dress.

Mr Starr is understood to allege specifically that the President lied under oath, first in his deposition in the Paula Jones civil suit for sexual harassment last January, and then again in his testimony to the grand jury on the Lewinsky case on 17 August.

The Clinton apologises have done little to cushion the impact of the new revelations, with more members of Congress yesterday demanding his resignation. The political chaos created

Mr Clinton will be accused of sustaining the cover-up by using members of his personal staff. He will reportedly be accused of approving the release of a misleading statement given to the press by the White House spokesman, Mike McCurry, on the day that the revelations first surfaced last January.

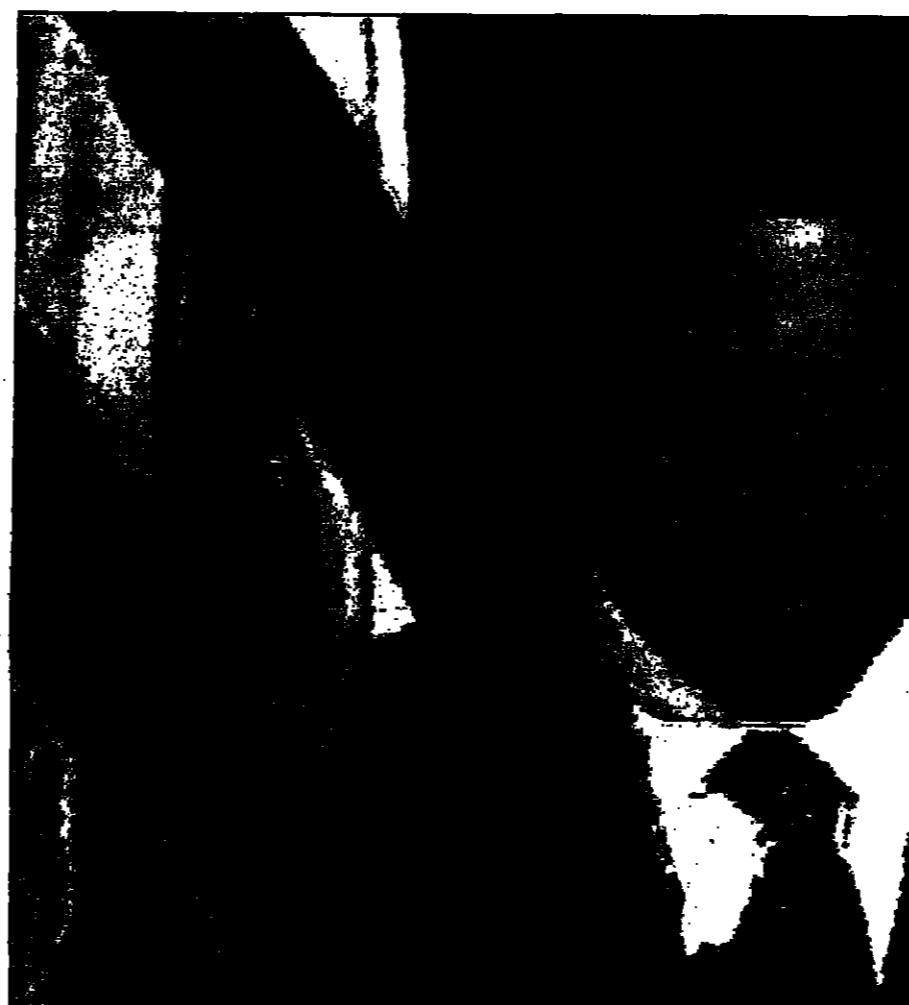
Mr McCurry, who resigned some weeks ago when the depths of Mr Clinton's problems became evident, said yesterday that the President might feel the need to apologise publicly yet again. "If he does - and I expect he does - I'm sure he'll make that apology," he said. "He's got a lot of amends to make and he will be making those amends."

A prayer breakfast at the White House today may be the occasion for another display of penitence.

Mr Clinton was energetically maintaining the contrition offensive yesterday, inviting key Senate Democrats to the White House to hear his regret. "He shared his feelings and apologised to us," said Senate minority leader, Tom Daschle. "We expressed the hope that the President will continue to demonstrate his contrition."

In an effort to do just that, the President was due to convene a meeting of his cabinet last night, the first such meeting since he told them last January that there had been no sexual relationship with Ms Lewinsky. Many feel that he betrayed them by making them lie for him. At the time, they stepped up immediately to defend him. The Clinton apologises have

by Mr Starr's sudden release of his report hit Wall Street hard yesterday, sending the Dow Jones industrial average down 300 points by lunchtime. If impeachment proves to be the next step, many will fear further damage to the office of US President itself, which is held in semi-religious regard.



Bill Clinton makes a point at a science awards event in the White House last night while awaiting publication of the Starr report CNN

Trimble and Adams make history

DAVID TRIMBLE and Gerry Adams yesterday became the first Unionist and republican leaders to meet for several generations, in an encounter remarkable both for its historic import and its non-confrontational character.

The Ulster Unionist leader said the meeting had been "civilised and workmanlike" while the Sinn Fein president described it as "constructive and useful, a good meeting."

In a significant relaxation of security, meanwhile, the RUC announced that all army patrols are to be taken off the streets of Belfast at the weekend.

BY DAVID MCKEEPRICK
Ireland Correspondent

Although there were no handshakes at the meeting, which took place at Stormont within the context of the new assembly, it was described as cordial. While many political battles lie ahead, some optimistic observers were predicting it could help set a new tone.

The meeting had two phases. In the first, a number of members from each party discussed various technical and administrative matters concerning the assembly. In the second phase Mr Trimble and

Mr Adams went into another room together for more wide-ranging discussions.

These touched on the vexed question of IRA arms decommissioning, a matter raised by Mr Adams, but even this morning, it was described as cordial. While many political battles lie ahead, some optimistic observers were predicting it could help set a new tone.

The meeting had two phases. In the first, a number of members from each party discussed various technical and administrative matters concerning the assembly. In the second phase Mr Trimble and

But even in dealing with decommissioning, his tone was markedly conciliatory. He said:

"We are not saying to people that you have to surrender arms or in any way feel humiliated. I am quite satisfied in the discussions I have had this morning that Mr Adams recognises the need for progress to happen on all fronts. I am sure he is aware of the obligations of the Republican movement on the front of decommissioning. I'm encouraged and I hope that things will happen."

Mr Adams said of the Unionist leader: "He's a man who I can do business with, he's a man I have do business with. I put it to Mr Trimble that he and I had been cast in these positions and we had to narrow the gap. We had to find ways for him to help me and me to help him." In a later television interview Mr Trimble responded with a grin: "I hope very much that Gerry will do the business."

The next milestone in the peace process is expected today, when about half a dozen inmates are scheduled to be freed from the Maze prison. The men, who are expected to include both republicans and loyalists, will be the first to be freed under the early release

scheme laid down in the Good Friday agreement.

Announcing the removal of troops from Belfast, Ronnie Flanagan, RUC Chief Constable, said he wanted to move as quickly as possible to the position where there was no need for any military patrols anywhere. He added: "We have a reduced terrorist threat but it does not mean in any sense that there is no terrorist threat."

He said the investigation into the Omagh bomb was progressing to the extent that he was convinced people would be prosecuted for it.

Historic meeting, page 4

Rail historians rocket Stephenson

HE IS one of the towering figures in British history. George Stephenson, the father of our railways, is a man so important to our heritage that his face appears on every five pound note. Or he was until today.

This morning, just a few miles from Stephenson's birthplace, railway historians will present a debunking of what

BY DARIUS SANAI

they believe is the myth surrounding the man most of us know as the inventor of the steam locomotive. At the end of a day that will have the self-taught engineer steaming in his grave, delegates to the International Early Railways Conference in Durham will have

heard that Stephenson did not invent the locomotive at all.

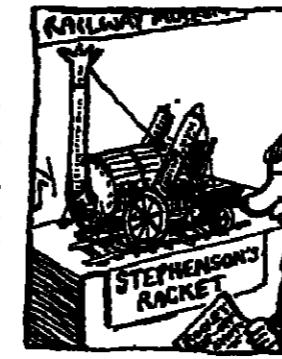
His first engine, My Lord, built in 1814, was, according to Andy Guy, the historian giving the talk, a joint effort between Stephenson and two other engineers, who never received credit. "All the work done on My Lord had been done before," said Mr Guy, a historian at the

Breamish Museum, Co Durham. "Stephenson wasn't entitled to make the patent claim he made in 1815." The historians believe his "greatness" was partly a construct of his self-aggrandisement.

The new evidence shows William Chapman and John Buddle, engineers who have little chance of appearing on a

fivepence coin, had "significant input" into the design of Stephenson's first inventions, Mr Guy said.

Alan Pearce, another Durham-based railway historian, compares Stephenson to today's Japanese car manufacturers. "He went around looking at other people's inventions and said, 'That looks good, I'll use that bit and that bit.'



Jeremy Isaacs &
Taylor Downing

COLD WAR

For forty-five years the world held its breath

The book of the groundbreaking BBC TV series

OUT NOW IN BANTAM PRESS HARDCOVER

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Thousands of schools are being run by temporary heads because of the worst ever headteacher recruitment crisis.

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Popular boom for retail therapy

Compulsive shopping where people find they cannot control their buying habits, has more than doubled in the past 20 years and is affecting more men and children than ever before.

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Tough new rules for wildlife sites

Tough new powers to prosecute landowners who damage Britain's most valuable wildlife sites have been proposed by the Government.

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Britain delays Kosovo flight ban

Britain broke ranks with the EU yesterday over plans to punish Serbia for its brutal treatment of ethnic Albanians in Kosovo.

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Trapped whales mock free Keiko

While millions of dollars are being lavished in an ambitious project to return Keiko to his native Iceland, conservationists are fighting to stop the capture of more killer whales for display in marine parks and aquaria around the world.

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BUSINESS NEWS

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FTSE tumbles as Wall Street falls

World stock markets sustained heavy losses as they followed Wall Street downwards as fears over the future of President Bill Clinton unnerved investors.

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Centrica targets 4m customers

Centrica, the gas giant, aims to capture 4 million electricity customers and pay shareholders their first dividend since the demerger from BG.

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SPORTS NEWS

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Wales calls off hockey match

Wales called off a hockey game against Canada at the Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur when eight players fell ill with suspected food poisoning.

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RFU suspends picking referees

The Rugby Football Union has suspended the appointment of referees for this weekend's matches involving Bedford and West Hartlepool.

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FRIDAY REVIEW

28-PAGE BROADSHEET SECTION

Anatole Lieven

Russia's rulers under Yeltsin have undermined its health to the point where it was bound to succumb to any serious new global financial infection.

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Mary Dejevsky

So long as Mr Clinton's public opinion poll ratings hold up, so long as he is credited with the strength of the US economy and positive national feelings, Congress will be reluctant to move against him.

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NEWSPAPER SUPPORT
RECYCLING

Recycled paper made up 41% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the last half of 1995

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

CONGRESS IS likely to agree today to release the contents of the Starr report on President Clinton. Congressman Henry Hyde said yesterday, with key sections posted on the Internet.

For the past eight months, the President's nemesis has been Kenneth Starr, the Republican lawyer who single-mindedly pursued Bill Clinton and his libido through the corridors of the White House.

From today the politicians take over from the lawyers. Mr Hyde, a Republican, chairs the Judiciary Committee that will lead impeachment hearings should they occur.

Mr Hyde himself will set the tone and speed of the proceedings that will decide the fate of the president. He will also have to maintain discipline within a committee that is difficult to control at the best of times; and these are not the best of times on Capitol Hill.

Hyde had already said that impeachment solely on the grounds of the President's sexual misadventures would not be desirable, and added on Thursday that any proceedings would be carried out in a non-partisan way. "I will not condone, nor participate in, a political witch hunt," he said, promising "a fair and independent review of the evidence on our own."

Mr Hyde is a Congressman of long standing, and in the traditional style. The silver-haired 74-year-old smokes cigars, and during the Second World War skippered a landing craft in the

HENRY HYDE
74-year-old chairman of the Judiciary Committee which will lead impeachment hearings

Pacific. He was born and bred in Chicago, a Catholic and a Democrat, but felt the party shifting away from him in the Sixties.

He represents a well-off north-western suburb of Chicago, near O'Hare airport. This is where First Lady Hillary Clinton grew up, an area of solid Republicanism and middle-class values. It is an area that voted for President Bush in 1992, and for Robert Dole in 1986, even as the rest of the country – and especially Chicago, a Democratic bastion – swung behind Mrs Clinton's husband.

The Almanac of American Politics describes him as "one of the most respected and intellectually honest members of the House." A Representative since 1974, he is on the right of the party, one of its most conservative members who is adamantly opposed to abortion rights, a constitutional ban on flag-burning and takes a strong stand on moral issues.

The fight to maintain discipline has already been launched by both Mr Hyde and Newt Gingrich, the Speaker of the House. Mr Gingrich has remained largely silent for the past few weeks, despite his record as a free-thinking, some-

BARNEY FRANK
Left-wing member of the Judiciary Committee. He is unlikely to attack Clinton

times wild figure on the Republican right. Paradoxically he wants to maintain the image of bipartisanship that is essential to making the proceedings work.

But Mr Gingrich himself has some dirty laundry in the cupboard. Divorce proceedings were served against his wife while she lay in hospital dying of cancer.

It will not be an easy task to maintain decorum. The Judiciary Committee contains some of the most partisan members of both parties.

At one end of the spectrum is Barney Frank from Massa-

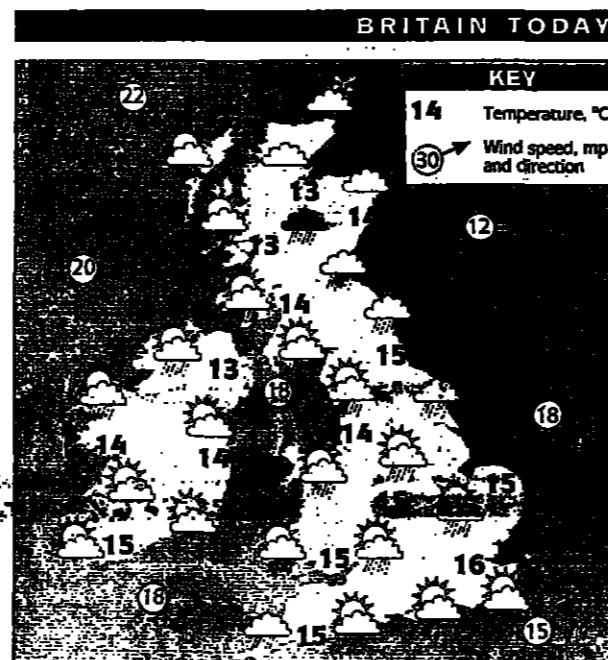
BOB BARR
An attack-dog of the conservative right from Georgia who has been calling for impeachment

chusetts, on the left wing of the Democrats. Mr Frank – the only openly gay Congressman – has been faced with sexual scandals himself. At the other pole is Bob Barr of Georgia, an attack-dog of the conservative right who has been calling for the impeachment of the President since last year.

For the moment, it is these figures – Congressmen with little presence outside the US – who will be crucial. Final judgement on the President, if he is impeached, would be delivered by the Senate, allowing many of those who have already criticised the President, such as De-

mocratic Senators Pat Moynihan and Joseph Lieberman, to have their say. It would be presided over by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, William Rehnquist.

Mr Hyde is grimly aware of the dimensions of what he now faces. Some Congressmen criticised the style of the delivery of the Starr report to Capitol Hill on Thursday; not Mr Hyde. "I have no criticism of Judge Starr," he said. "He belongs to the pantheon of saints. He's gone through hell." It is an experience which Mr Hyde will now, in many ways, repeat.



It will be even colder everywhere tomorrow. England, Wales and Scotland will have scattered showers and brief sunny spells. Northern Ireland will have a lot of cloud and some outbreaks of rain. Sunday and Monday will be cool and windy, the best of any sunshine in the south.

TRAVEL

Roads: West Midlands: M5 between J5 (Shrewsbury) and J2 (Dudley). Resurfacing work with narrow lanes both ways. Until 1st October.

West Country: M1 between J40 (Stourton) and J42 (Lothdown Interchange) on Avonmouth Bridge. Until 1st January 2001.

Motorways: M40 between junctions 1a (M25) and 3 (Witney East). Three narrow lanes both ways and a 50 mph speed limit in force. Until 1st January 1999.

Berkshire: M4 between J3a (Maidenhead)

and J7 (Slough). New road layout with a 50 mph speed limit in a new half-mile carriageway during road resurfacing work.

UK: Major roads: M1 (J18-J21), M25 (J10-J12), M4 (J3-J7), M5 (J2-J5), M6 (J2-J5), M7 (J1-J2), M8 (J1-J2), M9 (J1-J2), M11 (J1-J2), M12 (J1-J2), M13 (J1-J2), M14 (J1-J2), M15 (J1-J2), M16 (J1-J2), M17 (J1-J2), M18 (J1-J2), M19 (J1-J2), M20 (J1-J2), M21 (J1-J2), M22 (J1-J2), M23 (J1-J2), M24 (J1-J2), M25 (J1-J2), M26 (J1-J2), M27 (J1-J2), M28 (J1-J2), M29 (J1-J2), M30 (J1-J2), M31 (J1-J2), M32 (J1-J2), M33 (J1-J2), M34 (J1-J2), M35 (J1-J2), M36 (J1-J2), M37 (J1-J2), M38 (J1-J2), M39 (J1-J2), M40 (J1-J2), M41 (J1-J2), M42 (J1-J2), M43 (J1-J2), M44 (J1-J2), M45 (J1-J2), M46 (J1-J2), M47 (J1-J2), M48 (J1-J2), M49 (J1-J2), M50 (J1-J2), M51 (J1-J2), M52 (J1-J2), M53 (J1-J2), M54 (J1-J2), M55 (J1-J2), M56 (J1-J2), M57 (J1-J2), M58 (J1-J2), M59 (J1-J2), M60 (J1-J2), M61 (J1-J2), M62 (J1-J2), M63 (J1-J2), M64 (J1-J2), M65 (J1-J2), M66 (J1-J2), M67 (J1-J2), M68 (J1-J2), M69 (J1-J2), M70 (J1-J2), M71 (J1-J2), M72 (J1-J2), M73 (J1-J2), M74 (J1-J2), M75 (J1-J2), M76 (J1-J2), M77 (J1-J2), M78 (J1-J2), M79 (J1-J2), M80 (J1-J2), M81 (J1-J2), M82 (J1-J2), M83 (J1-J2), M84 (J1-J2), M85 (J1-J2), M86 (J1-J2), M87 (J1-J2), M88 (J1-J2), M89 (J1-J2), M90 (J1-J2), M91 (J1-J2), M92 (J1-J2), M93 (J1-J2), M94 (J1-J2), M95 (J1-J2), M96 (J1-J2), M97 (J1-J2), M98 (J1-J2), M99 (J1-J2), M100 (J1-J2), M101 (J1-J2), M102 (J1-J2), M103 (J1-J2), M104 (J1-J2), M105 (J1-J2), M106 (J1-J2), M107 (J1-J2), M108 (J1-J2), M109 (J1-J2), M110 (J1-J2), M111 (J1-J2), M112 (J1-J2), M113 (J1-J2), M114 (J1-J2), M115 (J1-J2), M116 (J1-J2), M117 (J1-J2), M118 (J1-J2), M119 (J1-J2), M120 (J1-J2), M121 (J1-J2), M122 (J1-J2), M123 (J1-J2), M124 (J1-J2), M125 (J1-J2), M126 (J1-J2), M127 (J1-J2), M128 (J1-J2), M129 (J1-J2), M130 (J1-J2), M131 (J1-J2), M132 (J1-J2), M133 (J1-J2), M134 (J1-J2), M135 (J1-J2), M136 (J1-J2), M137 (J1-J2), M138 (J1-J2), M139 (J1-J2), M140 (J1-J2), M141 (J1-J2), M142 (J

CLINTON UNDER SIEGE

THREE WAYS TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY



17 AUGUST

'I did have a relationship with Ms Lewinsky that was not appropriate ... it was wrong'

5 SEPTEMBER

'I made a bad mistake. It's indefensible and I'm sorry about it'

10 SEPTEMBER

'I let you down, I let my family down. I let my wife down. I let the country down'

Middle America braced for deluge

BY DAVID USBORNE
in Washington
PHIL DAVIDSON
in Miami

IF YOU think that President Bill Clinton, after months of denial and self-delusion, may at last be getting with the plot, consider this from his confrontation-laden speech in Orlando, Florida, on Wednesday. He said: "I hope that millions of families all over America are, in a way, growing stronger because of this". Pardon?

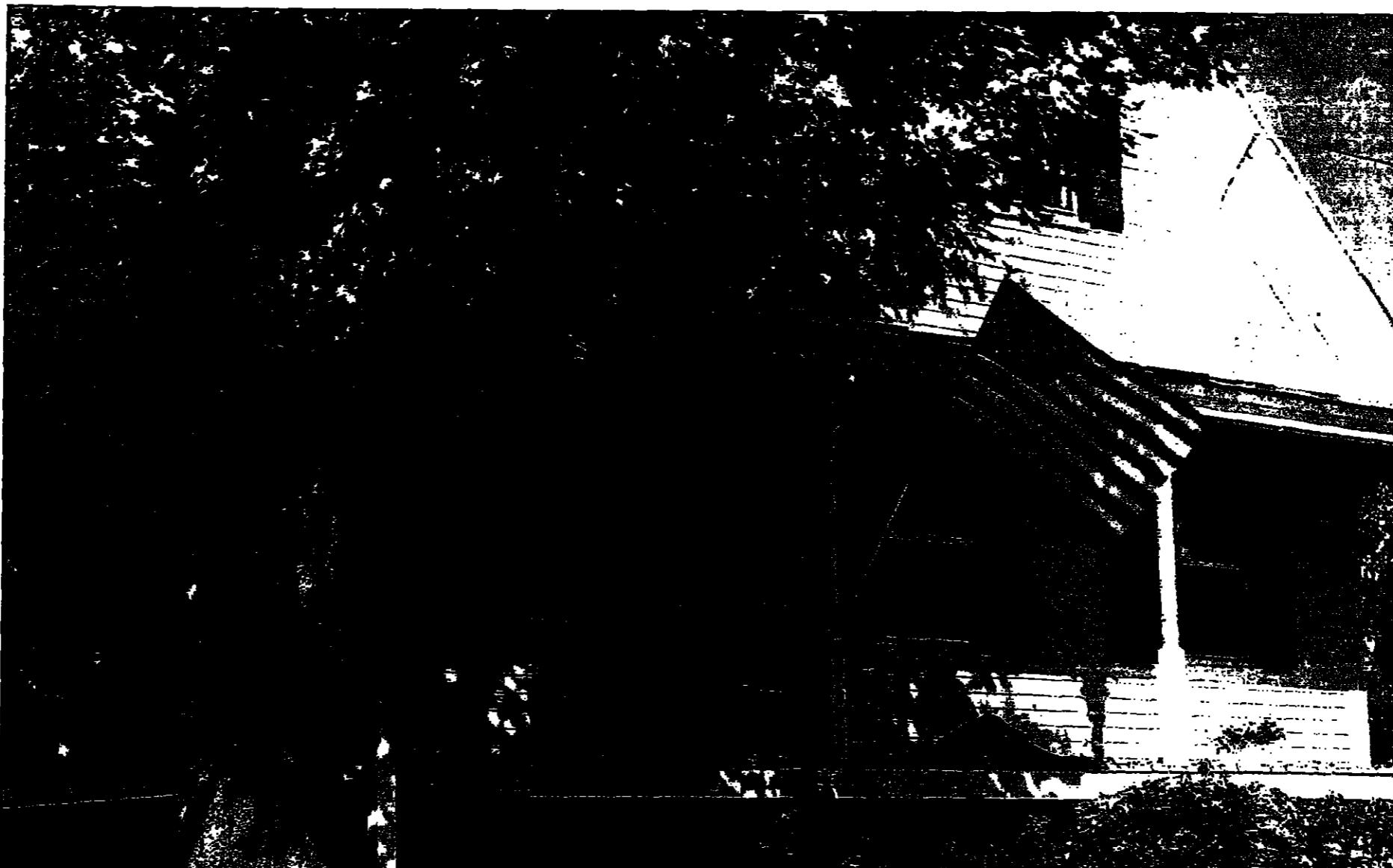
This is a nuance that was surely escaping most Americans yesterday as they awoke to newspapers and morning television shows that offered them nothing but gloom. If there was anyone left who did not already grasp it, back in Washington they were facing the worst constitutional crisis since Watergate.

While the latest evidence shows some softening in the numbers, the President's approval – for the job he is doing, rather than the nature of his private life – remains high. How much more distressing, therefore, to see the ground opening beneath him.

The lurid nature of the allegations evokes dismay. Few parents in America are grateful to Clinton for the slew of sewage which his actions have unleashed to the curious ears of their young children.

Now that flow is about to become a raging torrent. By the time you read this, much of what Kenneth Starr has uncovered may be available to all, minors included, on the Internet, courtesy of the House Judiciary Committee. Word from the publishing houses of New York suggests book versions of the report, doubtless with several steamy chapters, will be on our bookshelves by Monday.

Support is still high for Mr Clinton's record in office, especially his stewardship of the economy. If it persists, and if voters turn against Mr Starr, politicians on the Hill may yet shy away from impeachment proceedings.



Heartland America, where Clinton is losing his supporters; they may still admire him as a president, but many have turned their backs on him as a man

Robert Harding

But there are signs beyond the Washington beltway that public sentiment is moving away from Mr Clinton. Why else would so many members of Congress, on their return from the Labor Day weekend listening to their constituents, suddenly be stampeding from the President's side, Democrats included?

In Orlando you could almost hear a collective intake of breath in the packed little school hall where Bill Clinton on Wednesday night thanked the attractive local teacher Susan Waltrip, for her introduction. "I wish I could take her to Washington for about a month," he said.

The uncomfortable moment at the Hillcrest Primary School revealed perfectly how President Clinton's image had changed. "Every time you look at the man now, you can't help but see him with his pants down," said Geoffrey Miller, 24, a local law student following the President's visit on local television in a bar.

But Mr Miller added that as a loyal Democrat, he would still support Mr Clinton politically,

and would vote for Democratic candidates in November's Congressional and gubernatorial elections.

There is great concern over how Mr Clinton's actions may affect the elections.

After a \$4,000-a-head fund-raising dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, outside Miami, on Wednesday, Mr Clinton apologised to Democratic supporters and asked for forgiveness. But he stuck to his left-

motif, that he may be a lousy husband and father but it hasn't affected the job of running the country. "I've tried to do a good job of taking care of this country, even when I haven't taken such good care of myself or my family," he said, biting his lip.

As always in his contrite moments, he slipped into that drawl white blues singers would kill for. But not everybody was buying. "Do you know where your daughters are tonight?"

Clinton is in town," was the message on one of the placards held up outside the Biltmore by 37-year-old Steve Hogge.

Next to him was a Miami Beach kindergarten teacher and mother, Myrna Armento, who, in between chanting "Clinton, go home," told reporters:

"I'm protesting the fact that we can't trust him ... Ask my three-year-olds who Monica Lewinsky is and they'll tell you she's President Clinton's girlfriend."

Ms Armento waved a placard reading: "Hey, Clinton, I hope my kids don't want to grow up to be like you."

That was a reference to Mr Clinton's luncheon speech in Orlando earlier in the day in which he said a little boy he had met at Hillcrest school had told him: "I want to be a president like you." But reporters who tracked down Marcos Encinas discovered he had said simply: "I want to be president." Mr Clinton appeared to have added the words "like you", not an insignificant distortion under the circumstances.

"I've met him, I've served him," said Olga Townsend, a 44-year-old Puerto Rican who works as a banquet captain in the Biltmore. "He should have told the truth ... but I still admire him as a president."

Clair Hoey, a teacher at the Hillcrest school, said voters were less interested in the President's behaviour than in local issues, notably a proposed change in the current law that forbids bars from opening within 1,000 feet of schools.

Outside the Hotel, local Coral Gables resident Carolyn Fuller hoisted a banner which read: "Lovers are better for the world than haters."

"I'm here because Clinton needs a laugh," she said.

"JK did the same and all he got was a slap on the wrist," said Miami carpenter and night taxi driver Guy Montizello, 29. "And that was after he was dead, so he didn't feel a thing. Clinton's not a machine. He has the same urges as any other man."

But the voices of condemnation are multiplying. Mr Clinton has presumably seen the cruel placards that now greet him on the passing of his limousine whenever he ventures from the White House. "Impeach the Ozark-Caligula" was the message from one voter in Orlando.

At the last count, 30 city papers across the country had told their readers that Mr Clinton should resign, even before editorialists had seen the Starr Report.

Evidence that could lead to impeachment

BY ANDREW MARSHALL

Q: What does the delivery of the Starr report to Congress mean?

A: Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel, has finished the inquiries that arose out of the Whitewater affair. The Arkansas land scandal led him to investigate the President's sexual adventures with Paula Jones and obstructions of justice he believes arose from them. That is where Monica Lewinsky came in. Witnesses were heard in secret before a grand jury in Washington. But Mr Starr was just an investigator; now Congress must decide if there are grounds for impeachment. All he has done is accumulate evidence, and

Questions and answers: What awaits President Clinton?

though it is up to the House to decide which passes muster. Potentially the most damaging is perjury. The report alleges two occasions on which the President lied – once to the Jones sexual-harassment trial and in his videotaped evidence to the grand jury last month. It examines whether he obstructed justice in his efforts to find Ms Lewinsky a job. It looks at the question of abuse of power – whether the President sought to impede the workings of the Starr inquiry itself. And it looks at whether he pressed the former White House employee Kathleen Wil-

ley to lie about another sexual episode in the White House.

It seems Mr Starr concluded the President did not commit perjury, and that Vernon Jordan, his friend and adviser, did not engage in wrongdoing when he tried to find Ms Lewinsky a job.

Q: What happens next?

A: First, the Judiciary Committee will hold hearings. If there are grounds for impeachment – "high crimes and misdemeanours" in the words of the Constitution – a vote will take place in the House. If that results in a majority verdict, the President will be impeached.

He would then go for trial before the Senate.

Q: Is this the end of the Starr inquiry?

A: No. There are issues outstanding and the grand jury continued yesterday to hear witnesses. Others may yet be indicted on other criminal charges. There are outstanding inquiries too, into the President's handling of campaign finance during the 1996 election, launched by the Attorney-General, Janet Reno, this week.

Q: What can the White House do now?

A: The legal phase of the inquiry is over; politics and politi-

cians take over. The President's lawyers will want to present their version of the case.

A "war room" was buzzing away yesterday. But the most important thing now is congressional opinion, so the President met House Democrats on Wednesday and senators yesterday to buttress support. Many Democrats think he should be impeached, and since last week have not been shy about saying so.

Q: Can the government turn on Mr Clinton, as it would in Britain?

A: No. The Cabinet is appointed by Mr Clinton; no members

are elected. Congress, where Democrats are in a minority, is held at arm's length from the White House by the separation of powers, which means the executive (White House) and legislature (Congress) have discrete powers. Impeachment is one of the few ways they can directly affect the presidency.

But once the House has decided to impeach, the President has no appeal, and must comply.

Q: Who is in charge if the President is impeached or resigns?

A: Vice-President Al Gore would move up to the big chair in the Oval Office, as Gerald Ford did when Richard Nixon resigned in 1974. He had al-

ready been lined up as the heir-apparent to Mr Clinton, and had been hoping to slip into the Democratic nomination.

He would have to choose a vice-president; there has been little speculation but one name that has surfaced as a possible running-mate for Mr Gore is the Connecticut senator Joseph Lieberman, who tripped off the latest round of Democratic criticism of Mr Clinton. Mr Gore is also under investigation over allegations of fund-raising irregularities, though it has not reached the stage of an independent counsel. The nightmare scenario for Democrats is that he could be impeached as well.

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Echoes from history as Trimble meets Adams

FACING THE CAMERAS in Stormont yesterday, David Trimble gestured towards the statue of Viscount Craigavon and noted that Northern Ireland's first prime minister had set a precedent in meeting republicans.

Although the follow-up today has it that in political life Lord Craigavon was as unmoving as his statue, he actually took far greater risks than Mr Trimble, placing himself in the hands of the IRA to be taken to meet Eamon de Valera in Dublin.

Escorted to the meeting by "three of the worst looking toughs I have ever seen," Lord Craigavon concluded that de Valera was "impossible." But yesterday's meeting, in the altogether more civilised atmosphere of a Stormont committee room, seems to have been more productive - both Mr Trimble and Mr Adams giving the impression that it was a useful first encounter.

Although major controversy continues on many issues -

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

most of all that of arms decommissioning - the general political sense is that the formation of an executive including members of Sinn Fein is now a near-inevitability.

The sterility of the Craigavon-de Valera encounter was followed by something close to euphoria when Lord Craigavon went on to meet Michael Collins. They got on so well that they produced a detailed agreement dramatically proclaiming "Peace is today declared." That proved to be a false dawn, however, which was swamped in a rising wave of violence.

Lord Craigavon's account of his first meeting with Collins may not be a million miles from what passed between Mr Trimble and Mr Adams yesterday. He asked Collins if it was his intention to have peace in Ireland or continuing strife. Collins made it clear he wanted

a real peace, while hoping to coax Northern Ireland into a united Ireland later.

Today Unionists are still determined to stay out of a united Ireland while republicans are still working towards it. But the tone of yesterday's encounter, described as civilised and constructive, appears to have been an advance on one Craigavon-Collins meeting when, reported Winston Churchill, "they both glowered magnificently".

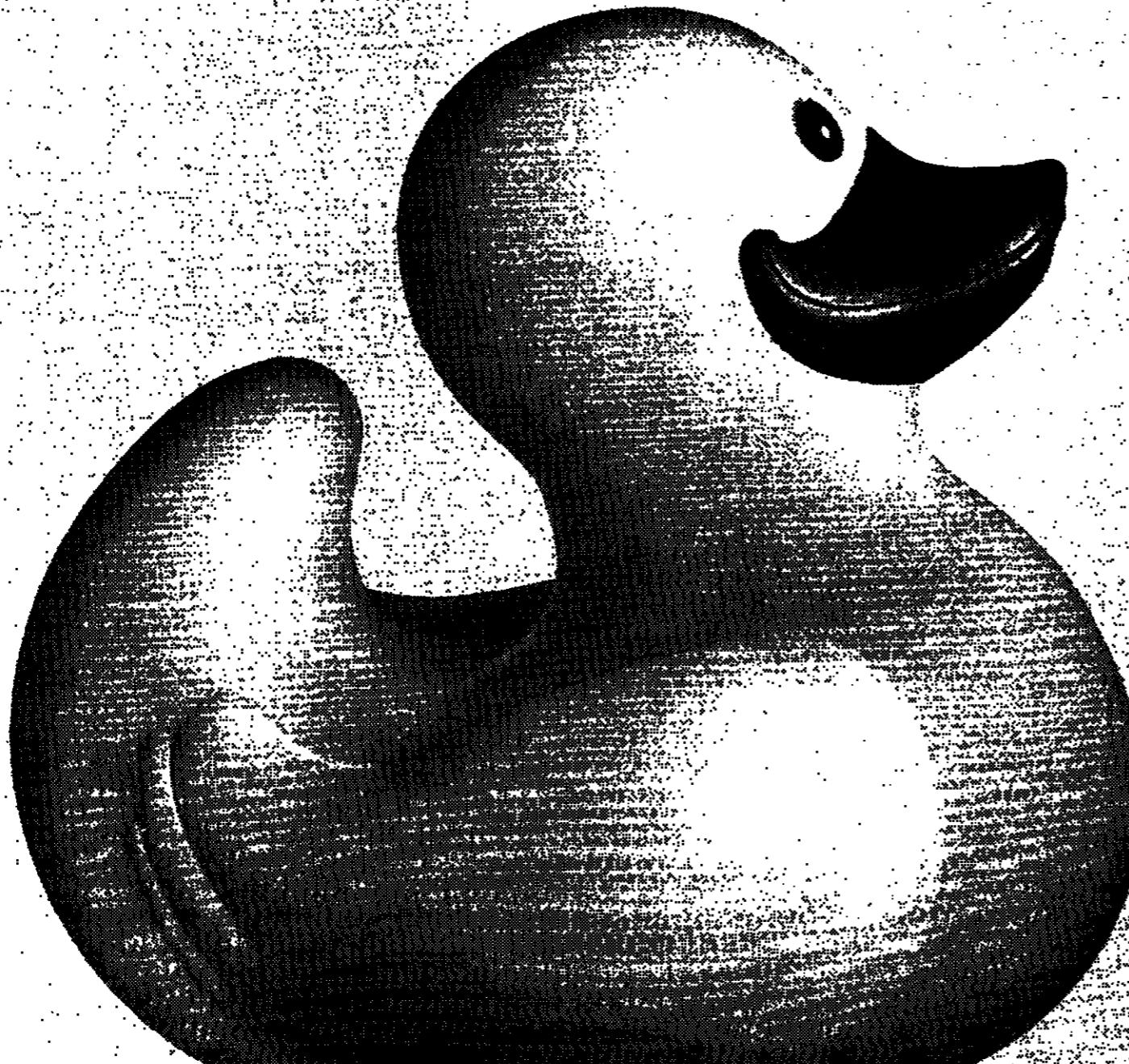
In Stormont, Sinn Fein is already installed in well-appointed offices. The mail-tray is right next to that of the United Kingdom Unionist party, while Gerry Adams has his own personal pigeonhole, just along from that of the Rev Ian Paisley.

Yesterday Sinn Fein people were fitting in and out of Room 263. None really seemed "the worst looking toughs I have ever seen," but many have certainly been behind bars for activities aimed at smashing the Northern Ireland state. Lord Craigavon would be astonished they might now be on the point of entering its government.



First Minister David Trimble at Stormont with a statue of Ulster's first prime minister, Lord Craigavon

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SUZANNE MOORE

'Even economists get it wrong and their powers of predication are often on a par with Mystic Meg'

— THE FRIDAY REVIEW, PAGE 4

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Talks with Carlton could lead to takeover of Arsenal

BY PETER THAL LARSEN
AND JANE ROBINS

ARSENAL FOOTBALL Club and Carlton Communications, the television group, yesterday revealed they were in talks which could lead to Carlton bidding for the Premier League side.

In a joint statement released to the Stock Exchange, Arsenal and Carlton said they were talking about ways in which the two companies could work together.

"These talks are too preliminary in nature to assess the probability of any outcome," the statement said. However, it added that Carlton making a bid for Arsenal was "one possible outcome".

News of the talks came just a day after BSkyB, Rupert Murdoch's satellite television group, unveiled details of its £22m bid for Manchester United.

Carlton, which controls the London weekday ITV franchise as well as Central Television and Westcountry Television, has been thinking about buying a club for some time. Michael Green, its chairman, is understood to have held talks with Chelsea and Tottenham Hotspur football clubs recently.

Arsenal shares, which are listed on the OTC fringe market, which matches buyers and sellers of shares, soared in value yesterday, gaining £1.10 to close at 24,000. That values the club at £240m – less than half what BSkyB is offering to pay for Manchester United.

Any deal would require the approval of a majority of Arsenal's four key shareholders who control the majority of the shares between them.

David Dein, the club's deputy chairman, has a 21 per cent stake. Daniel Wiseman and his fellow director Richard Carr have approximately 27 per cent each while Clive Carr, another director, controls another 9 per cent.

Analysts yesterday said they doubted that Arsenal would agree to a full takeover, preferring to offer Carlton a strategic shareholding in the club in return for a cash injection which could be used to finance



Arsenal's ground, Highbury, may be vacated for a new stadium if Carlton buys into the club David Rose

the building of a new stadium.

David Brooks, a football analyst at Nomura, the Japanese bank said: "Carlton could offer the finances for a new stadium while also bringing its know-how and network for digital television."

Carlton owns 50 per cent of ONdigital, the digital broadcaster which is planning to launch a 32-channel service later this year.

The news sparked a frenzy of speculation about possible links between other television groups and football clubs. In the City, shares in listed football clubs such as Leeds and Newcastle soared.

Observers said Carlton's interest in Arsenal made sense.

"The Carlton move was inevitable. This is the only coun-

try in the world that has a sports/broadcasting economy where the broadcasters have not directly invested in the sports," said a cable company insider.

He expected other major television players also to take

stakes in football clubs. Granada Television and United News and Media are prime contenders, with Gerry Robinson's Granada being geographically linked to Liverpool and Newcastle United. A Granada spokesman refused to comment on the speculation.

Cable companies are not likely to enter the fray, however. Cable and Wireless Communications boss Graham Wallace is convinced that his company should, in the immediate future, operate only as a carrier of digital television services. Others, such as Telewest, are not big enough players.

Carlton has long been involved in acrimonious disputes with BSkyB over football. It was narrowly defeated by Sky in its own attempt to secure the rights to Premier League football in 1996 and ONdigital, its digital service owned jointly with Granada, is currently wrestling with BSkyB over the price it will pay to carry Premier League.

With the Arsenal bid, the friction between the two companies has been exacerbated. "If Carlton wins a controlling interest in Arsenal," said the cable executive, "it should have the power to keep Arsenal off BSkyB's satellite television, and exploit the club's potential on its own ONdigital terrestrial service."

Sports experts in television believe that some big clubs, like Arsenal, will now be hoping that the Restrictive Practices Court declares the Premier League to be operating as a cartel in selling television rights to football.

This would liberate the best clubs to strike increasingly lucrative sales deals with media companies interested in taking a stake in them.

■ Aston Villa last night confirmed that it is also holding talks with a "communications firm" about a possible takeover.

Villa's financial director, Mark Ansell, said: "We have had talks with a communications firm and there is a chance that a deal might be wrapped up in the same way as with Manchester United."

Business, page 17

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Schools crisis over lack of headteachers

Thousands of schools are being run by temporary heads because of the worst headteacher recruitment crisis ever. It has brought the rise of a new phenomenon - locum headteachers - sent in by agencies to run schools that cannot find heads.

Headteachers, who will today submit a pay claim for an average rise of 17 per cent, say that uncompetitive pay and mounting pressure on heads to raise standards are putting off prospective candidates.

David Hart, general secretary of the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "The current instability surrounding thousands of schools which have acting or locum heads is bad for children's education."

"Acting heads do their best, but there is no substitute for a permanent head who can conduct long-term planning and improve standards over time."

In London, agencies report that they cannot find enough "locum" heads to fill all the vacant posts.

Locums are often headteachers who retired when the Government tightened the early retirement rules last year. Mr Hart suggested that such

BY JUDITH JUDD
Education Editor

appointments might be of dubious legality, as they were not covered by the teachers' pay and conditions agreement.

A survey conducted by Education Data Surveys for his association found that nearly two-thirds of primary headships in London are re-advertised, often because no suitable candidate comes forward. For the Home Counties, the figure is a quarter and for elsewhere 22 per cent.

Acting heads are appointed for a term or more while the search continues.

Only 17 per cent of small primary schools receive ten applications or more, compared with 30 per cent last year and 50 per cent three years ago, the survey shows. Only a third of large primary schools received ten or more applications.

Mr Hart said the level of primary school heads' salaries had reached "scandalous proportions" compared with those for people with similar responsibilities in other jobs. From next April, the head of a small primary school earns £29,355 and that of a large one £36,270.

Secondary school heads earn between £42,603 and £55,557.

An average pay rise of 17 per cent would make up the difference between heads' salaries and those for comparable jobs.

Mr Hart added: "Since headship is going to determine whether the Government hits or misses its targets by the next election, it would be well-advised to pay attention to these problems."

"If you can't get enough people of the right quality into the most responsible position in education, you have to do something about it." There is no prospect of an immediate end to the crisis.

Mr Hart said that last year just over 4,000 candidates came forward for the Government's new headship qualification, against an annual target of 5,500.

A Department for Education spokesman said: "The Government will be taking action on this. We will shortly be submitting evidence to the Teachers' Pay Review Body which is expected to cover some of these issues. The Green Paper later in the autumn will be addressing these matters in a fundamental way."



Fry: 'Example of how apparent failure can turn to success'

Fry to be offenders' champion

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

STEPHEN FRY, the actor and humourist, has emerged as the unlikely new champion of Britain's old lags. The tweedy and erudite performer has been appointed director of the first national association of ex-offenders.

It was during the February 1995 theatre performance of *Cell Mates* - in which Mr Fry played the spy George Blake - that the actor suffered the low-point in his career: The play closed after Mr Fry, in a state of depression, deserted the production and fled to Belgium.

In recognition of the talents of some of those in jail, Mr Fry will, next Thursday, present the annual Koestler awards for outstanding pieces of artwork by prison inmates at a ceremony in west London.

Two days earlier he will be at Pentonville with Richard Tit, the director general of the Prison Service, to launch Unlock.

Mark Leech, the chairman of Unlock, a reformed armed robber who makes his living as a writer, said Mr Fry was "a classic example of how apparent failure can be turned into success".

Unlock also has the support of the former chief inspector of prisons, Sir Stephen Tumlin, who has agreed to become its president.

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The overdraft's in the oven, dear...

BY ANDREW VERTIY

that relatively few people want to access it with a PC so something has to take over from it as the preferred access device.

For customers who find it tiresome pressing "cook" buttons, the Microwave Bank has the solution: it is voice activated. And there is no need to check your balance before you buy it. NCR insists it will cost no more than today's top-of-the-range microwave.

Barclays even has an answer for those who would rarely fuss about their bank balance while they re-heat their spaghetti. "This is the tip of the iceberg in looking for other devices around the home that can be used for banking," said Roger Alexander, managing director of Barclays Emerging Markets Group.

"One of the issues we have with electronic commerce is

that relatively few people want to access it with a PC so something has to take over from it as the preferred access device.

And we don't think TV will be the answer to that maiden's prayer. We think people will be looking for more simple devices around the home."

NCR's research apparently shows that more than 70 per cent of consumers do not own PCs and regard the TV room as somewhere to relax, not to work.

But is the kitchen the answer? "Think about what your grandparents would have thought about ATMs," Mr Alexander said.

"If you'd told them 30 years ago they would be able to get money out of a hole in the wall, what would they have thought of us? It's all about possibilities."

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British Association: Compulsive buying habits, deadly American invaders and a technique to prevent brain damage

Shop to drop – a modern disease

THE PAST 20 years have seen compulsive shopping, where people find they cannot control their buying habit, more than doubling and it is affecting more men and children than ever before, researchers told the British Association's science festival in Cardiff yesterday.

An estimated 2.5 million people in Britain can be described as compulsive shoppers, with the rise being largely attributed to a 20 per cent increase in disposable income since 1978. The researchers also believe more people are suffering "self-image" problems which they attempt to remedy by purchasing goods that are specifically directed at boosting personal identity.

A detailed survey of 95 compulsive shoppers who were asked to keep diaries of their shopping habits over several weeks found that one of the most important motives for their behaviour was an attempt to gain a better self-image, said Helga Dittmar, a social psychologist at the University of Sussex.

Men have traditionally been in a minority among compulsive shoppers because, it was thought, they had other outlets – such as sport and the pub – to bolster their self-image, but this is changing, she said. "I would not be surprised if compulsive shopping goes up among men as well as going up generally."

With disposable income increasing, cash has begun to trickle down into the hands of children and Dr Dittmar said: "Shopping is now a hobby, even down to 10-year-olds".

The researchers found that women have tended to suffer

CONSUMPTION

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

from feelings of personal vulnerability and self-doubt, which have led them to buy clothes, handbags and jewellery to make them feel good. Men tended to buy electronic and leisure goods, such as compact discs and sports equipment.

"These purchases often did not meet the need for which they were bought. Compulsive shoppers frequently regretted their impulse purchases because they did not feel better as a result. Ordinary shoppers... were more likely to rate unplanned purchases as having helped to boost self-image," the researchers said.

Peter Taylor-Gooby, professor of social policy at the University of Kent, said the changing role of men and women in society, with more women taking up full-time careers, was likely to lead to more men becoming compulsive shoppers. Increasing wealth and the growth of large shopping centres have both made it easier for people to get caught up in compulsive shopping, he said.

"What we are talking about is not ordinary shopping but compulsive shopping, which is uncontrolled. People are aware of what they are doing but they cannot control themselves. It is more than impulsive buying," Professor Taylor-Gooby said.

"It's a psychological condition and has been identified by psychiatrists who offer treatment at compulsive shopping clinics."

	VIEWS FROM THE SHOP FLOOR					
Age	Murat Gurel 16	Haroula Lagos 17	Alex Farmiloe 20	Neha Gadhwani 17	Jessica Farmiloe 17	Anna Kaufman 17
Bought today	Levis Jeans	Trousers and jeans from Miss Selfridge	A coat from Oasis	long leather jacket, no brand	I haven't bought anything today, I'm in withdrawal	"I'm going on a binge - trousers, jeans and tops, any brand I don't care"
Last purchase	Assorted t-shirts	"Clothes for holidays"	skirt and trousers from Warehouse	pair of brown shoes from Dune	DKNY Trainers £100	Pair of combat trousers
Pocket money	£15	£30	£100	£60	£120	£150
Hours shopping	6 hours per week	"Every other day"	10 hours per week	10 hours per week	10 hours per week	10 hours per week
Favourite shop	Next	Miss Selfridge and Top Shop	Warehouse	Jane Norman	Morgan	Oasis, Morgan
Favourite brand	Levis	No favourite	DKNY	D&G	Gucci	Versace
Quote	"I wouldn't say I'm a shopaholic, I don't feel the pressure."	"I only spend on big occasions"	"Yes I live for working and shopping"	"I'm a shopaholic and proud of it."	"Shopping is really sad, we are bombarded with ads all the time. I'm not a shopaholic, I'm a fashion victim."	"I'm not a total fashion victim but anything that looks good, I will buy, it's retail therapy. You spend to feel good about yourself."

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TIME

JESSICA LANGE ELISABETH SHUE BOB HOSSICKS
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Laser hope for 700 new babies

HEALTH

BY CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

A TECHNIQUE that shines pulses of laser light into babies' skulls could save 700 newborn children from brain damage each year, scientists say.

Dr Jeremy Hebdon of University College London (UCL), who is leading the system's development, said it could be tested in hospitals in a year.

An array of detectors picks up how much of the red laser light manages to penetrate the thin bones of the infant skull, and uses that data to reconstruct a picture of how well oxygen is reaching different parts of the brain. That can then be used to plan treatments.

Five per cent of the 14,000 premature babies born in Britain each year suffer birth asphyxia, in which their brains receive insufficient oxygen.

"If you can diagnose that it's happened, you can treat it to prevent permanent damage," said Dr Hebdon. "But you can't put them into an X-ray machine or NMR system to see if enough oxygen is getting to the brain."

Cooling the baby to slow brain cell death, or increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in the air it breathes, which encourages blood vessels to expand, are effective treatments.

The

system

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stations.

It

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32

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baby's

head.

Laser pulses lasting just one picosecond (a thousand billionth of a second) are fired in sequence around the head. Some of the light can penetrate the thinner tissues, some will be absorbed by bone, and some will be absorbed by the blood. But oxygenated tissue and blood absorbs more red light than when deoxygenated, so they will transmit less light.

Simple versions of such systems – which slip over the end of a finger – are already used in many hospitals to measure blood oxygenation levels in adults. The new system is a huge leap forward.

By building up a picture of how different pulses sent to different parts of the skull are absorbed or transmitted to other parts of the skull, and using computerised reconstruction techniques, the scientists can work out how different parts of the brain are coping.

But building up a picture of how well oxygen is reaching tissues within the brain is a very complex problem. "The mathematics are amazingly complex," said Dr Hebdon. "There are the bones, and the tissues. You have to make various assumptions about symmetry of the brain. But in the end it should construct a picture of a slice through the skull."

US wildlife takes over Britain

ENVIRONMENT

BY STEVE CONNOR

caped from mink farms in the Twenties, David MacDonald of Oxford University told the association.

"American mink are a triumph of adaptability and opportunism in their success. They are perhaps the most successful mammal carnivores one can think of. Not only have they been causing problems in this country, but in many other areas of the world where they have been introduced," Dr MacDonald said.

The American mink is wiping out the native water vole be-

cause it can attack them in their burrows or in the water.

"The thing about mink is their versatility ... They are a jack of all trades," he said. "They are marvellously adapted to hunt in all sorts of circumstances. They are more nasty than any other animal. They just earn their living, but it happens that the way they earn their living is irritating to us."

Ruddy ducks, whose males mate with more than one female, are breeding with the European white-headed duck, whose population has declined from around 100,000 in the Thirties to only 5,000. "The ruddy duck is more

aggressive and less demanding in its habitat requirements. Unchecked, it is likely that the ruddy duck will completely absorb the white-headed duck population," Dr Baz Hughes, head of wildfowl conservation at the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust, said.

American crayfish are running riot in British waterways, where they were first became established in the Seventies. Since then they have outwitted and eaten the smaller, native crayfish and are even destroying riverbanks by burrowing into them.

They are known to crawl overland from one pond or river to another, especially at night when the grass is damp. Their claws are powerful enough to remove a finger," said Dr David Holditch of the University of Nottingham.

Morris Gosling, of the Zoological Society of London, said the introduction of foreign species has become one of the most important factors influencing extinction rates.

"It is second to habitat destruction in terms of being one of the main factors causing the current extinction catastrophe. "Invasive species are a major factor in explaining the high levels of disappearing native species," he added.

Tests in driving simulators have also shown that drivers who hold mobile phones are distracted by the attempt to hold a conversation and concentrate on the road.

"Your senses are very highly integrated," said Dr Spence. "You can stimulate one without affecting the other. Research in Canada has shown

that holding a mobile phone is as dangerous as drink-driving. The reason is that it divides your attention."

One solution to the latter problem would be to locate the sounds coming from the phone in front of the driver, so that their attention is not split between a point in front of them – the road – and the phone at their ear.

People performed up to 25 per cent better in our tests when the visual and auditory communications come from the same position," said Dr Spence.

Even hands-free phones lead to a higher risk of having an accident, though Dr Spence said that those who continue to use their phones might in time adapt to the conflicting sources of data. "But you can't separate the two," said Dr Spence. "We have adapted to integrating them over millions of years."

The problem of conflicting sources of information is now creeping into the fly-by-wire cockpits of digitally controlled fighter planes.

"Pilots don't have a sense of what's going on because sensory information is lost in electronic planes," he said.

"In fly-by-wire planes the joystick moves smoothly no matter what's happening. There is some work now to try to add vibration to the joystick in certain situations as feedback to alert the pilot when something unusual is happening."

IN BRIEF

Why Scotty isn't beaming

STAR TREK fans can have the good news: powering a starship would require only 20kg (44lb) of antimatter, says Professor Frank Close, a director at the European particle accelerator facility CERN.

Now the bad news: at our present rates of production of antimatter, it would take 10,000 times longer than recorded history to produce that amount, he said. So far, less than a millionth of a gram of antimatter has been produced. Next year, CERN opens an "antimatter factory" to make 2,000 atoms of antimatter per hour.

Andrew Ross, curator of fossil arthropods at the Natural History Museum in London, identified the mayfly after being sent the amber by an American collector who bought the specimen from Mexican Indians.

"Mayflies are incredibly rare in amber [as] they only live a few hours," Dr Ross told the British Association.

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HEALTH
By CHARLES ALDRED

White-collar crime not seen as wrong

LAWYERS, ACCOUNTANTS and other middle-class professionals convicted of fraud refuse to accept they have done anything wrong, a new study suggests.

Instead, they tend to believe that they are morally superior to "common criminals" and argue that they are stealing to provide money for their families, or to keep their businesses and staff afloat. They also blame envy among middle-class "little people" or "boys" in the criminal justice system for dragging them down. Prison is seen as a place for working-class villains - "it's like Dante's *Inferno*", said one.

The findings, revealed at the British Psychological Society's division of criminological and legal psychology annual conference in Durham, followed interviews with 21 convicted upper-middle-class men, all aged 40 and above, including accountants, solicitors, lawyers and vets. Many of the offenders, who are in prison or on proba-

BY JASON BENNETT
Crime Correspondent

tion, ran their own firms or with senior partners.

One man said he would not return to work for less than £40,000 to £50,000.

Comments by the offenders made during the interviews included discussion about life in prison. "Francis" said: "You become a criminal. You are taken down and you are put in a cell. And you can't sit down in that cell - there's nowhere to sit - and someone will say 'Are you bringing a cuppa tea in a minnie' (in a growling Cockney accent) and you wait half an hour."

"Lawrence": "So you read the graffiti." "Rupert": "Smasher woz 'ere, 1982" (in a Cockney accent.)

"Lawrence": "That's right, and the spelling is wonderful."

"Francis": "And you've got great butch female prison warders ... it's like going into the

maelstrom, it's dreadful ... It's like Dante's *Inferno*."

Sam Willott, lecturer at Coventry University's Psychology Department, said that the men justified their crimes in a number of ways.

"They believe it's different from blue-collar crime. They account for the crimes saying: 'It was a genuine need', 'I was sucked into something again', and that it was 'not selfish'."

"They also don't admit stealing. Instead, they might say 'I dug into the funds'."

She added: "They believe they should be judged on a different basis. They were different to other inmates. They see themselves as morally superior and perfectly reasonable people." Ms Willott said the men considered themselves "super-providers", having responsibility not only for their immediate family but for employees as well.

Commenting on his responsibilities, one convict said: "I think that is a strong factor, be-

cause although my family's grown-up now, at the time this had happened I had a young family. Then you look to your staff, who in turn have got responsibilities and young families themselves."

"Owen" added: "My crime was taking money, not for my personal benefit, but for the benefit of the others to keep the firm going."

On maintaining their social standing, "Francis" said: "There is tremendous pressure on all of us to keep a standing and to keep a sort of presence, you know, among your peers."

People who undermine them and were involved in their convictions were often referred to as "little boys". Time in prison was considered a working-class experience.

Ms Willott concluded that the upper-middle-class offenders were "able to retain the moral high ground despite entering the alien working-class underworld of prison."



The Conservative leader William Hague sitting in the jump seat of a prototype Merlin EH101 multi-role helicopter made by GKN Westland/Augusta, at the Farnborough air show in Hampshire. Peter Macdiarmid

Too many in prison, say MPs

A POWERFUL House of Commons committee yesterday called on courts to lock up fewer criminals and make greater use of community sentencing to relieve pressure on Britain's "full to bursting" prisons.

The Home Affairs Select Committee said the Government should set up trials using weekend sentences, where offenders go to work during the week and are jailed only on Saturday and Sunday, in order to reduce the burden on prisons.

The MPs also called for greater use of suspended sentences and backed government plans to extend home curfew initiatives where offenders are made to wear electronic tags.

The report was heralded by penal reformers as the "death knell" for the culture of tough sentencing policy which has seen the jail population rise by

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

50 per cent in the past five years to 65,000. The figure is expected to grow to 82,000 by 2005 - despite a falling crime rate.

Paul Cavadini, of the National Association for the Care and Rehabilitation of Offenders, said: "It is the clearest all-party statement for several years of the futility of jailing more and more offenders in increasingly overstuffed prisons. It reflects a striking sea-change in the political consensus away from the idea that locking up more offenders holds the answer to crime problems."

But the report was criticised by the Police Superintendents' Association of England and Wales which said the bulging prisons were the reason for the fall in crime. The president,

Chief Superintendent Peter Gammon, said: "The fact is prison works. That has been proved over the last five years. Yes, on the face of it prison is expensive, costing £1,000 a year, but so is crime which costs ... as much as £200m a year," he said.

The Commons report states that according to Sir David Ramsbotham, the chief inspector of prisons, about 30 per cent of adult prisoners should not be in jail. In addition, about 70 per cent of the women and 40 per cent of young prisoners did not need to be jailed.

The committee chairman, Chris Mullin MP, said: "There are offenders for whom prison is the only appropriate penalty, but there are many people currently sentenced to imprisonment who could be dealt with more effectively and at far less expense by a non-custodial sentence."

MPs said there was evidence that the best forms of community sentence were more effective in stopping criminals repeating their offences and were cheaper. They said the bill for an average prison sentence was £24,271 compared with £1,770-3,500 for a community sentence, depending on the type of order.

The committee was also critical of probation officers for only taking action against offenders who breach their community sentences in 28 per cent of cases.

But Harry Fletcher, of the National Association of Probation Officers, said: "The number of probation officers in post has fallen by 10 per cent since 1995. During the same period court orders have grown by 29 per cent. Improving standards is not sustainable without sufficient staff."



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Daimler-Benz has developed the first-ever fuel cell to use methanol as the fuel. Based on the Mercedes A-class, the revolutionary new vehicle represents a decisive breakthrough in the quest to develop a drive system with extremely low emissions.

The car, known as NECAR3 (New Electric Car), fills up with liquid methanol. With the aid of a reformer system located in the rear of the vehicle, the methanol is converted online into hydrogen through water-vapour reformation. The hydrogen gas is then fed into the fuel cells where it is combined with atmospheric oxygen - but without combustion - to directly produce electrical energy used to power the vehicle.

Previous fuel cell systems could only operate in conjunction with bulky hydrogen tanks for fuel storage. With NECAR3, the entire process is much more direct: press the accelerator pedal and an astonishing 90 percent of the system's power is available in just two seconds. In terms of driving dynamics, this puts fuel cell vehicles using methanol on a par with conventional petrol or diesel-

powered cars. Dispensing with the hydrogen tanks not only reduces vehicle weight, but it also greatly improves the everyday practicality of the new vehicle: petrol stations can theoretically handle methanol, which doesn't require special safety measures, nearly as easily as petrol or diesel. What's more, NECAR3 has a range of some 250 miles on a tank of 8.7 gallons of methanol - similar to conventional vehicles.

Daimler-Benz decided to opt for methanol because it is the most suitable fuel for hydrogen generation. Although petrol and diesel were also considered, the efficiency levels of these fuels would have been lower. For the introductory phase of fuel-cell-powered vehicles at least, engineers are considering the possibility of a multi-fuel concept, which, as the name suggests, would permit the use of different types of fuel until methanol is widely available.

The drive system of NECAR3 is virtually emission-free. Neither nitrogen oxides nor soot particles are created during conversion of methanol to hydrogen or in the subsequent

generation of electrical energy. And thanks to the extreme efficiency of the fuel cells, carbon dioxide (CO₂) emissions are substantially below those of conventional cars.

With the advent of onboard hydrogen generation, a crucial step has been taken towards developing the environmentally-friendly fuel cell technology that could eventually power vehicles of the future. An equally important milestone on the road to this lofty goal is the incorporation of the entire system into the 3.57 m long A-class. Once again, the innovative double-floor sandwich concept that proved its worth, allowing the complete installation of the fuel cells and several auxiliary units underneath the passenger cell.

The methanol reformer and control system are located in the rear of the car. The methanol reformer technology in NECAR 3 has benefited from a wide range of technological advances at Daimler-Benz. Not only has the system been made smaller and more efficient, but the performance and dynamic response of the reformer

process have also been improved. The result is a compact unit of some 18 inches in height. Located in the rear of the A-class, the reformer directly injects hydrogen into the fuel cells. Hydrogen production occurs at a temperature of 280° centigrade; methanol and water vaporise to give hydrogen (H₂), carbon dioxide (CO₂), and carbon monoxide (CO).

The hydrogen protons travel through the polymer membrane while the electrons travel through an external circuit to arrive at the positive electrode. There, the oxygen, hydrogen protons and electrons combine to form water. An electric motor attached to the external circuit is then used to drive the vehicle.

Fuel cell cars represent one facet of the wealth of research and development being carried out by Daimler-Benz into the way that cars and other forms of transport can be improved for the future. If these advances continue with the same speed as they do currently, we could be driving fuel cell cars by 2004. For more information, contact the Mercedes-Benz website at www.mercedes-benz.co.uk.

Army on call for year 2000 'bug' trouble

TROOPS MAY be on the streets in the year 2000 under emergency Home Office plans to maintain vital services which could be crippled by the millennium computer bug.

Armed forces will be on standby to help councils and police provide disaster relief if key infrastructures such as hospitals, water supplies and roads are hit by the electronic change.

The Home Office confirmed yesterday that local authorities are being encouraged to draw up contingency plans to deal with the "nightmare scenario" of failed traffic lights, disabled water pumping stations, fuel shortages and other disrupted services.

The bug, which represents the inability of most computers and electronic systems to deal with the change of date from 1999 to 2000, could also hit vital equipment in hospitals, lifts, equipment and phone lines.

Most computer experts believe that major failures are unlikely but councils, which have a statutory duty to provide emergency relief, have been told to prepare for the worst. They will be allowed to use the Armed Forces Military Aid to Civil Authorities Act to call in emergency help.

The plans emerged as the Government's Action 2000 group held the first meeting of all private and public sector bodies involved in maintaining the nation's infrastructure.

Rail, telecommunications, gas and electricity regulators

By PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

were joined by BT, Shell Transco and Trailtrack to agree ways to reassure the public that their computers were being adapted to avoid the bug.

Action 2000's chairman, Don Cruickshank, warned that any private firms that failed to prepare adequately for the change could be penalised with the withdrawal of their licences.

In one key sanction, BT and Cable and Wireless have been told they will be given the power to disconnect firms that corrupt phone connections.

Nineteen key sectors of the economy on which the country depends have been identified by Action 2000, with power, water, transport, oil, telecommunications and finance judged the most critical for preventative action.

The group is insisting that all private and public bodies involved in maintaining the infrastructure should have their plans to tackle the bug independently assessed.

The different bodies will share information so they can decide by next summer that the public has little to fear from the millennium.

Mr Cruickshank said: "The aim is disclosure amongst the members of this group so that confidence is high that it will be business as usual" when the day comes.

"We are all committed to functioning as closely as possible to normal on the day. This

is crucial for the British economy. Elements of the national infrastructure underpin everything else and everyone is reliant on them."

Mr Cruickshank met Home Office officials earlier this week to discuss its plans to encourage emergency planning at local level. Emergency powers could be invoked in the worst-case scenario, he said.

Home Secretary Jack Straw is ultimately responsible for emergency planning as chairman of a body called the Civil Contingencies Committee. The Home Office Emergency Planning Division will meet this month to firm up its own proposals.



Pop star Gary Glitter, real name Paul Gadd, 54, at North Avon magistrates court yesterday. He denies indecent assault of two girls under 16, serious sexual offences and possessing child pornography on his computer. The hearing resumes today

Kieran Doherty Reuters

Treatment for diabetes inadequate

BY JEREMY LAURANCE

ONE MILLION people in the UK who suffer from the commonest type of diabetes have received inadequate treatment over the last two decades, putting them at increased risk of death, blindness, kidney failure and amputations, researchers have found.

Intensive treatment to control blood pressure and glucose levels in sufferers can dramatically reduce their risk of complications, but it has not been routinely offered because there was no firm evidence until now that it made any difference. Instead, many patients have been left to control the disease by restricting their diet.

Results from a clinical study of diabetes that was started 20 years ago were presented yesterday at a conference in Barcelona and are published in a series of five papers in the *British Medical Journal* and *The Lancet* today.

They show that if drug treatment is started as soon as blood pressure or blood glucose rise above an agreed target, the risk of death, strokes, kidney damage and loss of vision are cut by a third.

The findings relate to Type 2 (non-insulin dependent) diabetes which comes on in middle age and is normally

controlled by diet. It accounts for 90 per cent of all cases of diabetes and is distinct from Type 1 which affects the young and requires daily insulin injections.

Type 2 diabetes is rising rapidly and is expected to affect 3 million people by 2010. It is commonest in the overweight.

Professor Robert Turner of Oxford University, who led the study of more than 5,000 patients, said: "This study shows for the first time that a substantial improvement in the health of people with Type 2 diabetes can be obtained."

Professor Turner said the drugs involved were cheap and the extra costs of intensive treatment would be largely offset by savings from reduced hospital admissions.

Poor detection of diabetes, which is marked by increased thirst, weight loss and extreme tiredness, means that many sufferers live with the condition for years before being diagnosed.

The study has taken 20 years to complete because the complications come on over decades and it required a lengthy study to show that treatment could prevent them.

VIAGRA CORNER

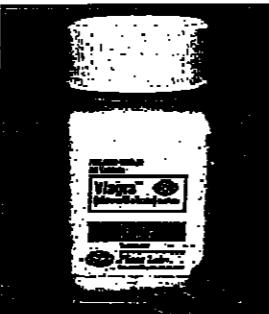
DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONTIERS OF MEDICINE

VIAGRA WILL cost less than £5 a pill in Britain, roughly half the cost of rival treatments for impotence and a tenth of the price charged by some private clinics.

Pfizer, the manufacturer which is expected to get a UK licence for it next week, said it had suggested an NHS price of £4.95 each. This is close to its US price of \$7.

Goaded by predictions that the drug could cost the NHS over £1bn, the company said yesterday that total spending on the drug would rise to no more than £50 million a year after five years.

A company spokesman said: "Let's face it, a lot of



men are no longer interested in sex when they get older. It's a fact. To get a figure of fib, you would have to assume that every impotent man came forward for treatment and they all had sex four times a week."

JEREMY LAURANCE

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Primakov to end Russia's stalemate

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow

THE BALANCE of power in Russia was transformed yesterday when President Boris Yeltsin weakened and battle-weary, conceded defeat in his conflict with parliament and nominated his Foreign Minister, Yevgeny Primakov, as a compromise prime minister.

His climb-down, forced on him by an economic crisis and his ill-judged decisions, was the biggest victory by the State Duma in its five-year life. After clamouring for more power, it has proved it can face down the Kremlin on an issue of prima-



Primakov: Taking power

ry importance. Mr Primakov, who will be confirmed by the Duma today, can expect to be more powerful than his predecessors. He is in charge – at least, for now.

While Mr Yeltsin endured a débâcle that dragged on for a fortnight in the midst of economic meltdown, his loyal colleague, Viktor Chernomyrdin, suffered a far worse fate. Withdrawing his name from a third Duma vote he could only lose, the ex-prime minister's dream of becoming president has been shattered.

"I do not want to be a figure of civil discord... The situation is heated to the limit," he said as he quit the field, a wounded



With the economy in crisis, more Russians are relying on produce from their plots to survive Reuters

figure who could not uncouple his name from the venality, crime and disarray that marred his six years in office. Twice rejected by the Duma, he left complaining that he was the victim of a "creeping coup".

Mr Primakov, 68, does not come to power willingly. He has said he does not want the job, and, given Russia's chaos and his years and uncertain health, this is more than false modesty. But he begins with broad political support. Parliament's main factions, including the Communists, signalled approval, having secured Mr Chernomyrdin's ejection and probably, although this was unclear, a power-sharing agreement giving parliament the right to vet Cabinet appointments. Opposition came only from the ludicrous nationalist, Vladimir Zhirinovsky.

Mr Primakov's appeal owes much to his own Everyman credentials. He spent five years as head of the foreign intelligence service, was a candidate member of the Soviet Politburo and spent many years as a Pravda correspondent in the Middle East and Asia. Such orthodox party service will recommend him to the more regressive elements of the left. But he is also a liberal apparatchik from the Gorbachev era who pushed for rapprochement with the West. In the 1991 abortive coup, he issued a courageous statement condemning the plotters.

Appointed Foreign Secretary in January 1996, he earned a reputation for being anti-Western by trying to counter the US. But he was respected as a tough, realistic negotiator.

As he rarely says much about himself, Russians have

little idea of what to expect. He has avoided aligning with any political faction, although he has been loyal to Mr Yeltsin. He has a reputation for being retiring, a reader of detective thrillers but has flashes of extroversion; brought up in bucolic Georgia, he is said to be an accomplished tornado, or toastmaster.

His appointment today will end a conflict that has paralysed Russia's government for two weeks, while an economic catastrophe unfolded, halving

the value of the rouble and causing food shortages and fast-rising prices.

His arrival is the result of Mr Yeltsin's mistakes, the impulsive sacking of Mr Chernomyrdin in March and of Sergei Kiriyenko last month.

These owed much to the business moguls who hover around the Kremlin; there is no evidence of any special relationship between the oligarchs and Mr Primakov.

So what can Russia expect? Mr Yeltsin phoned his friend

Helmut Kohl yesterday and said "reforms" would continue. But there are far more pressing matters – a budget in ruins, collapsing banks. Although Mr Primakov is not economically illiterate, the global money, stock and currency markets are also not his speciality.

In the end, this episode could have been worse for Mr Yeltsin. Mr Primakov is, at least, from his camp. Other candidates put forward by the Duma – the Communist, Yuri Maslyukov – would have involved a much more humiliating climb-down.

But the President does not usually make concessions; it is against his nature. Yesterday he had to. It meant delivering a victory to the legislature which history will see as symbolic revenge for the day he sent in the tanks in 1993.

Britain blocks air sanctions on Serbia

BY KATHERINE BUTLER
in Brussels

BRITAIN BROKE ranks with the European Union yesterday over plans to punish Serbia for its brutal treatment of ethnic Albanians in Kosovo.

London's EU partners are outraged by the refusal of Tony Blair's government to enforce immediately a ban on the Yugoslav state airline JAT. The ban was formally approved by foreign ministers of the EU at a meeting in Salzburg last weekend. The Foreign Secretary Robin Cook was absent from the meeting at which the decision was taken.

Germany, France and most other member states suspended JAT's landing rights in their airports on Tuesday but Britain has told the regime of Slobodan Milosevic that JAT, which operates seven scheduled flights a week into Britain, can continue those services for a year.

Germany's foreign ministry said Britain's behaviour was a breach of EU "solidarity", which would undermine the message the international community wants to send Serbia.

Britain says it cannot "tear up" an international airline agreement signed with Yugoslavia in 1989. Whitehall says the agreement on scheduled flights predated the existence of the European Union.

"If we are telling Belgrade to observe its legal obligations towards Kosovo then how can we fail to observe our own international legal commitments?" a spokeswoman said.

That argument cuts no ice with other EU member states, however. Most have similar bilateral agreements with Belgrade, which they have opted to scrap, in spite of the risk of being sued for damages by JAT.

"It is likely we will be sued but for us it is a political decision. Legally we feel EU Council decisions are more binding than bilateral agreements," a senior Downing Street source remarked.

"Perhaps for the British it is a question of money."

IN BRIEF

One man wounded as crowds protest over election victory

CAMBODIAN POLICE fired into protesters in Phnom Penh yesterday, wounding one man in the fourth day of riots against the rule of Hun Sen. The Association of South East Asian Nations has urged all sides to accept the results of the elections, in which Hun Sen won a slight parliamentary majority.

Former ministers to face court

THREE FORMER French ministers will go on trial in February for their roles in the Aids-tainted blood scandal, judicial sources said. The trial will be held at a special Court of Justice of the Republic that judges officials for crimes in office, the first time it has sat to try ministers.

Taxi deal to curb drunk driving

THE GERMAN regional state of Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania is trying to deter drunken driving by offering half-rate taxi fares for young people heading to and from dance clubs. The offer will last to the end of next year, state officials said.

Security increased at McDonalds

McDonalds, the fast food chain, said it will maintain a heightened level of security at its 62 outlets in Belgium after a radical animal rights group claimed responsibility for three cases of arson at restaurants there.



"Gerry still off his food?"

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A whale of an ending for Free Willy

Keiko, THE killer whale who starred in the hit film *Free Willy*, arrived safely in Iceland yesterday.

It was tears for his fans in Oregon, in the United States, as they waved goodbye to their famous Elywood resident and smiled as he arrived on the rugged, volcanic Vestmann Islands just off the mainland.

He was flown from the US to Iceland aboard a C-17, one of the world's largest aircraft. The Vestmann Islands runway is designed only for light aircraft, and with just a few hundred yards to play with a heavy landing was unavoidable. The aircraft was damaged and the waiting crowd became anxious, but moments later Keiko appeared looking resolute and his tank was rolled onto a lorry.

The curious and the global media had turned out in their hundreds to witness the arrival of the unusual parcel. The lorry with a police escort - lookalike a carnival float with a live killer whale on board. Keiko was then loaded by crane onto a large and sailed off to his 1.5m holding pen in a bay.

The first time I saw Keiko he was underweight and had a nasty skin disease after spending a year in a cramped pool in Mexico City. His recovery was clear as he was lifted out of his tank and swerved into the water. The five-foot fellow - who has put on at least a ton since he left

By CHRIS ROGERS
in the Vestmann Islands

Mexico two and a half years ago - looked well considering he had just flown 4,800 miles.

Keiko's new enclosure is the closest he has come to his native North Atlantic environment since his capture in the Seventies. His floating pen, the size of a football pitch, is all that separates him from the ocean.

But not everyone was happy about his arrival in Iceland. John Gunnarsdóttir caught Keiko off the coast of Iceland 19 years ago. He says he was just doing his job. Now he is not keen to catch up with the orca he sold to a company across the Atlantic.

"These Americans are crazy," he said. "Why bring Keiko back here after so long in captivity? There are plenty of killer whales left in the wild here. Why spend so much money on a whale when children starve in Sudan?"

Keiko has been dependent on humans all his life, and his progress in his Icelandic pen will determine the timing of his release. He must learn to catch fish, adapt to the cold water and find a family of whales - a pod - that will accept him. Conservationists believe that Keiko's keepers are attempting the impossible.

"We just want what's best for Keiko," said Diane Hammond of the Free Willy Keiko Foundation.

"He will not be released until many obstacles have been overcome. If release is not possible then there are other options. Keiko can remain in the pen, have more freedom in the bay or even be a commuting whale; he can swim out to the ocean and then come back to the pen for food. As long as we can say we did everything we could for Keiko we will be happy."

The locals are well aware of the benefits Keiko can bring. An increase in tourism is expected and the government has given permission for the local school to have lessons from within Keiko's pen. "We are so lucky," 10-year-old Gurum said. "How many children get to study a killer whale close up and meet a movie star in one go?"

Yesterday, Keiko was nursing his sore muscles after his long journey. He seemed to be adapting well to his new home. The final chapter of his adventure remains unwritten. Whether it will have the same fairy tale ending as the movie he starred in - when he won his freedom with a dramatic leap over a harbour wall - remains to be seen.



Keiko's trainer, Jeff Foster (left), coaxing the whale out of the cradle into his new pen in the Westman Islands yesterday. Foster Chiusano

Sad plight of sea's star performers

By MARK CARWARDINE

come a controversial issue in recent years.

Keiko himself began life in the wild, in cold Icelandic waters. Captured in the late Seventies, probably at the age of two, he has since been on display in Iceland, Canada and Mexico.

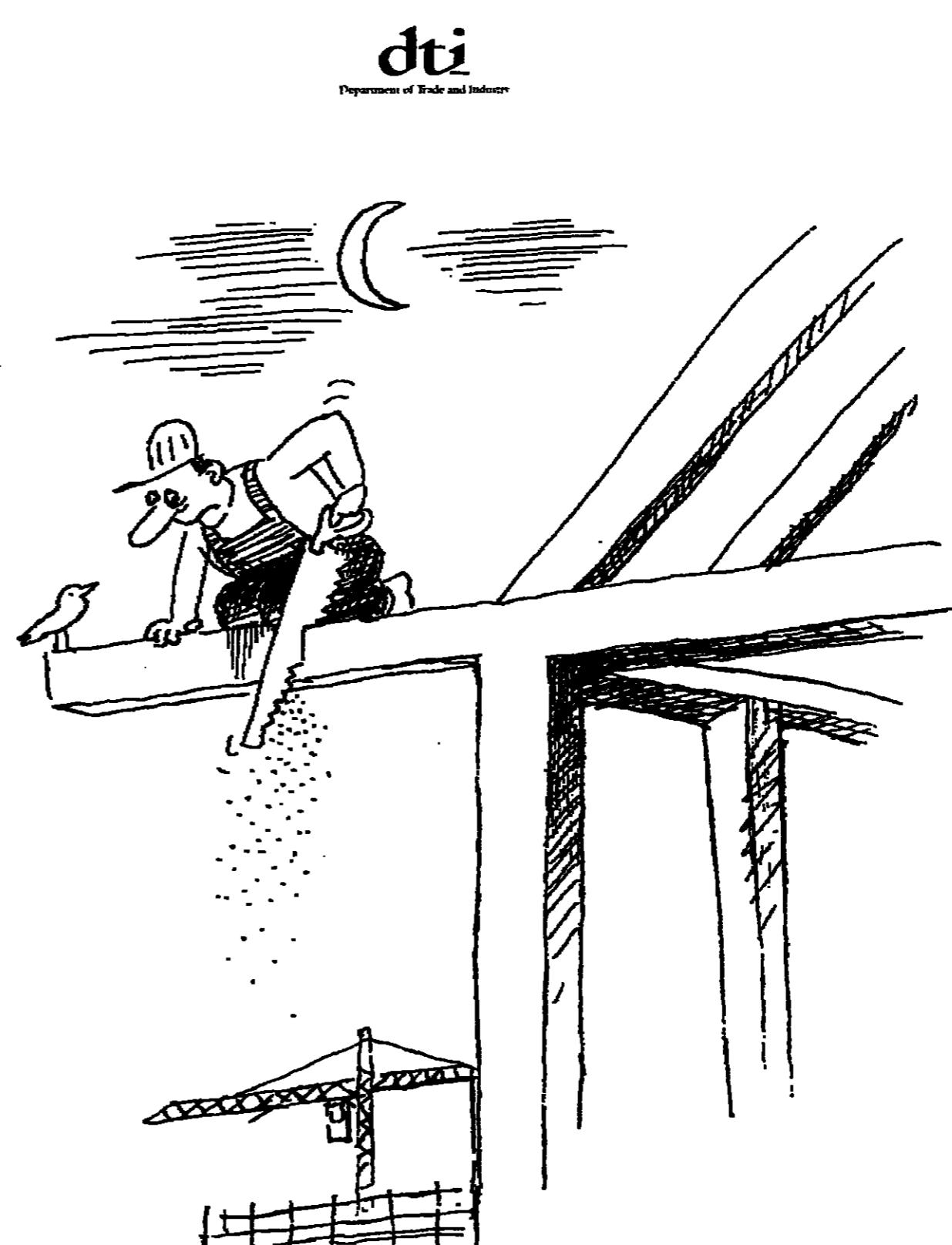
When *Free Willy* was released, there was a public outcry when cinema-goers realised the star of the film was still living in a small concrete tank only 12ft deep in an amusement park outside Mexico City.

After the formation of the Free Willy Keiko Foundation and a fund-raising drive, Keiko was taken to a purpose-built pool in Newport, Oregon, on the west coast of the United States.

Since then, he has undergone intensive rehabilitation lasting almost three years and costing nearly \$12m (£7.4m). Having been nursed back to health, and exercised daily to help him hold his breath for long, deep dives, he is now being taught to catch live fish. It is a long haul.

Public interest is such that more people are expected to be following Keiko's progress home than watched the World Cup.

After nearly 20 years in captivity, Keiko deserves a break. But the real story behind the headlines is the continuing capture of wild killer whales. Unless this can be banned, Keiko's story will merely repeat itself.



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An ancient statue is dredged from the sea by archaeologists at Alexandria

Pharos wonder of world to be rebuilt

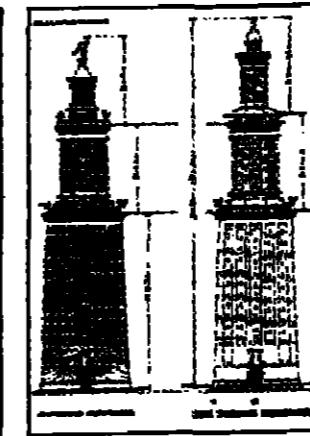
BY JOHN LICHFIELD
in Paris

SEVEN HUNDRED years after it was destroyed by an earthquake, French engineers are to rebuild one of the seven wonders of the world - the giant Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria in Egypt.

The ancient masterpiece reincarnated in the form of a 500ft-high, glass-fronted obelisk, capable of projecting computer and laser generated lights in rainbow colours, was unveiled at the Expo '98 world exhibition in Lisbon yesterday.

The 230m tower of light, designed by Jacques Darolles, an engineer, will be funded by a charitable foundation set up by Pierre Cardin, the couturier. Work is to begin shortly and is due to be completed by 2000.

The original Pharos, built around 290BC at Alexandria harbour, collapsed in an earthquake in 1302. The new tower will be built some distance from the presumed site of the



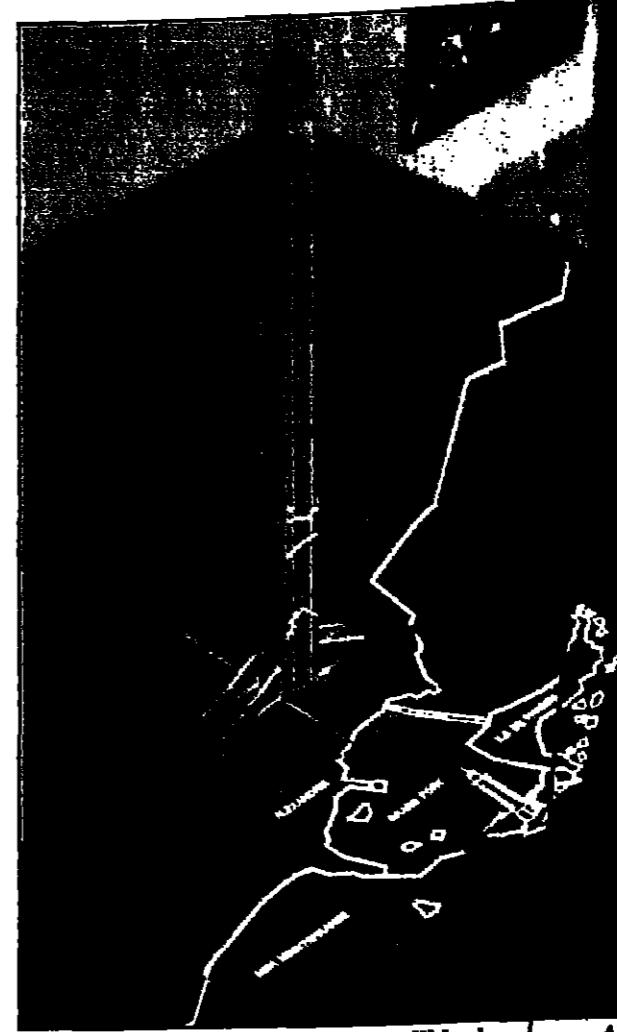
A third century model (left) and archaeologist Hermann Thiersch's view at building and after renovation

original to allow archaeological investigations to continue.

The Egyptian ambassador to France, Aly Maher el Sayed, said it would cement Franco-Egyptian friendship and symbolise "the triumph of light over obscurantism and the forces of darkness", presumably a reference to Islamic fundamentalists fighting

the Government in Cairo.

In the day, the tower will be a vast mirror, reflecting the surrounding sea and city. At night, there will be 40 light shows, ranging from long-distance beams to luminous, multi-coloured symbols, representing the civilisations of Egypt, with hieroglyphics, Greek, Latin and Arab characters.



A model of how the new wonder will look

AP

Divers inquest points to sharks

WHEN THOMAS and Eileen Lonergan joined other tourists on a diving trip to the Great Barrier Reef last January, no one took much notice of them. At St Crispin Reef, where the boat, *M.V. Outer Edge*, pulled up for the day, they donned their diving gear, jumped overboard into the turquoise waters of the Coral Sea and disappeared beneath the surface ... for good.

For the Lonergans, the trouble was that no one noticed they were missing on the trip back to shore either. Two days passed before anyone realised that the American couple from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, had been left behind in the open sea almost 40 nautical miles from shore.

In the eight months since they vanished, the mystery of what happened to the couple has deepened and theories have abounded. Some of their diving gear has washed ashore, intact, on the north Queensland coast. Eileen Lonergan's diary has been found, in which she wrote that her husband had a "death wish".

Was it simply an appalling mistake that they were left behind, to drown or be eaten by sharks? Or did they engineer their own disappearance - and, if so, why?

This week, an inquest opened in Cairns, Queensland. Johnny and Kathy Haines, Eileen Lonergan's parents, have flown in to attend. With no body or body parts to prove that their daughter and her husband are dead, they must deal with speculation that they could still be alive.

Police have received at least 25 reports that the couple have been seen more than 1,000 miles away, in locations stretching from the outback of New South Wales to Darwin in the Northern Territory.

Thomas Lonergan, 34, and Eileen, 28, who were on holiday in Port Douglas, Queensland, were experienced scuba divers. Richard Triggs, a fellow passenger on the *Outer Edge*, told the inquest that, after the third and final dive of the day, the couple

BY ROBERT MILLIKEN
in Sydney

had told a diving instructor that they would "go off and do their own thing".

The boat returned to Port Douglas at about 3pm. But police told the inquest, no one checked if all 26 passengers were on board.

Two days later Jack Nairn, the *Outer Edge*'s owner and skipper, found the Lonergans' dive bag on the boat.

He told police: "I looked in the bag and thought Jesus Christ, it's got a wallet and papers in it."

Police and the Australian navy launched a sea and air search lasting several days, but there was no trace.

Then in early February, the Lonergans' scuba vests were found on a beach near Cooktown, about 100 miles north of Port Douglas. In June, a diving slate was found elsewhere with a message apparently scrawled by one of the Lonergans. "We have been abandoned... by M.V. Outer Edge," it said. "Help!"

If the Lonergans did stage their "disappearance", then save themselves, they would have had to swim almost four miles to the nearest pontoon, at Agincourt Reef. But then they would have been marooned.

At the inquest, counsel for the *Outer Edge*'s owners suggested that Thomas Lonergan could have murdered his wife, then committed suicide. Counsel for the couple's families said the idea was "outrageous", "distressing" and "slanderous".

The most grim explanation has so far come from Ben Cropp, a veteran Australian scuba diver who lives in Port Douglas and knows the Barrier Reef intimately.

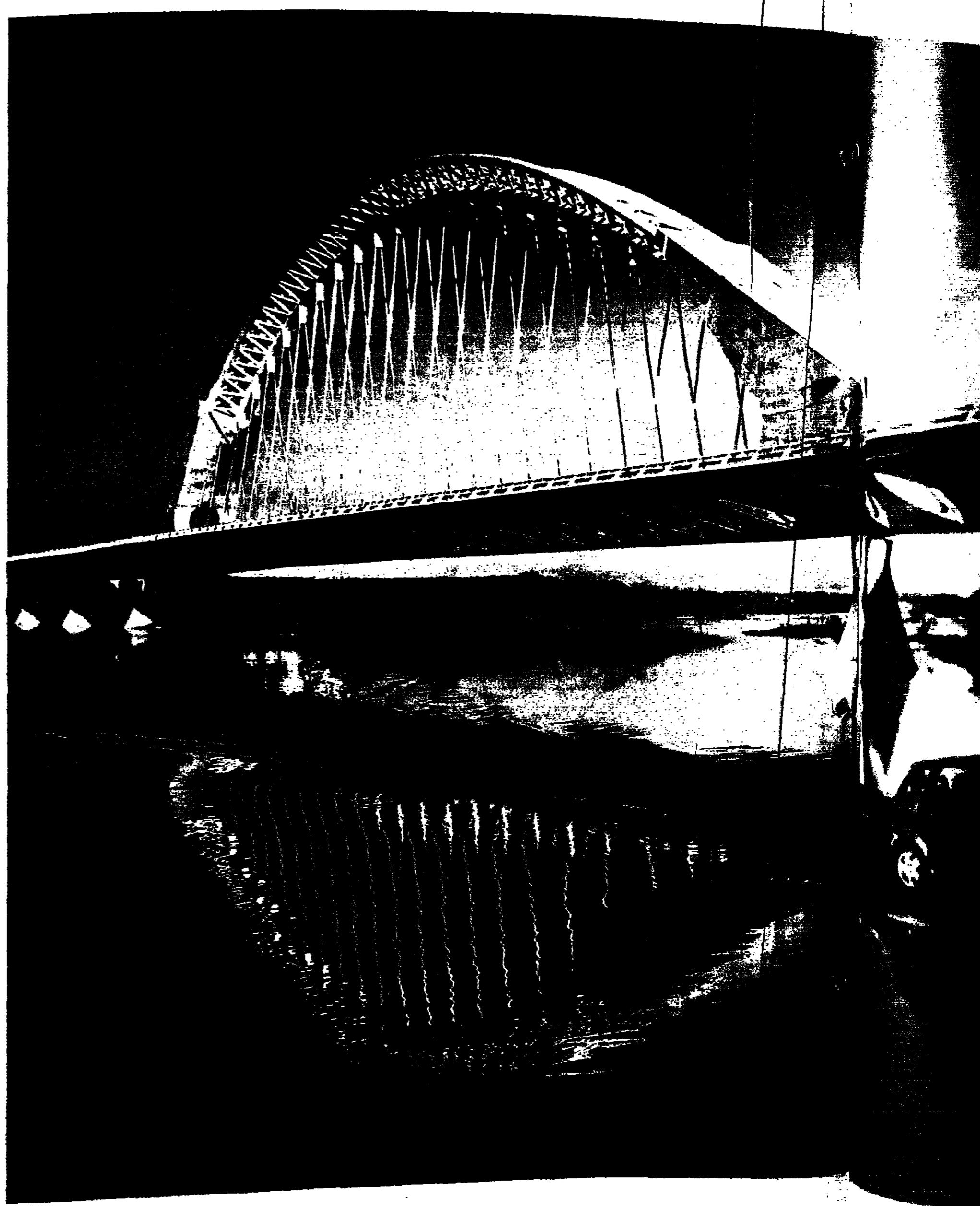
He said he thought the Lonergans were eaten by tiger sharks, probably soon after the *Outer Edge* departed. "Tigers are very cautious sharks," he told the court. "They just circle and watch. They may do this for an hour before moving closer and may follow you for another hour before they take that first bite, and then you don't have a hope."

But if the sharks did eat the Lonergans, how does this explain the discovery of their buoyancy vests, with no signs of blood, teeth marks or tearing, on the Cooktown beach?

Whatever the real explanation, the "left behind" theory seems to have taken precedence at the inquest. Noel Nunan, the coroner, said he anticipated that counsel for the police and the Lonergans' families would seek the laying of "charges of manslaughter based on criminal negligence". Whatever the outcome, speculation about what happened to the Lonergans is unlikely to fade away.



Some of the divers' gear has been washed ashore



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Socialists defend dirty war minister

BUSLOADS OF Spanish Socialists converged on a prison in Guadalajara near Madrid yesterday to show solidarity with their former Minister of the Interior, as he begins a 10-year jail term for conducting a dirty war against Basque terrorists.

The Socialist leaders, far from distancing themselves from Jose Barriomenevo, who was convicted by the Supreme Court for organising and funding illegal armed actions, have leapt to his defence, angering other parties in the process, and baffling many Spaniards.

Spain's socialist former prime minister, Felipe Gonzalez, has emerged as the principal champion of Mr Barriomenevo and his former deputy, Rafael Vera, who has been sent to prison with him. Mr Gonzalez has resumed his old profession as a lawyer to defend the two men and appeal against the Supreme Court



BY ELIZABETH NASH
in Madrid

Barriomenevo: Dirty war

broglia. But he has been outflanked by a party machine which is still in the grip of Mr Gonzalez and his parliamentary spokesman, Joaquin Almunia.

Mr Borrell has appealed to the party to avoid being bogged down in the past, and has called on the left to refresh its image in order to ensure victory in elections due within two years.

But many within the party believe that Mr Gonzalez's actions are preventing such a renewal. They suspect that Mr Gonzalez would rather see the party he once led languish in opposition rather than win under the leadership of Mr Borrell, whose candidacy he did not support.

The ruling conservatives are taking a hands-off stance, saying justice must take its course. Mr Barriomenevo and Mr Vera, meanwhile, continue to protest their innocence, insisting that their fight against Eta terrorists in the 1980s, in the early years of Mr Gonzalez's gov-

ernment, never resorted to illegal methods. Some 25 people were killed by undercover hit squads masterminded from the Interior Ministry.

The recently elected socialist leader, Jose Borrell, has sought in vain to keep his party at arm's length from the im-



Georgette, the French lioness, takes a loving look at paintings once banned by the Nazis

Peter Macdiarmid

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Animals enthused by caged modern art

EUROPEAN TIMES

PARIS

REMEMBER THE monologue about the little boy called Albert and the lion called Wallace who accidentally ate him at the Blackpool zoo? A less violent, post-historical version can be visited daily at the menagerie in the Paris botanical gardens (the oldest unreconstructed zoo in the world and the smaller of the city's two zoos).

To paraphrase the old rhyme: "There is one great big lion called Maurice, in very strange art show his stars. He lies in a somnolent posture, gazing at paintings hung behind his bars."

Maurice, and his companion Georgette, are among a score or more animals whose cages have been decorated, or invaded, by works of art.

The ostriches share their enclosure with a copper sculpture of a grand piano, decorated with golden busts of female heads which look rather like ostrich eggs. The orangutans live with blown-up photographs of three of the official artists of Nazi Germany. The vultures have large reproductions of dollar bills stuck to their tree, like leaves. The owls, wisely, cohabit with busts of the French philosophers, Rousseau and Descartes. The sloth has a full-length human portrait, which has been hung upside down, so he can see it the right way up if he can be bothered.

This is the first time an art exhibition has been held behind the bars of animals' cages in a zoo. For Braco Dimitrijevic, 49, the show is the realization of a 20-year dream and the culmination of 10 years of pestering the French authorities.

The Sarajevo-born artist is celebrated for his sometimes dotty, often startling form of post-historical art, which seeks to squash fixed categories and pre-conceptions. His previous exploits include taking photographs of passers-by in the street, blowing them up, Stalin-like, to 50ft high and hanging them on public buildings. He also got in trouble with the British tabloid press for an exhibition at the Tate, in which he used original Turner and Cézanne canvases to prop open cupboards.

The exhibition at the Ménagerie in the Jardin des Plantes (beside the Seine near the Austerlitz station, a brisk walk from Notre Dame and open until 10 November) is the ultimate statement of his guiding principle. In 1978, he declared: "Seen from the moon, it's no distance from the Louvre to the zoo."

During a brief, guided tour, Mr Dimitrijevic enthusiastically recalled what the lions ("jazzies" or wild animals) did when they first found reproductions of celebrated fauvist paintings in their cage - they made love. When the camels found mock marble pillars carved with the artists' favourite aphorisms in their enclosure they smashed them

to bits. And when the male orang-utan saw a portrait of Hitler's architect Albert Speer he slapped him in the face.

As Mr Dimitrijevic rattled the bars of the lions' cage with his umbrella to persuade them to move into better positions for the Independent's photographer (Maurice and Georgette are old friends by now), he explained the meaning of his work. "In the 19th century, man categorised everything. He separated the museum from the zoo. The human from the animal. Nature from culture. People from their environment. I believe these are false categories, which must be broken down if we are to understand our true nature."

Each display - there were 20 before the camels got the hump - has its own subsidiary message, some of which are obvious (vultures/dollar bills), and others rather moving. The lions share their cage with six paintings by celebrated fauvists

artists of the thirties, whose works were condemned as decadent by the Nazis and, in some cases, publicly burned. The artists include Léger, Chagall and Mr Dimitrijevic's father.

"The reproductions of the cages are strengthened to withstand rain but not to withstand attacks from the lions," said Mr Dimitrijevic. "In fact, the lions have left them completely alone. Humans destroyed the art; the lions did not."

As a man who admires animals, does he not share the aversion to zoos of many other animal-lovers (and some French arts journalists, who refused to attend because they hated the smell)? "I understand what animal lovers say. The zoo, like man, is neither purely cultural, nor purely natural. It is a statement of the human dilemma. Look at Maurice here. He was born in the zoo. He is the third generation to be born in the zoo. Could we really release him into the wild?"

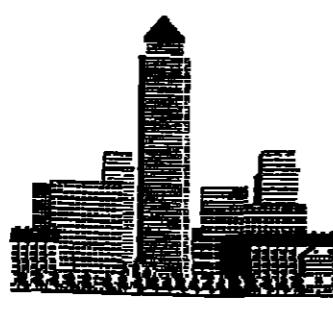
By this time, Maurice had slumped in what seemed to have become his favourite relaxed posture: head against the bars, eyes half-open, staring at one of Mr Dimitrijevic's gilt-framed reproductions of Thirties art. JOHN LITCHFIELD

Second-division deals after Murdoch

RUPERT MURDOCH has blazed the trail; now come the copycat deals. Michael Green's Carlton Communications was yesterday forced to concede that it too is now in the market for a top Premiership team after the Arsenal boardroom proved itself just as leaky a ship as its Manchester United counterpart and blew the gaff.

Carlton has plenty of reasons for wanting to buy the north London club. For starters, it is the weekday ITV franchise holder for London. Then there's its position with OnDigital to protect. Mr Green hopes that his jointly owned digital terrestrial platform will eventually become an important competitor to BSkyB in the market for football rights. He therefore needs his place at the negotiating table too.

But is Arsenal either the right target or an achievable one? Shares in the club are very tightly held; it is not apparent that any of the three controlling shareholders want to sell. On the other hand, Arsenal is one of only three or four English clubs that would qualify for the European super league, and having achieved the double last season, it is arguably a better side than Manchester United.



OUTLOOK

But it is not as profitable as Manchester United, it is plainly not as good a brand name internationally, its merchandising operation is smaller than its northern rival, and it needs a new stadium. All this means Arsenal would cost a good deal less than Man United to buy, but that Carlton would end up with a correspondingly poorer club comically.

It may be that Mr Green can achieve all he needs to merely by taking a minority interest; if so, that would probably be his best course of action.

But even if Carlton does manage to lock the Gunners in to its wider media ambitions, the combination

cannot hope to be as powerful a one as that of Man United, the most famous soccer club in the world, and Sky, with its dominant position in British pay TV and open door to Rupert Murdoch's extensive distribution channels in North America and the Far East. The copy cat deals are unlikely to be anything other than pale imitations of the one just announced.

BTR

THE LAMENT of many a chief executive with a plunging share price and a hostile audience is that the market simply does not appreciate what he is trying to do or what he has already achieved.

With Ian Strachan at BTR, the mismatch between deeds and perception is will large. Since he took the helm in January 1996, BTR has been transformed from a rambling conglomerate into something approaching a focussed engineering business.

Along the way businesses with sales worth more than £5bn have been thrown overboard, roughly halving the size of the group, whilst fiba has been spinned out on

strategic acquisitions with perhaps another £2bn to come.

At the same time BTR has dispensed £1.5bn to shareholders and earmarked a further £500m. Nor has it bought and sold badly. Proceeds from disposals are running at 1.2 times the sales of the businesses involved, whilst the prices paid for acquisitions are comfortably below one times sales.

Operating margins are running at around 14 per cent, which though hardly scintillating, are more than respectable for the engineering sector. The balance sheet is strong and the interest cover is healthy.

All in all, not a bad corporate re-engineering job, you might suppose. Unfortunately the markets do not share that assessment. They have not been prepared to give Mr Strachan the benefit of the doubt and the result has been a share price which has underperformed the Index by 70 per cent since Mr Strachan embarked on his corporate makeover.

Four profit warnings in the last three years have scarcely helped sentiment. What is worse, BTR has had a knack of finding itself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Thus it exited aerospace just as the

airlines worked themselves into an ordering frenzy, and got deeper into the automotive market just as the General Motors strike brought half the car plants in North America to a standstill.

Whereas other lame corporate ducks find circumstances against them on one or two fronts, BTR is in the firing line wherever it turns. To be fair, BTR has not been slow to warn the markets. But telling the City just how bad things are going to be in Asia does not make the pain any easier to bear.

One unforgiving analyst yesterday suggested that if BTR were a horse, it would have been taken out and shot. Mr Strachan continues to insist the nag is capable of racing.

But unless that translates soon into a rebound in shareholder value, he may find his steed removed from under him.

Hong Kong

THE Hong Kong Monetary Authority is so perturbed by Western criticism of its extraordinary decision last month to intervene in the stock market that it yesterday held a press conference in London to ex-

plain itself.

For the record, it seems that buying up ten per cent of some of your leading companies in an attempt to prop up a flagging stock market does not equate to a departure from free market principles. What's more spending billions of dollars in doing so - the HKMA declines to detail exactly how much was spent - is not a waste of your citizens' money, but a "good investment", notwithstanding the fact that Hong Kong is in the grip of a ferocious bear market.

And finally, recent attacks on the Hong Kong dollar have nothing to do with underlying weaknesses in an economy that is in the centre of the Asian turmoil. It is all simply an attempt by those latter-day vultures - the currency speculators - to bleed the Hong Kong economy dry. Yes, it's easy to mock the official line, which is no more convincing after yesterday's briefing than it was before. There is, none the less, a serious debate to be had over whether financial markets have been as much a cause of the calamity that has engulfed the Far East and other emerging markets as a symptom of it.

Financial markets invariably overshoot, both on the upside and the downside, and the effect of this is usually greatly to enhance the boom in the real economy and its subsequent bust. When things are going well, the exchange rate and stock market soar to unsustainably high levels before falling back to a more realistic value. Similarly, when things look as though they are going badly, exchange rates fall through the floor. In the Far East, a massive inflow of foreign capital was followed by an equally massive outflow. No economy could survive such a reversal of the tide unscathed.

So the free market model does have some serious drawbacks; less clear is what should or can be done about it. Policy makers in Hong Kong believe short-term intervention might counter this overshooting phenomenon.

The trouble is that this assumes that central bankers are a better judge of the "fair" value of their own exchange rates and stock markets than the international financial community. Markets may be poor at setting exchange rates, at least in the short term. But history suggests that governments are a good deal worse.

IN BRIEF

Limelight posts higher profits

LIMELIGHT: THE Moven kitchens and Dolphin bathrooms group whose shares have been savaged by a series of profits warnings, took further steps towards its rehabilitation yesterday with half year profits of £4.1m. This compares with profits of just £100,000 last time. The company is continuing to integrate its Dolphin and Moven Kitchens Direct units and is scaling down its conservatory business.

Doulton new low

SHARES IN the fine china group, Royal Doulton, sank to a new low after the company reported a 37 per cent fall in first half profits and warned that its operating profits for the full year would be lower than last time. Half year operating profits fell from £5.3m to £4.8m, hit by difficult trading conditions and the strong pound. The shares fell 20 per cent to 106p.

Booker dives

BOOKER, the cash & carry chain, reported a 50 per cent fall in profits and a halving of the dividend yesterday as it attempted to highlight the potential benefits of a merger with Budgens. Reporting pre-exceptional profits of £1.1m in the first half compared to £22m last time, Booker chairman, Jonathan Taylor, said trade had been affected by poor weather and the under-performance of the Nurdin & Peacock acquisition.

Textile warning

COURTAULDS TEXTILES, a leading supplier of lingerie and underwear to Marks & Spencer, yesterday warned of patchy trading ahead in the UK. The international clothing and fabric company said there was poorer consumer demand in Britain and dampened down hopes that its annual profits would rise significantly. Courtaulds yesterday reported a 17 per cent increase in interim pre-tax profit before exceptional to £12.2m despite a fall in turnover from £420.9m to £398.2m.

Ferguson down

SHARES IN Ferguson International yesterday shed 13.3 per cent to 39p after the label-maker issued a profit warning. The company said it is at the difficult trading environment, "operating profits for the first half will be approximately break-even". It added that if the tough conditions persists "they will also adversely affect the year end result".

Queens thrives

QUEENS MOAT Houses, the hotel operator which nearly went bust in 1992, said pre-tax profit doubled to £12.8m, from £5.2m. The company won't pay a dividend and said it doesn't plan to pay one in the foreseeable future as it concentrates on increasing its asset value and reducing debt. The company expects further growth in Germany and Holland over the rest of the year, according to chief executive Andrew Coppel.

Football frenzy grips media



These Newcastle fans could find their club is next in line for a takeover by a television group

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

NEWS THAT Carlton Communications, Michael Green's television group, is in talks with Arsenal took the market by surprise yesterday. Although British Sky Broadcasting's £62.4m bid for Manchester United was expected to prompt a wave of similar bids, few observers had expected other broadcasters to move so fast.

The prospect of last season's double-winners also ending up in the hands of a media group sparked feverish speculation about what other broadcasters might do. Granada, the media and hotels group, was seen as a potential bidder for Liverpool or possibly Leeds United. Media companies such as United News & Media and Mirror Group, as well as cable operators such as Cable & Wireless Communications, were also drawn into the frame.

Investment bankers compared the frenzy to the City's Big Bang in 1987, when large banks swallowed up the few remaining independent stockbrokers in a free-for-all.

Experts said BSkyB's move had effectively pushed other media groups and football clubs into each others' arms. Rival broadcasters were worried by the prospect of BSkyB extending its dominance of football rights. Meanwhile football clubs

suddenly faced the prospect of having to compete with Rupert Murdoch's millions in the battle to sign the best players.

"Every Premier League club except Manchester United is suddenly very worried," said one banker.

Ownership of sports clubs by media groups is well established outside the UK. In the US, Rupert Murdoch has bought the LA Dodgers, CNN's Ted Turner controls the Atlanta Braves and Disney has bought an ice-hockey team which it christened the Mighty Ducks. In continental Europe, the pay-television group Canal Plus controls the Paris St Germain football club. Silvio Berlusconi, the Italian media mogul, owns AC Milan.

The logic is simple. The sports teams provide a source of compelling programming for local television networks while also offering potential for spin-off projects. Disney has made several movies featuring the Mighty Ducks. How long before we see Manchester United stars Ryan Giggs and David Beckham on the silver screen in a movie produced by Sky?

In the UK, the rationale is more defensive. Rupert Murdoch told BSkyB to buy a football club after realising that it

was the only way to make sure the broadcaster kept a grip on broadcasting rights.

Other broadcasters have realised they must follow suit. Ownership of a Premier League club gives them a seat at the table when the league starts negotiating the renewal of those rights next year. Meanwhile, if the Restrictive Practices Court rules next year that clubs must negotiate their rights individually, the broadcasters will be sure of controlling the rights to the clubs they own.

As a result, buying a club makes most sense for television groups that both generate and

broadcast programmes. "Both Sky and the ITV companies are integrated distribution and content plays," says Adam Singer, chairman of Flextech, the television programming group.

With BSkyB, snatching Manchester United, the spotlights fall on the three biggest ITV companies: Carlton, Granada and United News & Media.

Despite the timing of its announcement, Carlton has clearly been thinking about such a move for some time. The television group has been talking to Arsenal for at least several weeks. Michael Green, Carlton's chairman, is also un-

derstood to have held talks with Chelsea earlier this year.

Granada looked at buying Manchester United a few years ago. However, it is unlikely to take on BSkyB directly. Granada has a 5 per cent stake in the satellite group and the two have a joint venture to produce television channels. They are also equal shareholders in MUTV, the cable channel dedicated to Manchester United.

Carlton and Granada have another good reason for wanting to own a club. OnDigital, their jointly owned digital broadcasting venture, launches later this year and will go head to head with Sky's digital satellite service. Exclusive rights to certain football matches would massively increase OnDigital's chances of success.

These are not the only potential bidders. Mirror Group says it is not in the frame (right) although it was one of the losing bidders in the battle for Premier League rights two years ago. David Montgomery, the chief executive, also made an approach to buy Aston Villa before it floated on the Stock Exchange last year.

Cable operators may also be interested. However, Cable & Wireless Communications, the

country's largest cable operator, claims not to be interested, while Telewest and NTL do not have the cash.

Now they've decided they want to own a club, which one should the broadcasters buy?

Last night analysts were naming Liverpool as the last remaining big name on the market. The club is controlled by the Moores family, owners of the Littlewoods empire.

Along with Arsenal and Manchester United, Liverpool is the third likely entrant into a possible European super league. It also has a large following outside the UK, making its brand name and television rights more valuable.

The next tier of clubs includes Leeds, Tottenham, Hotspur, Aston Villa, Chelsea, and Newcaste. Although they do not have the same international appeal, they could provide a boost to a local television operator.

Analysts yesterday suggested Granada could buy Leeds to bolster its Yorkshire Tyne-Tees television franchise while Carlton, which owns Central Television, could make a move for Aston Villa if talks with Arsenal broke down.

The possibilities are almost endless, but one thing is sure: Manchester United and Arsenal will not be the only football clubs to be swallowed up by larger groups.

Mirror plans Hearts soccer channel

BY OUR CITY STAFF

MIRROR GROUP is to launch a local cable TV channel for the Scottish football club, Heart of Midlothian, similar to the one operated by BSkyB and Granada on behalf of Manchester United.

But the Mirror's chief executive, David Montgomery, is playing down suggestions that his company might follow Sky into bidding for a club outright.

"We are not in the business of paying hundreds of millions of pounds for football rights," he said. "We hope to do other similar deals to provide local cable TV for soccer clubs, but our business strategy is focused on national and regional newspapers."

He said Mirror Group had "yet to decide" how to respond to Rupert Murdoch's plans to buy Manchester United. "You have to remember that he [Murdoch] now has the number one position in national newspapers by a long way, that he has a majority of pay TV, and he now owns a large part of British football. So I think the regulator will look at that intensely," he said.

Mr Montgomery yesterday announced an 11 per cent increase in half-year pre-tax profits to £49m. He also said he remained convinced there would eventually be "a major consolidation" in the newspaper industry and that "we would hope to be a part of that".

Mirror Group was targeted for takeover earlier this year by Germany's Axel Springer but talks broke down before a bid could be made. Separate exploratory talks with the regional newspaper group, Trinity, were also ended.

Mr Montgomery said the interim results reflected the balance the company had to achieve between higher profits and the need to invest in its core newspaper titles. "We could have made more money, but we would have lost circulation."

An extra £5m was invested in the flagship *Daily Mirror* during the half year and rather more than on Scottish titles. The product improvement achieved has helped stabilise circulation. About half this investment was paid for out of the cost efficiencies resulting from the group's acquisition of MIN.

Victor Blank, Mirror Group chairman, said it made the company more balanced: "It gives the group a broader portfolio alongside our national titles."

Tank cuts loom at Vickers, despite order hopes

VICKERS, THE engineering and defence group, is next week

expected to confirm plans to cut back its tank manufacturing facilities, even though hopes are rising that it has clinched a £1bn order from Greece for up to 300 Challenger 2 tanks for the British Army.

The group, which warned recently that it may have to run

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

down its operations unless it won new export business, has two tank factories in Newcastle and Leeds employing 1,400. They are finishing off the Challenger 2 order for the British Army.

Indications that one of them

has been targeted for run-down is expected next Thursday when the group unveils its first half results.

Newcastle plant is thought to be the one most at risk. Run-down would be a bitter blow for the region, following the closure of the Siemens and Fujitsu silicon chip plants.

But a frisson ran around

the Leeds factory yesterday after a visit by senior management. A spokeswoman dismissed local reports that "crisis talks" had been held about the Leeds factory or that any impending closure announcement was imminent.

However, one executive added: "The only firms that will survive in this industry in the future are those which are lean and mean."

The cutback in the military division will form part of a radical corporate restructuring by Vickers' new chief executive, Paul Bussell, who joined the group six months ago.

Vickers has already sold the luxury car maker, Rolls-Royce, to Volkswagen of Germany for £450m and returned almost £300m of the proceeds to shareholders.

Mr Bussell is expected to set out a new strategy for Vickers built around its burgeoning naval propulsion business.

Surgery in the defence division was always likely following Vickers' loss of a £2bn "battlefield taxi" order for the British and German armies to a consortium featuring GKN.

At the time analysts said it would prove the catalyst for a reshaping of the UK's land fighting vehicles industry.

MAIN MOVERS															
RISES								FALLS							
High	Low	Week	Price	Ctg	Ytd	P/E	Code	High	Low	Week	Price	Ctg	Ytd	P/E	Code
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES		-16,493													
400 422 Almond Beverage	408.0	-1.0	6.0	22.0	10.0	10.0	1000	321 50 Suntory	321.0	-0.5	0.7	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
405 225 Baja Fresh	330.0	-0.0	0.5	17.5	17.5	17.5	1000	221 11 Nestle Sp	280.0	-0.0	0.4	12.4	12.4	12.4	1000
410 828 Baskin-Robbins	11.0	-0.0	0.0	3.0	3.0	3.0	1000	211 15 Heublein Tech	107.0	-0.5	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	1000
415 725 Bigg's	360.0	-0.0	0.5	17.5	17.5	17.5	1000	205 125 KFC	100.0	-0.0	0.5	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
420 755 Blueorange	90.0	-0.0	0.2	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 McDonald's	100.0	-0.0	0.5	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
425 120 Bluewave	94.0	-0.0	0.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Nestle USA	100.0	-0.0	0.5	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
430 125 Borden	120.0	-0.0	0.0	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000	205 125 Starbucks	100.0	-0.0	0.5	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
435 130 Banks	100.0	-0.0	0.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Wal-Mart Stores	100.0	-0.0	0.5	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000
440 135 BBVA	120.0	-0.0	0.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
445 140 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
450 145 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
455 150 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
460 155 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
465 160 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
470 165 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
475 170 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
480 175 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
485 180 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
490 185 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
495 190 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
500 195 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
505 200 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
510 205 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
515 210 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
520 215 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
525 220 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
530 225 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
535 230 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
540 235 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
545 240 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
550 245 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
555 250 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
560 255 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
565 260 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
570 265 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
575 270 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
580 275 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
585 280 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
590 285 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
595 290 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
600 295 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
605 300 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
610 305 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
615 310 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
620 315 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
625 320 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
630 325 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	107.0	-0.5	0.5	11.0	11.0	11.0	1000
635 330 BBVA USA	70.0	-0.0	2.0	10.0	10.0	10.0	1000	205 125 Westpac	10						

Clinton crisis takes toll on Footsie

THE SPECTRE of more humiliation for President Bill Clinton dogged shares, with Footsie suffering one of its biggest one-day falls since the 1987 crash.

The index ended 174 points down at 5,186.6, with the Dow Jones Average off more than 200 points as the stock market closed.

It was a tense, nervous session with only 11 Footsie constituents managing to make any progress. The despair was not confined to the leader board, with the mid cap index slumping 59.9 to 4,751.8 although the small cap indicator displayed relative strength by restricting its retreat to 1.4 at 2,101.4.

Ironically the growing Clinton crisis took its toll as the Moscow share market, which had cast such a dark shadow over western markets, staged something of a rally following President Yeltsin's latest nomination for Prime Minister.

The Monetary Policy Committee's no-change interest rate decision was another blow. The committee's hint that rates have probably peaked was, however, lost in the clouds of gloom sweeping across the Atlantic.

MARKET REPORT



DEREK
PAIN

Smiths Industries was one blue chip to make progress. As if celebrating their escape from reorganisation from Footsie, the shares rose 18p to 733p. The engineering to medical group was basking early last month when rogue traders went through the order book at 711p; as it pointed out at the time, if they had occurred then the Footsie reckoning took place Smiths would have lost its cherished index place.

Centrica had the distinction of heading the truncated leader board following a strong profits perfor-

mance. The shares jumped 9.25p to 108p.

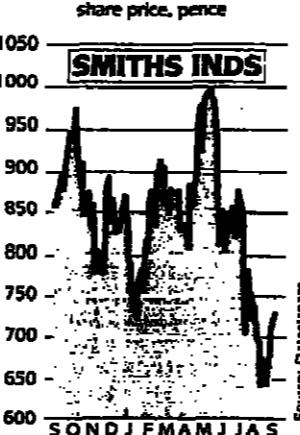
Railtrack, up 45p to 1,485p, was encouraged by recent presentations in Paris and indications that the Government's public transport policy had not after all been stumped into the sidings. Stagecoach, with a 25p advance to 1,145p, was also a beneficiary.

Hopes of corporate activity as well as safe haven considerations continued to inspire the English generators, with National Power up 10p to 826p and PowerGen 12p to 830p. Other utilities, such as Thames Water, with an 8p gain to 1,100p, drew comfort from their heavy domestic exposure.

Four of BT's, with a set of calamitous figures, led the retreat, off 24.5 to 107.75p, a new low. The warrants, which offer the "right" to subscribe for new shares at 405p, also fell from 0.05p to 0.05p. Before BT's troubles became apparent they were 77p with the shares then nudging 400p.

Buy advice had little impact. Henderson Crosthwaite recommended Kingfisher only for the shares to fall 16p to 518p. Lehman

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



Source: Bloomberg

Brothers offered a 930p target for new Footsie stock Colt Telecom but the shares fell 22.5p to 602.5p.

Dixons did manage a 5p gain to 585p as HSBC made positive noises.

Vodafone, which completed its European investment presentation, was off 18p at 766p.

Marks & Spencer dropped 20p to 474p, lowest for more than a year. Two investment houses down-

graded profit estimates. ABN Amro went from £1.05bn to £1.03bn and Merrill Lynch from £1.06bn to £990m.

Football clubs, reflecting activity off rather than on the pitch, had a rousing session. After Manchester United it was the turn of doubles club Arsenal to score.

The shares, traded on the fringe OTC market, jumped £1,100 to £4,000 as Carlton Communications said it was in talks which could lead to a takeover. The club is valued at around £240m. Carlton eased 2p to 423p.

ManU continued its progress following the agreed BSkyB bid, adding 6.5p to 222p. Others to move ahead included Aston Villa, 17.5p to 86.5p, and Leeds 20p to 102.5p.

Tottenham Hotspur improved 2p to 86p with talk of a large

buyer prepared to pay 67p, hovering.

ENIC, which has stakes in a number of clubs including Glasgow Rangers, put on 8.5p to 147.5p.

ML Laboratories firms 2p to 67p with Proteus International adding 1.5p to 38p. Both are in the orbit of Kevin Leech and the re-

sidence of the shares on such a downbeat day prompted speculation of a merger.

Heelys held at 45p as Volvo moved its stake to 9.5 per cent. It has said it intends to go to 10 per cent.

Car Group, the second-hand dealer, reversed 0.5p to 90 as stories went the rounds that its refinancing was imminent although it was thought unlikely to offer any share enhancement. Springfield, the leisure group, shrank to 81.5p although chairman Adam Page was said to have made positive presentations to institutions.

Marston Thompson & Everard, the pedigree bitter brewer, rose 13.5p to 224p after disclosing talks which could lead to the securitisation of its tenanted pub. Royal Doublon cracked 27.5p to 106p, a low, after a gloomy statement.

Engineer UPF remained at 112p as bidder Hartrade said it had gathered acceptances representing 95 per cent of the capital.

SEAG VOLUME: 1.09bn
SEAG TRADES: 59,194
GILTS INDEX: 109.73 +1.12

MICHAEL ASHCROFT, the controversial tycoon, is not enjoying a rapturous welcome on his return to the stock market. The property group Carlisle, his comeback vehicle, fell 1p to 10p. When the Ashcroft excitement was at its height, the shares touched 18p. Carlisle is being reshaped into a services group. It will be headed by Mr Ashcroft, who created the ADT car auction to security group. He will have a controlling stake.

EMERALD ENERGY enjoyed one of its periodic bouts of excitement. The shares rose 0.5p to 7.25p with nearly 23 million traded. T Hoare & Co, the stockbroker specialising in resources stocks, is not keen on the Colombian explorer and suggests taking profits.

SHERWOOD INTERNATIONAL, the computer group, jumped 10p to 325p after buying a 12.65 per cent stake in Allenbrook, a US provider of casualty and property systems.

Problems are not over for United Biscuits

INVESTMENT

EDITED BY PETER THAL LARSEN

UNITED BISCUITS: AT A GLANCE

Market value: £1.1bn, share price 203p (+8p)

Trading record	96	97	98	97	98
Year to end Jan	96	97	98	6 months	to July
Turnover (£bn)	3.0	1.98	1.78	0.80	0.79
Pre-tax profits (£m)	(100.6)	24.4	90.4	13.7	44.8
Earnings per share (p)	(23.9)	3.2	11.1	0.6	6.1
Dividends per share (p)	9.8	10.0	10.5	3.5	3.6

Operating profit by division, 6 months, £m	Share price pence
McVities UK	390
McVities International	390
Savoury snacks	390
Frozen and chilled foods	390

Metal prices dent Rio Tinto

METAL PRICES are normally high when metal stocks are low and vice versa, so the current situation makes no sense to Rio Tinto chairman Brian Wilson. Stocks are still on the low side, but copper prices fell 30 per cent in the past year to their lowest level in real terms since 1983. Gold, aluminium and coal prices also weakened, slacking \$27m (£16.5m) of the company's profits in the first half of 1998.

Metal traders suggest that sustained speculative selling by hedge fund operators is the mystery factor driving metal prices down. If this theory is correct, it makes no sense for speculators to force producers out of business, and every sense for them to switch sides and drive prices sharply higher once the turning point has been reached.

In the meantime Rio Tinto is a natural hedge because large

chunks of its cost base are in weak currencies like the Australian dollar, the Canadian dollar and the rand, which gives Rio Tinto a natural hedge and added back £124m (£74m) to profits. Take another \$107m (£64m) worth of cost savings, a modest rise in volume, and margins on sales were actually little changed at 23 per cent.

Turnover fell 5 per cent and pretax profits were only 8 per cent lower at \$942m (£560m). Earnings increased in four of the six divisions, industrial minerals, iron ore, aluminium and energy, while copper and gold were the only two which failed to shine.

But most crucial for Hanson is its presence in two markets where big public works are pending. In the UK, hospitals and schools are being rebuilt.

Contrary to John Prescott's political posturing, roads will still be built and repaired. Roads will receive another £400m of investment over the next three years while local authorities are earmarked for £700m.

Even more important, the US government has guaranteed to spend \$157bn (£100bn) on a new highways programme over the next six years. As Hanson may prove that consensus is wrong, Hanson is bullish about the economic outlook than most. Andrew Dougal, its chief executive, insists there is a big latent demand for construction previously held back by the fear of higher interest rates.

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Profit to June were above expectations at £78.6m compared with £47.8m last time. Analysts are still expecting profits of £90m in the full year, rising to £105m and earnings of 60p a share in 1999. A sizeable increase for the year ahead.

Hanson's superior prospects that looks cheap. Buy.

Hanson on the right road

AMID THE gloom about impending global recession, few would regard building materials as a good place to look for defensive stocks. But in its first year focused on the sector, Hanson may prove that consensus is wrong. Hanson is bullish about the economic outlook than most. Andrew Dougal, its chief executive, insists there is a big latent demand for construction previously held back by the fear of higher interest rates.

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IN BRIEF

Profits slump at Laird Group

PRE-TAX PROFITS at Laird Group, the automotive components group, slumped from £34.7m to £20.5m in the first half of the year, although turnover was up 9 per cent at £54.8m. The setback stemmed from the sealings systems division; other divisions were little changed.

Problems were concentrated in Germany, where production changes to meet new car models failed to control costs. The management has been replaced but further losses are likely. The shares were down 16p to 195.6p.

Traffic success

NORWICH UNION has joined the list of corporate customers using the Trafficker traffic information service, which already includes Cinelnet, the RAC and Vauxhall, with two more manufacturers expected to sign up by the time of the Motor Show next month.

First half pre-tax profits hit £1.01m as costs fell, compared to the loss suffered at the same stage last year, as the company continues to develop its customer base.

Mixed fortunes

HEYBOLD WILLIAMS, the building products group, made a record first half operating profit, but excluding interest and last year's exceptional profit of £2m, profit before tax was down 11 per cent at £19.4m in the six months to 30 June. A £5.8m acquisition in the pvc window sector and the sale last month of Auto Windscreens for £77m further reshaped the company.

As forage, Mr Bonfield could be the new junior of the FTSE 100. The youngest F100 in the top index generally reckoned to be Graham Howe of Orange, the telecoms group, who joined the post in January 1998 when he was a mere 31. However, Orange tells me that Mr Howe's birthday is 23 May 1961, which now makes him 37 - a year older than Mr Bonfield.

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None of which will bother Hugh Collum, who picked Mr Bonfield to succeed him as F100 at SmithKline Beecham in 1989. He says he knows of no connection with the BT boss.

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SPORT

Commonwealth Games: Despite the alliances between countries, competition is fierce, controversy never far away

Gloves off at the Friendly Games

WHAT ARE the Commonwealth Games, that officially get under way in Kuala Lumpur today, all about? We have already had one example. The decision of Scotland's Peter Nicol, top seed in the squash tournament, to waive his first-round bye so that a Guyanan left out of the draw could get a game, was a gesture worthy of an event that has always failed to think of itself as the Friendly Games.

To be sure, there has been much unpleasantness since the first version of the competition, the British Empire Games, started in Hamilton, Canada, 65 years ago. The seeds of conflict were planted even then when the Empire Sports Federation awarded the next Games to South Africa, and had to change the venue hastily to London because the intended hosts would not accept the ruling on racial equality.

Since then the Games have endured their quota of boycotts (Edinburgh), lack of funding (Edinburgh again) and bad behaviour (Canadian swimmers in Brisbane).

Last time around, in Victoria, Australia, one of the stories of the Games altered dramatically in character as Horace Dove-Edwin, the Sierra Leone sprinter who took a surprise silver behind Linford Christie in the 100 metres, was first cited as a symbol of all that was good about the Games – then reviled after testing positive for steroids a few days later.

Not all the good stories go bad, however. Eight years ago in Auckland, Marcus Stephen – a one-man team – became a local hero to the 8,100 inhabitants of his home country when he won a gold medal in the

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM
in Kuala Lumpur

snatch division of weightlifting's featherweight class.

The country in question was Nauru, a dot on the map 5,000 miles north of New Zealand, that has the highest per capita gross national product in the world thanks to its sole industry of recycling itself. The island is made of ancient bird droppings, that have been mined systematically to provide phosphate fertiliser.

Unfortunately for Nauru, which now resembles a moonscape, ex-

treme wealth is likely to be a short-term thing. The Games themselves are on similarly dodgy ground as the old British Empire and even Commonwealth diminished inexorably, but, against expectation, the idea of the Games has flourished.

People still care about it. The first Games to be held in Asia have attracted more than 6,000 athletes from 70 nations to compete in 15 sports. Among those sports are five making their debut – cricket, hockey, rugby (seven-a-side), squash and netball.

The blanket of smog that de-

scoaded on the Malaysian capital this time last year because of huge forest fires in neighbouring Indonesia has hung like a pall over this competition ever since.

But the dire warnings – one team doctor suggested the air quality would be the equivalent of smoking 1,000 cigarettes a month – have not been borne out. That has been largely due to an accord signed between Malaysia and Indonesia to prevent a repetition of the environmentally disastrous events of last summer.

What has also helped a Malaysian government desperate to boost its

tourist industry in the wake of an economic slump is, quite simply, rain.

Some of the English runners and cyclists who travelled to Malaysia for an acclimatisation visit last summer were unable to train for the entire week because of the smog; now they are damp, but active. However, the collapse of one English runner last week with dehydration sounded a warning for all competitors to take these conditions very seriously. The temperature is 90 degrees, with 90 per cent humidity.

The organisers, who have invested \$20m in new venues for

swimming and athletics, will be watching closely throughout by officials of the 2002 Games in Manchester. As is the prerogative of the host nation, the Malaysians have altered the sporting agenda a little to suit their own purposes – the national passion for ten-pin bowling will be indulged as competitors seek medals in a huge, 48-lane complex.

The centrepiece of the Games, the 100,000-seater Bukt Jalil sports complex, will witness an athletics programme that contains a number of potentially intriguing contests. Although injury has caused the withdrawal of at least two potential English winners in Jonathan Edwards and Paula Radcliffe, there will be more than enough talent on show to maintain the positive impact achieved by last month's successes at the European Championships.

Steve Backley will seek to complete a third European/Commonwealth double in the javelin, although Marcus Corbett, the South African who beat him in last year's World Championships, will be keen to upset the Briton once again.

Diane Modahl, sent back from the last Commonwealth Games in the public glare after a doping charge she subsequently overturned, will be set on regaining the 200 metres title she won at the Auckland Games of 1990 – a title she feels she has never rightly lost.

If Darren Campbell recovers from the hamstring strain that caused him to withdraw from this weekend's World Cup in Johannesburg, he has an opportunity to follow in his coach's footsteps once again, having taken over Linford Christie's title as European 100m champion last month. With the Olympic champion, Donovan Bailey, injured, and the world No 2 Ato Boldon unwilling to compete for Trinidad, Christie's title has a chance – although his success may be determined by the final decision of the double Olympic silver medallist, Frankie Fredericks, who is currently vacillating over his intention not to compete for Namibia.

Overall, England, Australia and Canada, who won more than half of 217 gold medals in Victoria just years ago, are likely to help themselves once again.

TONY ALLCOCK



The 42-year-old from Cheltenham is hugely experienced – his victory at the last World Championships in Adelaide two years ago was his 10th world title indoors or out – and he looks ideally placed to go one better than he managed in Victoria in 1994, when he lost a thrillingly competitive final to the Scotsman, Richard Corsie.

JAMES HICKMAN



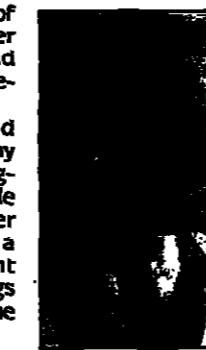
Despite missing the European champion and Olympic silver medallist, Paul Palmer, because of illness, English hopes in the pool are still high thanks partly to the presence of this 22-year-old City of Leeds swimmer who has been entered for four events. His best chance is likely to be in the 200m butterfly, in which he set a world best over the short-course earlier this year.

TRACEY NEVILLE



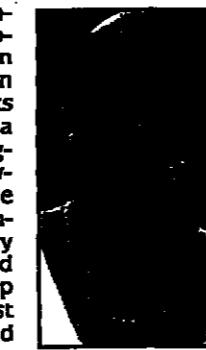
The sister of Manchester United and England defenders Gary and Phil will play a more aggressive role for her country in a tournament that brings together the world's leading

KELLY HOLMES



After returning to top-class action less than two weeks ago after a long struggle to recover from the Achilles tendon injury that forced her to drop out of last year's World Championships, Holmes is desperate to salvage something from her season. In terms of 1998 best times, she is nowhere; in terms of guts and determination, she is unmatched. Will something finally go right for her?

MARK RICHARDSON



Last weekend's 400m victory in the IAAF grand prix final earned the 23-year-old Windsor athlete \$50,000, and also saw him defeat Iwan Thomas, the fellow Briton who took the European title he had set his heart on last month. But Richardson, who was shattered after finishing only third in Budapest, still has a big championship point to prove against Thomas. And money doesn't come into it...

Greats of the Empire stage

From Bannister to Winstone, the purest of contests has produced many a rich spectacle. By Mike Rowbottom

FOR THOUSANDS OF Britons, the drama of one of the finest contests the Commonwealth Games has produced was conveyed through the medium of sound.

As England's Roger Bannister, first man under four minutes for the mile, struggled to keep in touch with the Australian who had beaten his record, John Landy, those present at the 1954 Games in Vancouver – known then as the British Empire Games – witnessed a race that lived up to its billing as Mile of the Century.

Of those not present, many imagined the images to the accompaniment of these words from BBC's radio commentator, Rex Aiston: "And now we have 300 yards to go. Can Bannister catch him? There's none of his famed spurt at the moment. Landy is drawing slightly away. Yes, Landy has a lead of three yards. It's 220 yards to go and I don't believe Bannister is going to be able to catch him."

"Landy is running beautifully, no, Bannister is coming up on him now; 150 yards to go and Bannister is gaining even so slightly with each stride; 130 yards to go and Bannister is coming up on Landy's elbow. Bannister has passed Landy..."

Landy's elegant economical style, that had enabled him to lower the world mile record to 3min 51sec six weeks before this race, had established him in a 10-metre lead over the rest of the field at the halfway stage.

But Bannister was still attached to his rival by what he later described as "some invisible cord". And as the contest revealed its heart – man against man – the Briton attempted to draw that cord tighter with each stride.

At 20, Stewart was already the European champion at the



Momentous moments: Roger Bannister passes John Landy to win the mile at 1954 Games and Adrian Moorhouse (right) celebrates breaststroke gold in 1988



Hulton Getty

distance, but he faced a field that included two legendary figures in Ron Clarke, the Australian who was seeking a first major championship gold medal as he came towards the end of his record-laden career, and Kip Keino, the reigning Olympic 1500m champion and the man who, more than anyone else, established Kenya as one of the foremost running nations.

"Everyone else those days was so mesmerised by Keino they were scared to death. They just let him toy with them," Stewart recalled years later.

Among the other track races that have established themselves in popular memory are Ian Stewart's 5,000 metres triumph in front of his home crowd in the 1970 Edinburgh Games, and Filbert Bayi's phenomenal front run to claim the 1974 Commonwealth 1500 metres title in a world record.

But this tenacious Scot, who spoke with an accent terminally modified by his upbringing in Birmingham, was not about to let anyone toy with him. "I was going to totally ignore anyone else, but bring Keino so hard with 500 to go that he just wouldn't realise what the hell was happening to him," Stewart said.

However, it was Stewart's Scottish team-mate, Ian McCafferty, who altered the course of the race when he sprinted to the front with two laps remaining, putting in a 60-second lap that put paid to Clarke and left him with only two challengers – Keino and Stewart.

At the bell, Stewart went to the front, followed by the Kenyan, gritted his teeth and responded to the storm of Scottish noise breaking around the Meadowbank stadium.

With 50 metres left, his challenger arrived at his shoulder – but it was the re-invigorated McCafferty, not Keino. And a few more agonising seconds of what he later described as being like running in army boots through mud brought Stewart to the line first.

Bayi's triumph – at the 1974 Commonwealth Games in Christchurch, New Zealand – was a far simpler affair. After

getting boxed in while racing at the 1972 Olympics, the Tanzanian who had built up his stamina by running eight miles a day between his school and his remote native village 8,000 feet up Mount Kilimanjaro, had adopted a new race plan. Go to the front. Stay there. This he did, against a field including the emerging talent of New Zealander John Walker, who would subsequently become the first man to break 3min 50sec for the mile, and Kenya's Ben Jipcho, Olympic steeplechase silver medallist.

By halfway, Bayi was 25 metres clear. Although he ran the last lap a second faster, Walker, the fastest of the challengers, was still a drift with 100 metres left. And Bayi reckoned he had a bit of energy to spare if anyone had closed on him in the final stages. Bayi's time of 3min 32.2 took almost a full second off the seven-year-old

record set by Jim Ryun of the United States. Roger Bannister described it as the greatest exhibition of front-running he had ever seen.

The Commonwealth swimming pool has also witnessed outstanding rivalries – none fiercer than that between Britain's Adrian Moorhouse and the mercurial Canadian Victor Davis.

Davis, who was killed in 1988 after being hit by a car in a Montreal street, arrived at the 1986 Games in Edinburgh as Olympic champion at 200m breaststroke. Moorhouse's best chance of gold at the Royal Commonwealth Pool appeared to be in the 100m breaststroke – but the Canadian beat him. Three days later the fortunes were reversed as Moorhouse rose to the occasion to end the Canadian's 16-race unbeaten run at the longer distance.

It was an aquatic version of Steve

Ovett and Seb Coe at the 1980 Moscow Olympics, where each man won in the other's preferred event.

Four years earlier, at the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, the Queen had witnessed Davis kick away a chair in disgust at the disqualification of his Canadian team-mate. This time, she was present to see Moorhouse express himself in a more acceptable fashion.

Moorhouse's victory was a popular one, but for emotion, there was nothing to match the occasion at Cardiff's Sophia Gardens during the 1988 Empire Games when home boxer Howard Winstone beat Australia's Ollie Tay to win the bantamweight title.

Winstone, who went on to become world champion at featherweight, was fitted by a spontaneous rendition of "Land of My Fathers" from every Welshman present.

GUIDE TO
ALL THE SPORTS

ATHLETICS

(Bukit Jali main stadium)
Scotland's Dougie Walker, despite recent knee surgery, has emerged as favourite for the 200 metres gold medal. The late withdrawal of Steve French from the 100m race leaves a gap in the field. Other absences include Colin Jackson, but Mark Richardson, who, though Denis Lewis and Kelly Holmes head a strong field from the home countries. Watch out for Benedict Galantyne, the one medal hope from St Vincent and The Grenadines, who runs in the marathon.

BADMINTON

(Kuala Lumpur badminton stadium)
The host country, Malaysia, coached by Denmark's former world champion, Morten Frost, will be most favoured if they do not win their golds in that sport virtually without national support. England's best chance of a medal lies in the doubles and team events.

BOWLS

(Lawn bowls complex, Bukit Jalil)
A sixty-year-old Scot and a Filipina mother are among the favourites. Willie Wood is bidding to become the oldest individual medallist in Commonwealth Games history, having won his first gold medal for Scotland, while Carmen Anderson, the reigning women's world champion, is a Filipino born and representing the tiny Norfolk Island. England have a good chance of getting one better than silver in 1994.

BOXING

(Shah Alam indoor stadium)
Lemon Lewis, Barry McGuigan, Azumah Nelson, Miles McCullum – the Commonwealth Games can boast a rich pedigree of boxing gold medallists who went on to become professional world champions. However, right now, the sport is in a bit of a lull; Scotland and England believe their featherweight, Alex Arthur, could one day challenge Naseem Hamed.

CRICKET

(Royal Selangor Club)
England cited fixture congestion as the reason for not sending a team to play the sport's debut at the Games. All the other Test-playing nations are there, with Muttiah Muralitharan's Sri Lanka expected to carry on where they left off at The Oval.

CYCLING

(Kuala Lumpur Velodrome)
Festina rider Nelli Stephens will be hoping to put the Tour de France drugs controversy behind him as he competes in the 31-year-old Welsh national of the year. New Zealand do likewise on the road. Watch out for the duel between Yvonne McGregor, England's only gold medallist in 1994, and the Australian Lucy Tyler-Sharman in the 28km individual time trial.

DIVING

(Swimming complex, Bukit Jalil)
Robert Morgan has won every colour of medal in his previous four Commonwealth Games. All he needs is a run of 18 consecutive years to make him a true legend, and he will be back to repeat her 1994 gold medal triumph.

GYMNASICS

(Indoor stadium, Bukit Jalil)
Andrew Atherton heads an England men's team who expect to give Canada, Australia and Malaysia a run for their money. Anika Reeder who at 18 considers herself two years away from the top, is one of the few to have been selected and will be aiming to repeat her 1994 gold medal triumph.

HOCKEY

(Hockey stadium, Bukit Jalil)
Another sport making its debut, with Australia, led by Michael York, New Zealand and Pakistan expected to share the medals. Wales' women have had an uneventful start with a eight players laid low by food poisoning.

NETBALL

(Netball stadium, Bukit Jalil)
Surprisingly, the hotbeds for this debut sport are Australia and New Zealand. England's chances are slim, but have been beaten over by the world champions from Oz and Jamaica, who beat them in a recent three Test series.

RUGBY

(Petaling Jaya Stadium)
Wales hopes took a dive yesterday when a redraw pitted them against Fiji, the favourites, in the sevens tournament that starts today. The draw, which was to be decided by Chris Sheasby, will likewise struggle to make any impression in the company of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and West Samoa.

SHOOTING

(Langkawi Shooting Range)
This has traditionally been a strong sport for the home nations, but a lack of gun controls in the wake of Dunblane have left their mark. England's Anthony Ringer is expected to figure in the men's full bore rifle. India's Deepak Rana will be aiming to add to their two pistol golds he won in Canada.

SQUASH

(Sports Complex, Bukit Jalil)
World No 1 Peter Nicol of Scotland took just 13 minutes to win his round-robin match yesterday and it's unlikely that anyone will pre-empt a gold medal showdown with Canada's Jonathon Power or Australia's Sarah Fitz-Gerald. Michelle Martin, the British Open champion for the last five years, should contest the women's final.

SWIMMING

(Swimming complex, Bukit Jalil)
Michael Klim, Ian Thorpe and Kieren Perkins are the ones to beat in the 50m and 100m freestyle, while the 200m medley will be decided by the Australian national anthem by the end of the Games. The programme begins tomorrow and the Australians are expected to win the majority of the 82 gold medals on offer. England and Canada are the main challengers, with Susan Roaf and Karen Pickering particularly tipped for medals.

TENPIN BOWLING

(Pyramid Bowl, Sunway City)
Brought to the Games for the first time largely because the host country and Singapore will find the Pacific Island of Nauru expect to impress. The home gold in the 62kg category, while England's Giles Greenwood will find he can live with Australia's Steven Bovell in the super-heavyweight contest.

Twin ambition drives Atherton

Guy Hodgson
meets a British
gymnastic medal
hope travelling
to Kuala Lumpur
on a mission to
win gold for his
injured brother

IF ANDREW ATHERTON wins the men's individual all-round gymnastics gold medal at the Commonwealth Games next week – and he has every chance of doing so – something will be missing. Or rather someone.

Until last month Atherton, from Wigan, was going to Kuala Lumpur with his identical twin brother, Kevin, and was looking forward with filial devotion and rivalry to competing with and against him. Then one disastrous vault ended that ambition.

Kevin was competing in Denmark last month when his knee disintegrated beneath him. With one bad landing his hopes of being at the Commonwealth Games had disappeared.

"I think I was more upset than he was," Andrew said. "I rushed over to him, waited until an ambulance came and it was only when he had gone I realised I had to make a vault myself. Fortunately the coach pulled me out of that apparatus because I was so distressed."

"It wasn't so much that Kevin was injured but that he was not going to be going to the Commonwealth Games. I'd really wanted to share the experience with him. We were looking forward to Kuala Lumpur and in one second it's all over."

For Andrew Atherton, 23, and the older brother by three minutes, the forced separation will be no minor dislocation. The twins began gymnastics together 16 years ago – "our parents were fed up with us



Andrew Atherton on his brother, Kevin: 'We were going to be the first twins to compete for England – hopefully we'll do it next time' Peter Jay

jumping all over the furniture' – and got into the England Under-14 side at the same time.

So concerned were their parents that they might depend too much on each other, they were separated at school and put into different classes. "It seemed hard at the time, but it was good in the long run," Andrew said. "It prepared us for the time when we would be parted."

Ironically it was Andrew who had tended to miss out on his brother. Kevin, he agrees, is the more natural gymnast and he has had to work that much harder to keep up. As a consequence it was Kevin who got to

"Now he appears to be handling it very well; he's injured, he can't do anything about it. I'm the one going out there knowing he should be there with me."

Ironically it was Andrew who had tended to miss out on his brother. Kevin, he agrees, is the more natural gymnast and he has had to work that much harder to keep up. As a consequence it was Kevin who got to

the World Championships first, and he was ahead until this season when Andrew has caught up and even overtaken his younger brother.

"It was difficult to be the one sitting at home but it's something you have to deal with, particularly in this sport where it's so easy to sustain an injury. You have to get used to one of us getting left behind."

Identical by feature but not by temperament – "I'm noisy

but even-tempered and Kevin's quiet, but if he blows a fuse, watch out" – the prospects for confusion are vast. In the World Championships two years ago the competition had to be stopped because the judges were astonished to see what appeared to be the same athlete competing twice with different numbers on.

"I know he's got confidence in me and that he'll be desperate for me to succeed for both of us. Me? I want to win the game for my brother."

"It was only when our coach

Keen Britons aiming to spoil Australia's party in the pool

SWIMMING

By JAMES PARRACK
in Kuala Lumpur

years ago, and challenge the record seven golds claimed at Brisbane in 1992.

In their way is a powerful Australian team. It is their stated aim to win every gold medal at these Games; a bold statement that although unlikely underlines their total dominance in the pool. They won 22 golds at Victoria and will win a similar number here.

Yet, despite the withdrawal last week of the Olympic silver medallist, Paul Palmer, due to chronic muscle fatigue, confidence here is still high. The two swimmers most likely to shine for England are James Hickman and Curtis Myden. The 200m and 400m individual medley events have left a hole which Hickman is eager to fill.

One reason the Australians are so dominant is that their

Rolph is here to create history. Top of the rankings in both the 50m and 100m freestyle, she is second in the 200m medley by just 0.02secs. After setting two British records at the trials in July, she is confident of holding the Australian challenge. "I'm a fighter up here now," she said tapping the side of her head. Whisper it carefully but there is a very small chance that Rolph could win an unprecedented four golds, as she will anchor the 4x100m freestyle team who are also as defending champions.

Hickman is the world record holder over 200m butterfly in the short-course (25m) pool. With the absence of the Olympic and world medallists, Matthew Dunn and Curtis Myden, the 200m and 400m individual medley events have left a hole which Hickman is eager to fill.

Behind the experience comes a wave of youth unbowed by expectation. A quarter of this team has never

swimmers have benefited from heavy funding for many years. Their current superstars, Michael Klim, Ian Thorpe and Kieren Perkins, are the latest in a production line of champions. But with National Lottery money now funding a radical lifestyle change in Britain, this team is the first to come through a system where every member is a professional sportsperson.

Joining Hickman, Rolph and Foster will be the defending champions Karen Pickering, Adam Ruckwood and Martin Harris. Each has a chance of winning gold again, before the six days of swimming finish next Thursday. Nick Shaddock will once more attempt to become the first Briton to break 50 seconds for the 100m freestyle when he competes on Monday.

Wales made their debut in senior international competition, and any of them could win medals, particularly Darren Mew and Adam Whitehead in the breaststroke and Georgina Lee in the butterfly. Most of this team will use the Games to begin their preparation for the 2000 Olympics in Sydney. Success this week will set a new standard of professionalism, on which the rise of British swimming into the next millennium will be built.

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Wales made heavy weather of the match. After a very tentative start they won a string of penalty corners but it was not until their eighth, 13 minutes into the second half, that they opened the scoring. Simon Organ won his way through the packed ranks of Trinidad defenders to win the penalty corner, which he then converted.

Wales continued to control the game but had a score in the 63rd minute when the Trinidad captain Kwan Browne, who hopes to play for Southgate in the coming season and had

With just two minutes remaining, Organ, after goc work by Ian Hughes-Rowland put the game beyond doubt with his second goal.

Trinidad and Tobago (SA) 0-1, A. Lewis (SA) bt L. Williams (SA) 1-0, D. Edwards (SA) 1-0, S. Organ (SA) 1-1, T. Browne (SA) 1-2, K. Browne (SA) 1-3, D. Edwards (SA) 1-4, S. Organ (SA) 1-5, D. Edwards (SA) 1-6, K. Browne (SA) 1-7, D. Edwards (SA) 1-8, K. Browne (SA) 1-9, D. Edwards (SA) 1-10, K. Browne (SA) 1-11, D. Edwards (SA) 1-12, K. Browne (SA) 1-13, D. Edwards (SA) 1-14, K. Browne (SA) 1-15, D. Edwards (SA) 1-16, K. Browne (SA) 1-17, D. Edwards (SA) 1-18, K. Browne (SA) 1-19, D. Edwards (SA) 1-20, K. Browne (SA) 1-21, D. Edwards (SA) 1-22, K. Browne (SA) 1-23, D. Edwards (SA) 1-24, K. Browne (SA) 1-25, D. Edwards (SA) 1-26, K. Browne (SA) 1-27, D. Edwards (SA) 1-28, K. Browne (SA) 1-29, D. Edwards (SA) 1-30, K. Browne (SA) 1-31, D. Edwards (SA) 1-32, K. Browne (SA) 1-33, D. Edwards (SA) 1-34, K. Browne (SA) 1-35, D. Edwards (SA) 1-36, K. Browne (SA) 1-37, D. Edwards (SA) 1-38, K. Browne (SA) 1-39, D. Edwards (SA) 1-40, K. Browne (SA) 1-41, D. Edwards (SA) 1-42, K. Browne (SA) 1-43, D. Edwards (SA) 1-44, K. Browne (SA) 1-45, D. Edwards (SA) 1-46, K. Browne (SA) 1-47, D. Edwards (SA) 1-48, K. Browne (SA) 1-49, D. Edwards (SA) 1-50, K. Browne (SA) 1-51, D. Edwards (SA) 1-52, K. Browne (SA) 1-53, D. Edwards (SA) 1-54, K. Browne (SA) 1-55, D. Edwards (SA) 1-56, K. Browne (SA) 1-57, D. Edwards (SA) 1-58, K. Browne (SA) 1-59, D. Edwards (SA) 1-60, K. Browne (SA) 1-61, D. Edwards (SA) 1-62, K. Browne (SA) 1-63, D. Edwards (SA) 1-64, K. Browne (SA) 1-65, D. Edwards (SA) 1-66, K. Browne (SA) 1-67, D. Edwards (SA) 1-68, K. Browne (SA) 1-69, D. Edwards (SA) 1-70, K. Browne (SA) 1-71, D. Edwards (SA) 1-72, K. Browne (SA) 1-73, D. Edwards (SA) 1-74, K. Browne (SA) 1-75, D. Edwards (SA) 1-76, K. Browne (SA) 1-77, D. Edwards (SA) 1-78, K. Browne (SA) 1-79, D. Edwards (SA) 1-80, K. Browne (SA) 1-81, D. Edwards (SA) 1-82, K. Browne (SA) 1-83, D. Edwards (SA) 1-84, K. Browne (SA) 1-85, D. Edwards (SA) 1-86, K. Browne (SA) 1-87, D. Edwards (SA) 1-88, K. Browne (SA) 1-89, D. Edwards (SA) 1-90, K. Browne (SA) 1-91, D. Edwards (SA) 1-92, K. Browne (SA) 1-93, D. Edwards (SA) 1-94, K. Browne (SA) 1-95, D. Edwards (SA) 1-96, K. Browne (SA) 1-97, D. Edwards (SA) 1-98, K. Browne (SA) 1-99, D. Edwards (SA) 1-100, K. Browne (SA) 1-101, D. Edwards (SA) 1-102, K. Browne (SA) 1-103, D. Edwards (SA) 1-104, K. Browne (SA) 1-105, D. Edwards (SA) 1-106, K. Browne (SA) 1-107, D. Edwards (SA) 1-108, K. Browne (SA) 1-109, D. Edwards (SA) 1-110, K. Browne (SA) 1-111, D. Edwards (SA) 1-112, K. Browne (SA) 1-113, D. Edwards (SA) 1-114, K. Browne (SA) 1-115, D. Edwards (SA) 1-116, K. Browne (SA) 1-117, D. Edwards (SA) 1-118, K. Browne (SA) 1-119, D. Edwards (SA) 1-120, K. Browne (SA) 1-121, D. Edwards (SA) 1-122, K. Browne (SA) 1-123, D. Edwards (SA) 1-124, K. Browne (SA) 1-125, D. Edwards (SA) 1-126, K. Browne (SA) 1-127, D. Edwards (SA) 1-128, K. Browne (SA) 1-129, D. Edwards (SA) 1-130, K. Browne (SA) 1-131, D. Edwards (SA) 1-132, K. Browne (SA) 1-133, D. Edwards (SA) 1-134, K. Browne (SA) 1-135, D. Edwards (SA) 1-136, K. Browne (SA) 1-137, D. Edwards (SA) 1-138, K. Browne (SA) 1-139, D. Edwards (SA) 1-140, K. Browne (SA) 1-141, D. Edwards (SA) 1-142, K. Browne (SA) 1-143, D. Edwards (SA) 1-144, K. Browne (SA) 1-145, D. Edwards (SA) 1-146, K. Browne (SA) 1-147, D. Edwards (SA) 1-148, K. Browne (SA) 1-149, D. Edwards (SA) 1-150, K. Browne (SA) 1-151, D. Edwards (SA) 1-152, K. Browne (SA) 1-153, D. Edwards (SA) 1-154, K. Browne (SA) 1-155, D. Edwards (SA) 1-156, K. Browne (SA) 1-157, D. Edwards (SA) 1-158, K. Browne (SA) 1-159, D. Edwards (SA) 1-160, K. Browne (SA) 1-161, D. Edwards (SA) 1-162, K. Browne (SA) 1-163, D. Edwards (SA) 1-164, K. Browne (SA) 1-165, D. Edwards (SA) 1-166, K. Browne (SA) 1-167, D. Edwards (SA) 1-168, K. Browne (SA) 1-169, D. Edwards (SA) 1-170, K. Browne (SA) 1-171, D. Edwards (SA) 1-172, K. Browne (SA) 1-173, D. Edwards (SA) 1-174, K. Browne (SA) 1-175, D. Edwards (SA) 1-176, K. Browne (SA) 1-177, D. Edwards (SA) 1-178, K. Browne (SA) 1-179, D. Edwards (SA) 1-180, K. Browne (SA) 1-181, D. Edwards (SA) 1-182, K. Browne (SA) 1-183, D. Edwards (SA) 1-184, K. Browne (SA) 1-185, D. Edwards (SA) 1-1

Redgrave keeps command

ROWING

By HUGH MATHESON
in Cologne

BRITAIN'S COXLESS four of James Cracknell, Steve Redgrave, Tim Foster and Matthew Pinsent cruised through their semi-final at the World Championships in Cologne yesterday.

The title-holders go into tomorrow's final as fastest qualifiers. Nudging ahead just after the start, they were a length ahead by half-way on the 2,000-metre course.

The Australians came through from slow start to overtake the World Cup winners, Romania, and appeared about to threaten the Britons, but Redgrave called to raise the pace and his crew spurred clear before slowing the line.

"We wanted to make sure of winning. The others were in a tussle behind us over that last 1,000m and we just wanted to make sure we were first," Redgrave said.

In other races, the three-times lightweight sculling world champion Peter Haining, qualified second in his semi. The ebullient Scot raised his fist high with 100m to go as he broke Switzerland's Michael Bäumler after a race-long battle for qualification behind the Italian Stefano Basalini.

Haining, who missed last season through illness, felt hard done by in the lane seeding and was making the point to the officials. He paddled leisurely across the line and now believes that despite his setbacks and his 36 years, he can take the title for a fourth time.

"They didn't deserve to be in the final," he said of those who trailed in behind him. "They quit. They didn't want it enough."



Tim Foster, Steve Redgrave, James Cracknell and Matthew Pinsent put their rivals in the shade in Cologne yesterday

Aston in fall from grace

RUGBY LEAGUE

By DAVE HADFIELD

THE WINNER of the Lance Todd Trophy as man of the match at Wembey in May, Mark Aston, will discover the fragility of fame tonight when he is left out of Sheffield Eagles' side to play London.

Aston was substituted against Halifax last week and for today's match, switched to Bramall Lane because of the Spice Girls' concert at the Don Valley, he is still not what his coach, John Keen really, really wants at scrum-half.

"I wasn't pleased with him at all," said Keen. "He didn't do what he was supposed to do and, when that happens, he comes to sit with me. I suppose it's a bit of a come-down for a Lance Todd winner, but Gareth Stephens and Marcus Vasiliakopoulos will be my back-ups."

Steve Molloy is set to return for a Sheffield side now reduced to the role of trying to spoil London's bid for a play-off place, but Paul Broadbent is still likely to be missing.

Huddersfield's caretaker-coach, Phil Wevers, who will become Malcolm Reilly's assistant next year, has decided to retire as a player at the end of this season.

Bill Shankland, the Australian Test centre who captained Warrington at Wembley in 1983 and 1988, has died at the age of 81. He also competed in the Open golf tournament.

Trigger clicks in passing-out parade

IT WAS, as Mark Johnston said, "classical Double Trigger". Brave, determined and relentless, the big, white-trimmed chestnut took his leave of British racing in the same style with which he has graced it for the last six seasons. Much though his third success in the Doncaster Cup was a moment to cherish, it was a reminder too of what will be missing when the staying horses gather again next spring.

Only Double Trigger himself could have been oblivious to the anticipation in the air as the stalls opened and Darryll Holland chased him into his familiar place at the head of his field. He dared his opponents to pass him for almost a circuit of Town Moor and by the time they turned in with half a mile to race, it was already clear that most of them could not muster the energy to do so.

One jockey, though, was still sitting motionless and making ground on the bridle. Three out, the dark shape of Busy Flight and Michael Hills started to cruise up the inside rail, and soon he looked to have the race at his mercy. But he was about to discover, like so many before him, that reaching Double Trigger's quarters is one thing, and getting past his nose quite another.

Before the race, Double Trigger had drifted in the market, from 6-4 out to 9-4, as punters decided that it would be tempting fate to back him. Now, though, they roared him on like the gamble of the season, and Hills was shaking his reins at a beaten horse. Ten seconds later, the only race which mattered was the dash to the win-

By GREG WOOD
at Doncaster

ners' enclosure to welcome "Trigger" back.

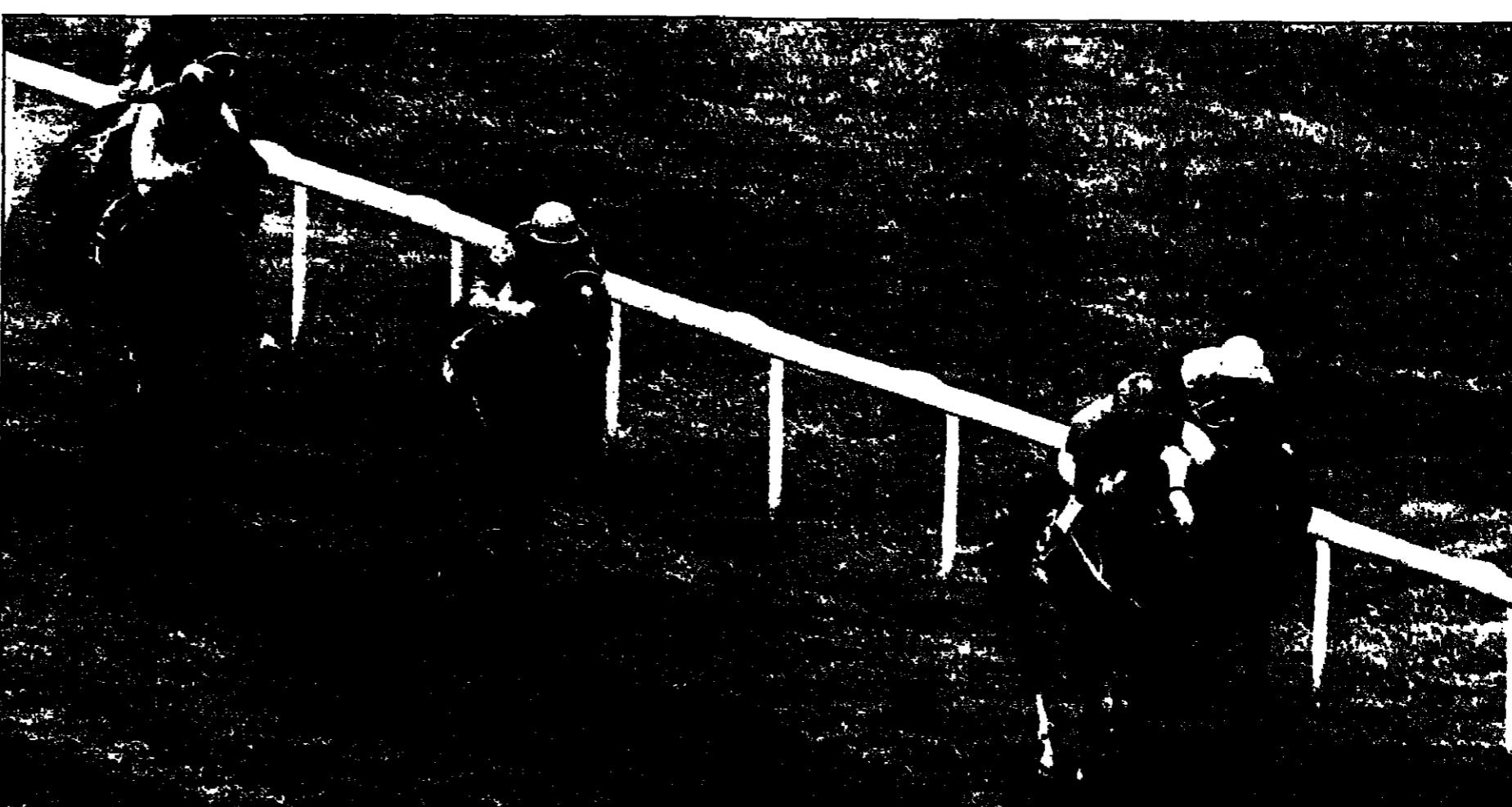
"This tells us that stayers are important," Johnston, his trainer, said. "Over two miles at his best, Double Trigger is one of the best there has been. Early in the season, I felt he was going downhill and it was not good to watch him. I even wondered if I wanted to see him run any more, but there were signs of better things before the Ascot Gold Cup and since then he has become more and more special as the year has gone on."

Double Trigger will now re-tire to stud after a final attempt.

RICHARD EDMONDSON
Nap: Commander Collins
(Doncaster 3.05)
NB: Cashiki
(Goodwood 2.15)

to win the Prix du Cadran at Longchamp next month, a race in which he has twice run poorly. "This has got to be his year in the Cadran, surely," Johnston said. "He has never fired in the race and I don't know why, but Darryll will just ride him as it comes and we are hoping he will go out on a high."

Foreign travel is also a possibility for Calando, the winner of the May Hill Stakes, whose connections are considering a run in the Breeders' Cup Juvenile Fillies in Kentucky on 7 November. It is an ambitious plan, but Calando is improving rapidly and has the talent to match her impeccable bloodlines (she is a daughter of Diminuendo, the 1988 Oaks win-



Double Trigger holds off the challenge of Busy Flight with Canon Can and Three Cheers left in their wake in yesterday's Doncaster Cup

Peter Jay

ner). She would have a serious chance at Churchill Downs.

Calando completed a Group double for Lanfranco Dettori, who had already taken the Park Stakes on Handsome Ridge.

The colt is owned by David Platt, the former England foot-

baller, who was so excited by the victory that he insisted on talking to Dettori as he was led back to the winners' enclosure.

The problem was that Platt was in Sardinia on business, forcing the jockey to talk him through the race with the reins

in one hand and a mobile phone in the other. This did not meet with the approval of the stewards, who took Dettori to one side afterwards and advised him that in future he should wait until he has dismounted before accepting any calls.

"I suppose they have a point," Dettori said, "because you don't see footballers on the phone while they are on the pitch." Unless, of course, they are playing for Manchester United, and checking on the value of their share options.

DONCASTER

1.30 SUNSTREAK (nap) 3.35 Jazidim
2.05 Dokos 4.10 Knyana Lily
2.35 Mutawajj 4.40 Shafii
3.05 Lavery

GOING: Good. **STALLS:** Straight course - stands side; round course - inside, except round 1m - outside.

DIRECTIONS: Being drawn inside, centre may be a disadvantage.

COURSE: E of town on the A638 (M1 Jct 3 & 4, Bus link from Doncaster Central station). **ADMISSION:** Club £2; Grandstand £25; Family Enclosure £5 (under-16s free all enclosure). **CAR PARK:** Free.

LEADING TRAINERS: B Hills 36-207 (17%), J Greenwood 31-143 (11%), J Dettori 22-101 (12%), L Detori 21-201 (15.9%). **Pet Eddery 22-150 (14.7%), J Fortune 19-55 (9.7%).**

FAVOURITES: 226-743 (30.9%).

BLINKERED FIRST TIME: Japti (Mare, 3.25).

1.30 SUN PRINCESS STAKES (CLASS C) £28,000 added 3YO
1m Penality Value £5,120

1 2002 LEAP FROG (USA) 21 (D) (Abdellah) B Hills 3.07
2 3202 PORTO FORROS (USA) (13) (Marchesa Family) C Britain 8.11
3 3202 GREENLAND (USA) (Shakil Marsha) C Britain 8.11
4 4011 SUNSTREAK (D) (F) (Roy Ch V) 8.11
5 4011 14 HOUSEKRAFT (USA) 20 (D) (Chesty-Hym) 8.11

BETTING: 2.4 Portofino, 5.2 Greenlands, 3.1 Sunstreak, 6.1 Houskraft, 12.1 Laver Speer 1007, Revoque 8.1 J Red 6.5 (Chesty-Hym) claim 3.3nm

FORM VERDICT: The first of three conditions events where lack of pace might be a problem. Greenlands has the best form, but horses with poor pace often fail to deliver when presented with an apparently good opening, and preference is for SUNSTREAK, who did not back herself by 10 lengths winning at Sandown last time (second successful since). He has no form on soft ground but progeny of Prince Domine are often at home on it. Porto Forros produced his best on fast ground in the Magna Cup and has not convinced since.

2.05 RIB MINING STAKES (CLASS B) £15,000 added
1m 2f 60yds Penalty Value £3,600

1 2165 PROLIX (D) (Abdellah) B Hills 3.07
2 3222 DOKOS (USA) 25 (D) (Marchesa Family) H Col 4.9.2
3 33-202 CHANTEL (USA) 22 (D) (Marchesa Family) C Britain 8.11
4 42-422 MOWBRAY (USA) 23 (D) (Marchesa Family) C Britain 8.11
5 1-331 ALTAWWAJJI (USA) 20 (D) (Shakil Marsha) C Britain 8.11

BETTING: 6.4 Prolix, 5.2 Dokos, 4.1 Marcus Maxima, 7.1 Pugniz, 10.1 Dark Seal, 20.1 Cool Vibes

FORM GUIDE: Good to firm. **STALLS:** Straight course - stands side; round course - inside, except round 1m - outside.

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Millns exposes dismal Essex

THERE IS only one team playing cricket in this match and that is Leicestershire. As Championship leaders they have so far steamrollered Essex, flattening them into a state well beyond submission, as the visitors headed for their fifth defeat in as many games; a wretched state for a county who have won this competition six times since 1979.

For Surrey, second placed and eyeing proceedings from a watery North-east, the feeling was probably one of helpless exasperation. Chasing points is bad enough when you are confined to the dressing-room, but when your rivals' opponents are barely troubling the scorers, the feeling is amplified many fold.

Having bowled without distinction, despite putting their opponents in, Essex batted like men for whom the end of the season couldn't come quickly enough. Needing 246 to avoid the follow-on, after Vince Wells' 171 had helped the home side reach 395, Essex capitulated to 95 all out, with David Millns taking 3-8 in seven overs.

Indeed, only four batsmen reached double figures in the first-innings, as the last six wickets,

CRICKET
BY DEREK PRINGLE
at Leicester

Leicestershire 395
Essex 95 and 56-4

fell in 10 overs for 19 runs. When Essex followed on, wickets again tumbled regularly and they finished at 58-4, some 242 runs from making Leicestershire bat again. On this evidence, bottom of the table is not low enough. And the escape route that may be offered, should Northants be docked 25 points for a sub-standard pitch, would be ill-deserved.

Blame for this appalling state of affairs is difficult to pinpoint because Essex have had a decent one-day season, winning the Benson and Hedges and running Lancashire close in the AXA League. However, their Championship form has been dire and only Tim Hodgson and Paul Grayson showed the necessary application on a pitch whose capricious nature was well exploited by Leicestershire's useful set-up under David Lloyd. Yet if the players want for nothing



The Leicestershire team celebrate the wicket of Essex batsman Ashley Cowans as the visitors capitulated at Leicester yesterday Allsport

It is standard, when such ignominy prevails, to blame the captain and the coach. Yet Paul Prichard and Keith Fletcher are both experienced operators, whose appointment of Eddie Hemmings and Geoff Arnold, as spin and fast bowling coaches, has echoed the shape of the England set-up under David Lloyd. Yet if the players want for nothing

technically, their attitude, particularly among the batsmen - who have accumulated 14 batting points all season - has left much to be desired.

Fletcher must clearly take some blame. A shrewd analyst, his lack of absolute power - Essex have always believed that the captain is the only chief - has perhaps undermined his

strengths, which are perhaps not always to everyone's liking.

Prichard, too, has not excelled either. A top first-class score of 24 is abysmal for a man of his talents. Yesterday provided no respite and he came and went twice in the day, an embarrassing fate that also befell Stuart Law, Stephen Peters and Ronnie Irani.

In fact, bar Hodgson, few resisted for long, as a mixture of careless strokes and magnificent catches laid waste to the batting. Phil Simmons, whose diving catch at slip helped remove Irani in the first innings, was superb and he later caught the same batsman of Carl Crowe, diving forward at mid-wicket.

Essex used to do much the

same to other sides. Like most dynasties, even the most durable, though none as spectacularly as Essex this season. Unless the weather intervenes, Leicestershire, 10 points ahead of Surrey, will gain another 16. With both sides due to meet in a week, only a win by Lancashire against Nottinghamshire can prevent it from being the ultimate decider.

The two drivers had a one-and-a-half-hour private meeting in a neutral motor home here, emerged shaking hands, and vowed to join forces for clearer guidelines on lapping and overtaking, especially in the rain.

Coulthard and his team, McLaren Mercedes, will now feel a little easier going in to Sunday's Italian Grand Prix.

Ferrari's home land, McLaren's other driver, Mika Hakkinen, leads Schumacher by seven points.

Schumacher, who in the heat of the moment at Spa accused Coulthard of trying to kill him, called for a meeting last week, which was brokered by the Austrian, Alexander Wurz, a spokesman for the Grand Prix Drivers' Association.

Schumacher left the meeting smiling and then, in more serious mood, reflected on the fatal incident when he ran into the back of Coulthard. "Initially it was not so clear," he said. "After looking at it, it was an unfortunate situation but I wouldn't say again he did it purposefully to get me out of the race."

Schumacher declined to reveal if he had apologised to Coulthard, insisting he did not intend the saga to develop into a comedy or theatre. "It was the idea of both of us to talk. I know David quite well and there was no point in keeping this going. It was just a question of the right opportunity and I am happy it is now sorted."

"I can't remember ever losing control in that way and hope it will never happen again. It was a natural reaction to the circumstances. But I never would have hit him. I have never hit anyone."

Coulthard, who was given a hostile reception by Ferrari fans at testing here last week, said: "We have cleared the air and discussed a number of matters which we intend to put to the other drivers and FIA [the governing body]. I saw things differently to him and what he said at the time was hurtful because it questions your integrity."

"But I'm thick-skinned, I'm a big boy. I'm prepared to go out and battle with the best. It's not a war; it's a sport. I'm happy to fight wheel to wheel with him on the track as I always have done in the past and I'm sure it will be fair."

The Ferrari fans are very passionate about their team and Formula One and it would be great to have that passion at all the races. Sometimes they jeer or whistle at us but it's very tame in Formula One compared with what footballers take. Look at David Beckham."

Jordan formally announced that next season Damon Hill would be partnered by Heinz-Harald Frentzen, the man he gave way to at Williams. The German's place at Williams is to be taken by his compatriot Ralf Schumacher, released by Jordan in an out-of-court settlement.

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Drivers make up after Spa row

MOTOR RACING
BY DERICK ALLSOP
in Monza

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER made a humble and very public retraction yesterday, exonerating David Coulthard over their controversial collision at the Belgian Grand Prix. A contrite Schumacher admitted: "It's clear he did nothing wrong at Spa."

The two drivers had a one-and-a-half-hour private meeting in a neutral motor home here, emerged shaking hands, and vowed to join forces for clearer guidelines on lapping and overtaking, especially in the rain.

Coulthard and his team, McLaren Mercedes, will now feel a little easier going in to Sunday's Italian Grand Prix.

Ferrari's home land, McLaren's other driver, Mika Hakkinen, leads Schumacher by seven points.

Schumacher, who in the heat of the moment at Spa accused Coulthard of trying to kill him, called for a meeting last week, which was brokered by the Austrian, Alexander Wurz, a spokesman for the Grand Prix Drivers' Association.

Schumacher left the meeting smiling and then, in more serious mood, reflected on the fatal incident when he ran into the back of Coulthard. "Initially it was not so clear," he said. "After looking at it, it was an unfortunate situation but I wouldn't say again he did it purposefully to get me out of the race."

Schumacher declined to reveal if he had apologised to Coulthard, insisting he did not intend the saga to develop into a comedy or theatre. "It was the idea of both of us to talk. I know David quite well and there was no point in keeping this going. It was just a question of the right opportunity and I am happy it is now sorted."

"I can't remember ever losing control in that way and hope it will never happen again. It was a natural reaction to the circumstances. But I never would have hit him. I have never hit anyone."

Coulthard, who was given a hostile reception by Ferrari fans at testing here last week, said: "We have cleared the air and discussed a number of matters which we intend to put to the other drivers and FIA [the governing body]. I saw things differently to him and what he said at the time was hurtful because it questions your integrity."

"But I'm thick-skinned, I'm a big boy. I'm prepared to go out and battle with the best. It's not a war; it's a sport. I'm happy to fight wheel to wheel with him on the track as I always have done in the past and I'm sure it will be fair."

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TODAY'S NUMBER

5

The number of bagpipers for whom Scotland finally secured accreditation yesterday for the Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur.

Gatting confirms end to glittering career

BY JOHN COLLIS
at Lord's

Gloucestershire 238 and 49-4
Middlesex 158

break, as even he must do occasionally. As Smith marked out his run the West Indian pace bowler wound up a huge, mimed key in his colleague's back. It worked. Smith slanted his first ball across Keith Brown, and Martyn Ball took

the catch at first slip. The third ball captured James Hewitt in the same way.

His next over Smith repeated the ball for Paul Weekes before thumping Angus Fraser's pads. He had taken four wickets for no runs in 11 balls.

This display revived Walsh, who reappeared at the Nursery end and proved a little too brisk for Phil Tufnell.

At this stage, on a seamer's track which was occasionally

refreshed by autumn showers, all 20 wickets had been either bowled, lbw caught behind. Smith's tally was 5 for 40, Walsh's 4 for 41.

Earlier in the day, two elder statesmen of world cricket had fought a dual in the autumn sun. One of them, Walsh, is not yet letting on whether he will still be around next year; while the other, Mike Gatting, round off play yesterday by officially announcing the end of a glorious

career. After 25 years, including 14 seasons as Middlesex's captain, he will make his final first-class appearance at Lord's on Sunday in the AXA match with Gloucestershire, when a special presentation in his honour planned before his decision to retire was made, will take place. Yesterday he was applauded to the wicket as though the crowd had already somehow received news of the announcement to follow.

Walsh himself is, as ever, taking his time over negotiations with Gloucestershire, the club he has adorned since 1984. At present he is approaching a more immediate milestone - he has 93 first-class wickets this season.

Gatting's landmark, already more distant, is now destined to remain unrealised - he is still six short of his century of centuries.

The last two balls of Gat-

ting's innings summed up the contest between the two giants. Walsh dug one in short, and Gatting pivoted like a slim, young ballet dancer to find the square leg boundary. The next ball was even shorter; even faster. Gatting dived in his attempt to repeat the stroke, and the ball looped to second slip. The day belonged to Smith and Gloucestershire, but this contest within a contest was one to savour.

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Venus looks to win the public's love

VENUS WILLIAMS'S face covers the side of a building close to the Queensboro Bridge, although it is debatable whether the 18-year-old is quite so big with the tennis public.

-Judging by the muted support by the muted support the Californian has received during some of her matches at the United States Open, there would appear to be mixed feelings.

Today, Williams will try

to reach the women's singles final for a second consecutive year. Twelve months ago, when outplayed by Martina Hingis, she was the first unseeded women's finalist since 1958. This time, seeded No 5, Williams faces Lindsay Davenport, the No 2 seed. Both have an opportunity to become the first American-born champion since 1982, when Chris Evert defeated Hana Mandlikova.

Whoever wins today's semi-final has the difficult task of playing Hingis or Jana Novotna, the Wimbledon champion. If Hingis reaches the final, she will continue to reign as No 1 for a 77th consecutive week. Otherwise, Novotna will supplant the 18-year-old Swiss, unless she loses to Davenport in tomorrow's final.

Williams and Davenport are both tall and imposing. Davenport possibly has the greater power; Williams is the more athletic. It will be interesting to see how the crowd responds to their endeavours, especially since Mary Pierce, of France, and Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario, of Spain, had reason to feel more at home at times in their matches against Williams.

"I felt that they wanted Mary to win," Williams said. "That's fine. People have to make up their own mind. They have to have their favourite players. I

The reason perhaps goes

TENNIS

BY JOHN ROBERTS

at Flushing Meadow

can't change their hearts. Mary's been playing here longer than I have. She's been a pro longer. People probably understand her more. I don't know."

The irony of the situation will not have escaped the Canadian-born Pierce, who was jeered and whistled off the court after losing in the second round of the French Open in June.

Williams gave a similar an-

swer than the popularity of Pierce and Sanchez-Vicario. Venus and her younger sister, Serena, both hugely talented, sometimes give the impression of being arrogant, on the court and off it. Their father, Richard Williams, is given to making pointed remarks, and Venus and Serena are not shy with their comments.

Naive might play a part of some of the things the daughters say, but Venus may have come close to the mark after being asked if she thought she could have excelled in any sport. "I think so," she said. "But tennis is the best because you have the opportunity to have a large income, to travel the world. I think it's the best women's sport as far as notoriety."

The Reebok poster in Manhattan is an indication of Venus Williams's commercial value, which runs into millions of dollars. She has also won \$1.2m (£700,000) in prize-money since making her professional debut against Sanchez-Vicario in Oakland, California, in 1994.

It is a pity that Venus neglected to add "and I love the game", to her assessment of the sport's worth, because she obviously does. It is evident in her matches, along with the beaded hair, clinging dresses and coquettish demeanour.

This week marks the 41st anniversary of Althea Gibson's triumph as the first African-American to win a United States championship. A television documentary has been made of Gibson's life, and an Althea Gibson Foundation has been established by friends of hers, designed to help players from inner cities.

"I could say I know everything about Althea Gibson," Venus said, "but definitely she

swore concerning the crowd's support of Sanchez-Vicario, a winner of the US Open in 1994, on Wednesday night. "I'm still a new player on the tour," Williams said, having defeated the Spaniard handsomely 6-4, 6-1, 6-1. "Everyone has to make up their mind who they want to root for. I have to make up my mind. If I'm going to play in the matches."

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Venus Williams stares out from a massive wall mural in New York City

SPORT/27

Thomas ready for final effort

ATHLETICS

BY IAN GORDON
in Johannesburg

IWAN THOMAS believes he can lift himself to produce one more winning performance for the British cause at the World Cup, which gets underway here today.

The European 400 metres champion has made the trek to South Africa even though he knows it could affect his hopes of Commonwealth Games success next week.

"I have found it hard getting myself up for races since the Europeans," he said. "But that won't be the case here - once I get that British vest on I'll just go for it. I know it is going to be very tough to win the Commonwealths. I won't get there until the early hours of next Tuesday and will have two rounds of the 400m the next day. But maybe that won't be a bad thing. At the end of the day, I have won the title that matters. If I had lost the Europeans I would have been devastated."

Thomas's main rival on Saturday will be Jerome Young, the American who pipped him for second place behind Mark Richardson at the Grand Prix final in Moscow last weekend where both recorded the same time.

"I can beat him," said the Hampshire-based runner, who has beaten Young in their four meetings this summer. "In Moscow I went off too slow and left myself too much to do. But I have the lane inside him here which will help. If I don't win, I will be very disappointed."

The 24-year-old, who stands to collect \$50,000 (£31,000) for a win, Britain will desperately need, added: "The track at the Johannesburg Stadium is a lucky one for me. When I trained in South Africa in 1996 I set a then Welsh record of 44.6sec there. Hopefully the altitude will help other guys in the team to perform well."

Stephen Wake

and then getting a tough line call, I just lost my temper with the umpire for a minute."

Carlos Moya, the French Open champion, advanced to the semi-finals, defeating the unseeded Magnus Larsson, of Sweden 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.

Cincinnati last month, was furious about a fine call on match point, which was given as an ace in the Australian's favour.

Pat Rafter, the defending men's singles champion, and Pete Sampras, the world No 1, are due to meet in the semi-finals tomorrow. Sampras, who

is trying to match Roy Emerson's record of 12 Grand Slam titles, avenged his defeat by Karol Kucera at the Australian Open in January, defeating the Slovakian in the quarter-finals ahead of the launch last night of Manchester United TV (MUTV), a channel created by Manchester United, Rupert Murdoch's 40 percent-owned television company, BSkyB, and

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SPORT

GYMNASI ON A MISSION P23 • REDGRAVE'S CRUISE P24

FA may ban Ince for 'bad words'

GLENN HODDLE was last night seeking to avoid the build-up to next month's European Championship double-header being disrupted by the fall-out from Paul Ince's reaction to his sending-off in Stockholm last Saturday.

The prospect of Ince being banned from both matches increased yesterday when it was revealed that Pierluigi Collina, the referee who dismissed him during England's defeat by Sweden, has included details of the player's obscene

BY GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent

then Ince would already be at England's Bisham Abbey training camp, preparing for the match.

After the furore over his book, Tony Adams' books Hoddle, due to announce his squad on 1 October, does not want another international to be overshadowed by extraneous matters. The Football Association is thus pressing Uefa for an earlier resolution. Should the European association stick by procedure there is another avenue for the FA: banning Ince. This would also have the effect

of showing a moral lead, albeit a belated one.

Given that Ince followed his foul on Henrik Larsson, for which he received a second yellow card, by pulling the player's dreadlocks, then swore at Collina and made a two-fingered gesture to the crowd after being dismissed, it is likely that Uefa will penalise him. It thus seems short-sighted of England not to preempt the issue, especially as Luxembourg are not the most demanding of opponents.

Hoddle has seen a video of the incident but is believed to find it inconclusive. It is understood he will consult with Graham Kelly, the FA's chief executive, before taking any action. Ince, the sixth player to be dismissed while playing for England, has insisted he is innocent.

"People have been trying to make something out of it," he said. "I wasn't doing anything to the crowd and I don't care a monkey's what it looked like on TV. I know what I did and didn't do."

Hoddle, meanwhile, has sounded a conciliatory note towards Chris Sutton. The national coach has hinted that the Blackburn striker can force his way back into the England squad - by begging for forgiveness for turning his back on the England team earlier this year. Hoddle had ruled out picking him again, and in his World Cup diary, he wrote: "One person who wouldn't be involved, nor at any time while I remain national coach, was Chris Sutton."

But now Hoddle has offered to for-

give the wayward striker - just as long as he says sorry. In a magazine interview, Hoddle says: "If someone comes to you and says 'I don't want to play for my country', he's made his situation clear."

But, asked what his reaction would be if Sutton apologised, Hoddle indicated he would be prepared to reinstate him. He said: "That's when forgiveness can come in. But that hasn't arrived."

Clemente to resign;
Premier Hall of Fame, page 27

Pills and puts put Clarke on his way

GOLF

BY ANDY FARRELL
at the Forest of Arden

AS a demonstration that successful golf is usually played without thinking too much about it, Darren Clarke's opening round at the One 2 One British Masters was the perfect case study. Popping as many influenza cure pills as he could get his hands on, Clarke laid some solid foundations to a tournament which should see him lead the order of merit by Sunday night.

In bed early on Wednesday evening, the 30-year-old Ulsterman was keen to get back to it after recording a 67 on the Forest of Arden course. Clarke led by one from Switzerland's Paolo Quirici, who holed in one at the fifth hole, but had opened a more substantial advantage over his money list rivals, Lee Westwood and Colin Montgomerie.

Westwood, who leads Clarke by £5,500 at the top of the European standings but has temporarily gone off the boil, scored a 73 to be six back while Montgomerie, the No 1 for the last five years but presently stuck in third place, shot a 70.

Another incentive for Clarke is the lack (so far) of an invitation to the World Match Play Championship at Wentworth next month, while the same have already been dispatched to Westwood and Montgomerie.

With a strong breeze blowing in the morning and the wetness underfoot making the course play up



Darren Clarke plays his approach shot from the semi-rough to the second green on his way to a 67 and the first-round lead at the Forest of Arden yesterday

David Ashdown

to its full 7,106 yards, Clarke could not remember the layout presenting as tough a test. Playing the course the wrong way round, Clarke birdied four out of five holes from the 11th. "I'm not feeling my best," Clarke said, "but it seemed to help my golf. I walked very slowly round the course and I did not swing very hard at the ball which helped my timing."

Since missing the cut in the Open, Clarke has been in a rich vein of form: second, second, fourth, 13th and third. At such times, Clarke realises it is best to leave alone any work on his long game and has spent practice refining his short game.

It was Montgomerie's short game that rescued him yesterday as he continues the battle to regain his old,

consistent action. For the first time, he admitted his attempts to improve had had an adverse effect.

"I tried to improve and it didn't work," he said. "Now, I've got to get back to a position I feel comfortable in. This is the first time in my 11-year career that I've found this game quite difficult. I've never thought about my swing on the course before. Now I am

thinking all sorts of things and it's hard work." Now he knows how everyone else feels.

Whatever Justin Rose is thinking about life as a pro golfer, his public utterances remain upbeat. In his first round in this country since finishing fourth at the Open, Rose failed to break 80. Although the 18-year-old was one under for the last

seven holes, the damage was done by an outward 45.

Instead of the thousands who thronged the 18th at Royal Birkdale when Rose chipped in to end his amateur career, the gallery yesterday was barely in the hundreds. "Any buzz I did have, well, I had a six at the third and a six at the fourth, I was buzzing after that," he said.

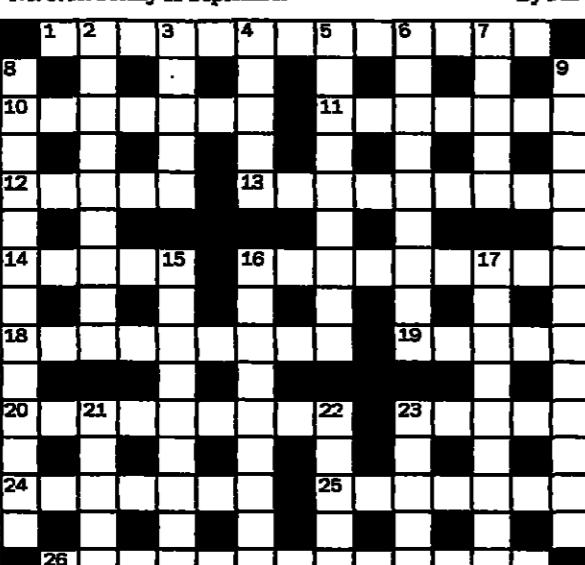
Rose imagined he might need a 65 today to avoid missing his sixth successive cut. But he has not yet got down on himself. "There is no point as there is a big week next week," he said. On Tuesday he plays in the first round of the Quanting School at Chart Hills in Kent, one of the 120 looking for one of the 12 spots in the San Roque finals in November.

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3713. Friday 11 September

By Phi

Thursday's solution



ACROSS

- 1 Work out which man will win the maiden's hand? (5, 8)
- 2 French composer penning a British cradle-song? (7)
- 11 The Northern card is something of a pig! (7)
- 12 Wrapping of chewy sweet (5)
- 13 Game point one almost wasted? (3-3-3)
- 14 Drink dispenser - work it round to get just a drop of Coke (6)
- 15 What may be transformed by her mystic science? (9)
- 18 Those avoiding city-centres dial one in the sticks (4-5)
- 19 A great many men will embrace love (6)
- 20 Firm gets fine: charge linked to drug and drink supply (6-3)
- 23 Hebrew's enthralled by sex-appeal - of its queen? (7)
- 24 Study in university town (7)
- 25 Frightened American hobbled round capital of Russia (7)
- 26 Didn't dare drink the water? (4, 4, 5)
- 27 Someone else upset about cast from part of London (9)
- 28 Daff to be upset about extreme points in letters? (5)
- 29 Meeting for amorous activity to annoy holy man (5)
- 30 Print energy posters badly (2, 2, 5)
- 31 Friar gives account after storm in North (9)
- 32 Go for chips without fish? (5)
- 33 Make a note of village in Domesday Book? (5, 2, 6)
- 34 Maritime area showing current in darkness only, unfortunately (6, 7)
- 35 Ambitious worker redesigned tracery (9)
- 36 Excellent name in marine wine (9)
- 37 Artisan to hurry back means to work (9)
- 38 Signal skill in audition (5)
- 39 Fish as consumed in Orient - raw - lovely! (5)
- 40 Slow mover's new amongst ships (5)

'Mutiny' clubs face refereeing turmoil

TWO OF this weekend's games in the Allied Dunbar Premiership, the most prestigious domestic competition in British and Irish rugby, were in danger of postponement last night as the political trial of strength between England's professional clubs and their governing body intensified. The Rugby Football Union suspended the appointment of referees for the matches involving Bedford and West Hartlepool, who both played unsanctioned fixtures against the rebel Welsh clubs, Cardiff and Swansea, last weekend.

Bedford, last season's Premiership Two champions, are due at Sale tomorrow while West Hartlepool, another newly promoted side, host London Irish on Sunday. Nick Bunting, the RFU's national referee development officer, confirmed that he had been requested by the union to delay any announcement of officials pending the outcome of an important management board meeting at Twickenham yesterday evening.

The singing out of Bedford and West Hartlepool was a clear raising of the stakes by the RFU, who are now under intense pressure from the international rugby community to discipline any English club choosing to play against the two Welsh mutineers in defiance of union bans. Both the English and Welsh governing bodies have consistently refused to provide officials for cross-border friendlies on Premiership weekends, forcing the clubs to pay disaffected non-union officials from Wales to take charge.

to impose sanctions on Cardiff and Swansea, and would urge their English colleagues to take an equally firm stand.

Spokesmen for both Sale and West Hartlepool, the home sides involved this weekend, confirmed that no officials had been appointed. "I can't believe the RFU intend to go down this track," Howard Thomas, the Sale chief executive, said. "In another five weeks or so we won't have any Premiership fixtures at all, simply because all 14 top-flight English clubs will have fulfilled their promises to play either Cardiff or Swansea. It's plain daft. The best part of 10,000 people are clamouring to watch Cardiff play Saracens tomorrow in a game the WRU don't want to take place. It makes you wonder doesn't it?"

Any systematic refusal to appoint referees to Premiership games would leave the clubs in serious short-term difficulties. They had hoped to rely on two officials recently retired from the international game, Tony Spreadbury and John Pearson, in the event of an emergency, but both men are wary of raising two very public fingers to their own lords and masters.

The refereeing situation is complicated by a sudden shortage of top-class English officials. Stuart Piercy has yet to recover from knee surgery while two other regulars on the Top 10 list failed recent fitness tests and have been sidelined until they meet the required standard.

Meanwhile, Chris Wright, the Wasps' owner, predicted yesterday that a British league would soon rise from the chaos of the current club scene. "Sectional interests will fall by the wayside and we will have a league, simply because the benefits will blow right through the game," he said.

LITTLE ORPHANED PICHITTRA

Pichittra is only three but at this young age she has already encountered betrayal, abuse and death.



Her Father only married her Mother on the promise of a dowry from her family. He mistreated her mother and it was later discovered that he already had another wife. Pichittra's mother then fell ill with cancer. As she became weaker, she asked Father Brennan to take care of her daughter.

Pichittra was naturally very distraught when she arrived at the Orphanage and, although she has settled in, she has not yet been seen to smile. Sadly, Pichittra's mother died this year.

To help sponsor a child - to receive a photo of him or her ... and to correspond ... can be incredibly rewarding. You will see and feel the difference your money is making to someone less fortunate than you or your children. Once you become a sponsor, you will also be sent a VIDEO showing the environment in which the child you are helping to sponsor lives.

Our Child Sponsorship Scheme means so much to all the hundreds of little ones like Pichittra. Please "Help Us to Help Them and Bring Hope to Life".

For more details, just send your name and address (no stamp needed) to:

Rev. Fr. Raymond A. Brennan C.Ss.R.,
Pattaya Orphanage Trust,
Dept. IND11F098P,
FREEPOST, London W14 0BR
Tel: 0171 602 6203, Fax 0171 603 6468
E-Mail: pnt@patorph.demon.co.uk
www.cybernet.net/~rsmall
(Reg Charity No. 286000)



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time as he says sorry I have
interview, Hoddle says "I
come to you and say I have
to play for my country. Let
me make it clear."
But asked what he would
would be if Sutton spoke
he indicated he would like
to remunerate him. He said
when "forgiveness can come
when he arrived".
Clementine is
Premier Hall of Fame

Embrace the euro

Sir: On Monday your leader exhorted Tony Blair to stop Rupert Murdoch taking over Manchester United. On Tuesday your business Outlook pointed out at some length that for him to do so would be nigh impossible.

Also on Tuesday, your lead news story was about the inevitable "victory" Mr Hague will get from his party referendum to confirm Conservative policy that the UK should not seek to join European monetary union before the end of the next parliament. And you carried a pithy article by Steve Richards analysing the growing problems the Prime Minister has with his now rather too cosy relationship Mr Murdoch.

The fact Mr Blair is, metaphorically, in bed with Mr Murdoch has nothing to do with stopping the takeover of Manchester United. He could not do that even if he had never spoken to him. But it does have a lot to do with when we may become part of the EMU.

Once the sad Tory isolationists have had their say, the only alternative UK policy on EMU will be the Government's one that we should join when we have seen that it works, when the time is right, and when the UK electorate has confirmed their willingness in a referendum. That really is a pathetically weak stance on one of the major issues of this decade.

It is going to happen and it will be made to work, and made to work in a way over which we currently have precious little influence. To suggest that we should wait and see whether it works cannot be taken seriously as part of policy.

Tony Blair still has immense credibility with the electorate. Is he really going to wait – possibly for ever – until he is certain of *The Sun's* endorsement before he finally says that we have immeasurably more to gain than to lose by joining as soon as possible?

He clearly believes that to be the case and even gives the impression he would like to say so. But although he protests that neither Murdoch nor any other businessman stays his tongue, his actions suggest otherwise.

Can I use your columns to say, "Please, Prime Minister, break the creeping mould before it is too late. Slay the dragon while the next election is still three and a half years away!"

SIR SIMON GOURLAY
Knighton, Powys

Sir: John Hawgood asks why so much of the debate on the euro focuses on the UK's interests rather than those of the EU as a whole (letter, 10 September). Speaking for myself the answer is quite simple and obvious: it's because I happen to live here, and what affects the UK's prosperity affects me personally. And whilst I wish people living in other countries well – whether they're inside or outside the EU, or NAFTA, or the United Nations or whatever – I don't really care about their political and economic standing in the world in the slightest.

WARWICK CAIRNS
Windsor, Berkshire

Degree of respect

Sir: Oliver James's questioning of the worth of a first-class degree ("Let's put some first things last", 8 September) seems to be based on a rather feeble mixture of personal prejudice and spurious research.

So someone who attains a First can be safely dismissed as a teacher's pet with no mind of their own? In which case should the call go out to all high-achieving students halfway through their courses to ease off and "get a life", before their psychologically unhealthy efforts at learning dampen their independent spirits?

Oliver James leaps from a reasonable premise – "the academic grading system is not successful in bringing out the best in many people" – to a quite unreasonable conclusion – "a first-



In the fifth of our series on Portuguese fishermen, fish from the morning's catch, mainly herring and mackerel, are sold on the streets Rui Xavier

class degree is therefore nothing special and, indeed, even to aim for one risks compromising your development as an adult". He backs this up with statistics which show that a large proportion of first-class graduates choose academic rather than business careers and consequently "do not have particularly distinguished careers".

This is nonsense. The award of a First is a recognition of special achievement, often of an originality of argument which goes beyond the primary need to demonstrate adequate understanding of a subject. It therefore encourages the very independence of mind that Oliver James holds dear. Unfortunately it is often those who had, as he puts it, "an unhealthy impulse to please adults", who deny themselves the mental flexibility and autonomy required to produce genuinely first-class work. This certainly applied to me at university in spite of the indifference I liked to affect in the face of exams, and it probably applies to most young people with expectant parents.

Rather than disparage the efforts of those who get the top marks at university, we should devote our attention to the age-old question of how through the teaching system, the child's natural desire to learn can be kept stronger than its equally natural desire to impress.

CHRISTOPHER WHITEHOUSE
London WC1

royal and the next when their whole constitutional role is to look good and keep quiet? It would be the ultimate beauty contest where the tabloids would be bound to turn ugly.

But all this is not to say the idea of a referendum is wrong, only that we should ask a different question, namely, whether we still want a monarch to reign on our parades. If the answer is yes, then we cannot choose who that monarch will be, because if we buy into the monarchy at all then we have to accept its fundamental rule, the hereditary principle. The alternative is a presidential election where anyone, including the royal, may stand.

When the Queen does die, we may finally be ready to decide. That is, if the toadying politicians will let us.

CHRISTOPHER WHITEHOUSE
London WC1

Sir: I often wondered why the British locked up my grandmother, half English and half Dutch, in a Boer War concentration camp with her babies. It is nice at last to find out; apparently it was to prevent her helping her husband to fight the British (*Historical Notes*, 2 September). Rather odd, though, since he was English himself.

Interesting, too, to discover that my father's brother, aged 2 and living in a tent, died because his mother was unhygienic. We always thought it was lack of food. Silly us!

QUINTIN DAVIS
Leatherhead, Surrey

Sir: It is depressing to see the continued fall in standards of English grammar, even amongst your staff.

The headline "All credit, The

Sir: Irene Birch is right that the Belgians had a referendum on the monarchy (letter, 9 September).

The referendum was held after the end of the Second World War to decide whether Leopold III should remain on the throne.

Opinions were divided about whether he had done the right thing in staying in Belgium during the Nazi occupation (the Dutch royals ran away to England instead) or had dishonoured the crown by compromising too much with the enemy.

The referendum went in Leopold III's favour, but only by a majority of 57 per cent.

Feeling that his popular support was insufficient, the king abdicated in 1951 in favour of his son Boudewijn who reigned for the next 42 years.

Demos please note: just because a referendum comes out in favour of a candidate for the

monarchy, it doesn't mean the people will get the monarch they voted for.

D BISHOP
Brussels

Free the rhino

Sir: We find it difficult to believe that anyone can justify the \$22m cost of potentially freeing Keiko, the circa

of *Free Willy* fame. ("The \$14 million epic adventure to free Willy – into an unknown future", 9 September).

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In the last 30 years 97 per cent of the world's rhinos have been wiped out. Save the Rhino International has a campaign to

raise \$21m which would safeguard every remaining rhino on earth in perpetuity. As we struggle to raise funds to prevent the extinction of five rhino species, it is horrifying to see so much money raised to translocate one ageing individual from a familiar environment with no guarantee of a successful release into the wild.

Keiko is a worthy cause but this project will not alter the survival of its species. If we are to prevent the extinction of critically endangered species and thereby maintain the earth's biodiversity, we need to change the public's perception of conservation priorities.

JANE MORRIS, NELL BRIDGLAND, CHRIS LEDER, JO SHAW
Save The Rhino International
London SE1

English heritage

Sir: Richard Hoggart (Saturday Essay, 5 September) protests too much about our national identity. We may be muddled about whether we are English or British, but our ancestors were muddled about whether they were Angles or Saxons: they settled for the former, but their Celtic neighbours still call us the latter. And those Celts were muddled, too: the "Welsh" were really British; the "Scots" were really Irish, and most Lowlanders were really English.

The claim that "the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the greatest he" was indeed made centuries ago – by Thomas Rainbow during the English Revolution – but it still isn't recognised; look at the homeless in our cities or the travellers in our countryside.

No, our main characteristics are that we are relatively safe and relatively rich, which is why most of us are fairly – but not very – nice.

NICOLAS WALTER
London N1

Shame over Kosovo

Sir: The EU Commissioner for Humanitarian Aid, Emma Bonino, and Christopher Hill, the US envoy to Kosovo, are quite right when they say we are fiddling while Kosovo burns (report, 8 September).

On 4 March the Prime Minister assured me and the House of Commons that we would not stand idly by while President Milosevic ignited another ethnic war in the Balkans. The lesson of appeasement in Bosnia, he agreed, had been learnt.

Six months later hundreds of ethnic Albanians have been murdered and 300,000 driven from their homes. Yet again Milosevic has called our bluff and the West has shown a shameful lack of political will to prevent genocide and ethnic cleansing in Europe.

BEN BRADSHAW MP

(Exeter, Lab)

House of Commons

Stolen city

Sir: How amusing that the ancient Armenian city of Ani is being characterised as multicultural by a modern Turkish archaeologist ("Struggle for soul of a closed city", 10 September), while the major culture of the site is ignored. Maybe someone will one day likewise look upon St Paul's Cathedral as an interesting site of a Mithraic temple.

Any reputable historian or traveller knows that Ani is overwhelmingly an Armenian site. Lord Kinross, the biographer of Ataturk, pointed this out four decades ago, and has some dismissive words to say about the official Turkish line. When the frontier was originally delimited in 1921 the Turks (in the person of General Kiazim Karabekir) demanded the inclusion of Ani in Turkey for no other reason than that Armenians should weep at the sight of it from across the river. All parties recognised that it was without military, economic or geographical significance.

In these post-Soviet times, we're meant to be able to tell the truth about historical matters. If Turkey cannot connect the adjective "Armenian" to Ani, isn't it time for that incomparable medieval site to be handed to its proper owner, the Republic of Armenia?

CHRISTOPHER J WALKER
London W14

Internet liberty

Sir: Like other censors, John Carr of the Internet Watch Foundation (*Right of Reply*, 7 September) sees problems where there are none.

There is no demand by Internet users for net regulation. The demand for regulation comes from government and from all those who have an innate suspicion of what Mr Carr calls "mass media".

I suspect that Mr Carr distrusts the "mass" (including you and me) more than he distrusts the media. But the mass nature of the Internet is a source of great optimism – the prospect of liberating ordinary people from the constraints that have always been imposed upon communication.

Of course, there will be a few idiots who will abuse the system. Such people cause no physical harm to anyone. Their liberty is the price we pay for our freedom.

MARK PAWELEK
Belvedere, Kent

Divinity in a spoon

Sir: James Randi says he bends spoons the easy way by sleight-of-hand, and that if I do it by "divine means" I'm choosing the hard option ("Magic chance to beat the sceptic", 9 September). I do not believe the estimated 100 million people who have experienced paranormal phenomena in their own homes, while watching me on TV or listening to my radio shows, can all be accomplished conjurers.

Perhaps, to turn Randi on his head, the apparently rather trivial phenomenon of spoon-bending has a serious purpose – to demonstrate that in all of us there burns a divine flame.

URI GELLER
Sonning-on-Thames, Berkshire

Potter may have written his own biography. Who knows?

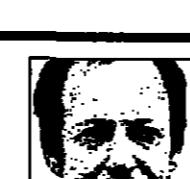
I OFTEN get queries from readers about the arts, such as "Can you suggest a good musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber?" or "All right, what kind can you suggest then?", and I always pass these queries straight on to my resident expert, the veteran showbiz observer Nat West. He is here again today to deal with the current crop of most-asked questions. Take it away, Nat!

I have noticed that Dennis Potter is in the news again, despite being dead. There is a book out about him by Humphrey Carpenter and there are TV profiles of him... why is this all suddenly happening? I mean, it is not happening about Robert Bolt, or anyone else who has recently died, is it?

Nat West writes: Well, you have to remember that Dennis Potter

spent the last year of his life knowing he was about to die and writing non-stop TV dramas to fill up the next 20 years of broadcasting, so he probably spent a week or two writing all these tributes as well. Maybe he wrote the Humphrey Carpenter book, too. Who knows? I have noticed little newspaper stories recently saying "Potter family up in arms over Carpenter book" or words to that effect. What was all that about?

Nat West writes: I expect these were newspaper stories written by Dennis Potter before he died. He liked to plan everything like that, you know. Who can tell? This Humphrey Carpenter chap: I've seen him on TV and heard him on the radio and he seems to be a jolly, inoffensive, quite enthusiastic sort of a chap. Indeed, he



MILES KINGTON
Leave the fatalistic shoulder-shrugging to me, IF you don't mind. Next!

statements. And the next! I wonder if you could offer me some advice. I am running a gnostic

successful opera house in central London, but it is losing millions of pounds a year. What should I do? Nat West writes: Sell to Murdoch. Why would Rupert Murdoch want to buy the Royal Opera House? Nat West writes: Well, come to that, why would he want to buy *The Times*? Who can say?

Nat West writes: Leave the fatalistic shoulder-shrugging to me, if you don't mind. And the next! I would very much like to be an announcer on Radio 3, as I can pronounce "Janacek" correctly and don't like hard work. Can you advise me?

Nat West writes: Well, now, one thing you will have to have is an Irish accent. Just as it is becoming mandatory to have a Scottish accent if you are presenting current

affairs and to be called Gordon or Kirsty if possible, so it is becoming obligatory to have an Irish accent for culture. In the old days an Irish accent in a broadcaster meant having the common touch, being a man of the people – Eamonn Andrews, Terry Wogan, and so on. Nowadays there is a cultural overton to an Irish voice. Anthony Clare, being in charge of psychiatry... Sean Rafferty being drafted into Radio 3... Tom Paulin on late-night culture... Henry Kelly masterminding Classic FM... Where does Frank Delaney fit into all this?

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Sounds very clever, but what does it mean?

Nat West writes: Who can say?

PANDORA

WHAT USED TO BE "Zippergate" is now being called "Hurricane Monica" in the States. As one former supporter after another jumps off the Clinton ship, yesterday a top American television journalist revealed that former Senator George Mitchell - the man who brokered the Northern Ireland peace agreement - has refused Clinton's offer to lead his defence against the gathering forces of impeachment.

GARY LINEKER (pictured) launched a book of his favourite football stories at London's Ivy restaurant on Wednesday. Although none of the stories in the volume was penned by Gary, he made an amusing autobiographical speech to the gathering. At one point, he recounted the tense build-up prior to the penalty shoot-out against West Germany in the 1990 World Cup. How did England manager Bobby Robson calm his players' nerves? According to Lineker, he brought them together in a huddle and said, "Don't let me down lads. There's 30 million people watching us." Pandora wonders if Glenn Hoddle might have emulated Robson's example before this year's heartbreaking penalty shoot-out against Argentina. Could it have been, "Don't let me down lads. God is watching - and I've got a book to write?"

During the evening Gary Lineker expressed some doubt over Rupert Murdoch's takeover of Manchester United asking, "How long will it be before we can only see Manchester United games on Sky?". Lineker's concern over a conflict of interests comes days after his BBC Sports colleague Des Lynam voiced similar concerns. However, while BBC Sports presenters may worry in public about the ramifications of Sky's buyout of Manchester United, BBC staff members will no doubt be grateful in private. The BBC pension fund has a 2 per cent stake in the club, so presumably Murdoch's intervention will



INSIDERS AT THE TIMES have been feeling superior about the sycophantic coverage given by their sister publication *The Sun* to proprietor Rupert Murdoch's purchase of Manchester United. Until yesterday, that is, when page five of the broadsheet carried the headline "Armchair fans in line for the best seats" followed by the reassuring subhead "TV coverage means more of the 100-strong Red Army will see games".

provide some good cheer at the corporation.

FRIENDS OF Shakespeare's Globe Theatre took a wine-and-cheese cruise down the River Thames on Wednesday evening. Before going aboard, there was time to wander around the theatre which was reconstructed at the instigation of the late American filmmaker Sam Wanamaker. When one friend enquired at the information desk if it was possible to buy cigarettes, he was told, "With our history, we wouldn't want anyone smoking." Indeed, since the original burned to the ground in 1613 due to a wayward spark from a stage cannon, The Globe's history continues to exert its influence in unusual ways. The first members of the theatre's Globe 1000 Club, who sponsored the event, were a Mr and Mrs Shakespeare.

IT'S OFFICIAL. After months of speculation and false rumours, the release date for Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, has finally been announced in Hollywood. The film, which went into production in 1996, will open on 16 July 1998 in the States. At least that's the official line, but knowing how the reclusive Kubrick strives for perfection, Pandora would not be surprised if the date changes.

JUST HOW BAD ARE THINGS IN RUSSIA? A news story in yesterday's *Moscow Times* gives more than a hint. Apparently a retired army captain named Yury Bystrov locked himself in an office at the SBS-Agro Bank and threatened to set himself on fire unless he was allowed to withdraw his savings.

WE'D ALL LIKE to think that, when we come to look at a new book, a new film, a new play, we have no vulgar prejudices; we start to read a novel without making any assumptions, and decide whether it's any good or not as we read it. But I doubt that's true. There are a thousand prejudices operating on us before we pick up a book, or go into the cinema. I like a book with a blue cover; I don't like films set in the future; I can't bear new musicals.

Some prejudices are more rational than others; if you've liked Julian Barnes's last five novels, then you're not just more inclined to try his new one, but more likely to make the assumption that you'll enjoy it. If you've never much liked Dutch painting, then you might as well not bother going to Dulwich to see the Pieter de Hooch; it might be the revelation you've been waiting for, but, more probably, will just confirm your prejudices. Prejudices are deplorable, of course, but they are the means by which we protect our enthusiasms, and save ourselves a good deal of energy.

Sometimes, however, a prejudice is so widespread that it seems

to stand in the way of any kind of recognition or enjoyment. In some cases, a vulgar and stupid prejudice means that a piece of work of genuine and substantial merit never reaches the audience it deserves.

I've been reading Raymond Briggs's new book, *Ethel and Ernest*. It's an odd and memorable semi-autobiography, an exploration of the lives of the author's parents from

their first meeting in the 1920s to their deaths. It lovingly reconstructs the domestic and personal concerns of a working-class couple, and sets them against the large political movements, the huge historical tragedies of the 20th century. There is a constant groundswell of background agitation as the Depression, the Second World War, and the post-war social upheavals impinge on the lives of an ordinary couple. It never loses the tight personal focus, and achieves, in the end, considerable pathos.

Ethel and Ernest won't be taken with the seriousness it deserves, however, simply because it isn't written in a respectable form. It tells its story in the form of a strip cartoon, beautifully drawn, and consistently appealing, but still a comic book. And so plenty of people who would get a lot out of it aren't going to read it, simply because it doesn't look quite serious, not quite grown up.

And this vulgar prejudice against comic books has cut English reading off from some of the most impressive work being produced in Europe and America. Art Spiegelman's two *Maus* books, for instance,

used the genre to talk about the Holocaust and the Jewish diaspora, treating these difficult subjects in a direct and accessible form.

I wouldn't cross the road to read a new German novel: literary writing in Germany has become a dry, uninviting sort of thing, quite out of touch with its audience; the old energy of German writing has passed, very unexpectedly, to a creator of comic books. Ralf König hasn't been translated into English, but his books are exceptionally brilliant.

His new book, *Jago*, stands hardly any more chance of being taken seriously in this country than any other comic book, but it's an amazing piece of work, a sort of fantasy on Shakespearean themes, set in London in 1600, with a cherishing anachronistic setting of leather bars and back-stage bitchery. The plots of *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Macbeth* get spectacularly confused; murder, unrequited love and a good deal of trouser-dropping propel the furious action, and in the end there is a pervasive and very characteristic mood of poignant hilarity.

I can't help feeling that this latest

contribution to the long German love affair with Shakespeare would stand a better chance of being taken seriously in this country if it were in the form of a long and rambling novel. As it is, there is a double edge to the immediate appeal of König's rubbery, vivid drawings and his ingenious, forceful plot: we can't help feeling that it can't really be serious, simply because it is so easy to enjoy. And, though both *Jago* and *Ethel and Ernest* are complex and troubling pieces of work, they slip down as easily as ice cream. Their problem is that they are judged, not as books, but patronisingly, as comic books.

It doesn't really matter. There are plenty of examples of modest little books, written in an apparently inferior genre, which have effortlessly survived their more obviously ambitious contemporaries.

The Diary of a Nobody is read where the novels of George Moore languish in the stacks; and in the end, it wouldn't be surprising if, despite all prejudice, despite all critical acclaim and the pronouncements of academics, William Golding will come to mean less than *Fungus the Bogeyman*.

Cartoons are no laughing matter



PHILIP HENSHER

The energy of German writing has passed, very unexpectedly, to a creator of comic books

Forget reforms in Russia now, they'll never happen



ANATOL LIEVEN

The moment the elite see elections are going to threaten them, they will move to end democracy

THE NOMINATION of Yevgeny Primakov as Russian prime minister marks another stage in the progress of the Yeltsin era towards its end. As a sort of political lowest common denominator, on whom most parties can agree, he will - if confirmed - probably be able to hold the political situation together for a while, and avoid an immediate constitutional clash between President and parliament.

The only man who is willing or able to become prime minister at such a time is thus a 69-year-old foreign policy expert and intelligence official with no political base, no electoral experience and absolutely no economic background. This is a confession by Yeltsin of complete political and economic bankruptcy. With shelves empty, people hoarding food, and regional governors (illegally) declaring local states of emergency and refusing publicly to pay taxes to the centre, we are right back to the position which prevailed at the very start of the Yeltsin era, in late 1991 and early 1992.

What this means, and what the West must recognise, is that Yeltsin's entire record in government has been a catastrophic failure. His presidency must end, and end soon, with all its works, and all its empty promises. While some other former Communist countries have progressed tremendously over the past decade, Russia has to begin again from the very beginning. Forget the "bad luck" of the Asian economic crisis. Poland and other states have used the past years to build healthy economic and political systems which should be able to withstand a world economic downturn. Russia's rulers under Yeltsin have undermined its health to the point where it was bound to succumb to any serious new global financial infection.

Talk by Western governments of

a deliberately cynical move to help it pay off its own debts in devalued money, and in the process, to help save the oligarchs and their banks.

Under Yeltsin, Russia became ruled by a Latin-American style "comprador" elite of the worst type. These men were willing to preserve the facade of democratic institutions so long as these did not threaten their power and profits. But make no mistake about it, the moment they see that elections are going to threaten them, they will move to subvert or end democracy. The West must be very careful that a fear of "communism" or "fascism" in Russia does not lead it to go on supporting Yeltsin and his oligarch backers to the point where they start shooting people to stay in power.

In any case, much of the point of economic reform has been irreversibly lost. This was, or rather should have been, to stimulate foreign direct investment in Russia, above all through the sale of profitable Russian industries to Western companies. Even more important than the revenue this would have brought in would have been the management skills and contribution to the creation of a civilised economy. But seven years of possibilities were lost as a result of a malign *de facto* alliance between communists, nationalists, and oligarchs afraid of competition.

This is what Russia's "privatisation process", so much praised in the West, really consisted of. On top of all this, the state has again and again presided over the destruction of ordinary people's savings, in part as



Primakov (above) and his rejected rival Chernomyrdin

Russia will therefore suffer a terrible economic crisis whatever happens. To prevent this leading to the actual disintegration of the Russian state, together with the rise of extremist movements and the growth of political violence, the only hope is for Yeltsin to be replaced by a new president enjoying fresh legitimacy, elected by a more or less free and fair process. Only such a president would have the ability - would indeed have the moral right - to call on the population to accept further suffering.

Let us be frank, however, about what this means. It is now generally recognised in the West that the oligarchs as a group are a key part of

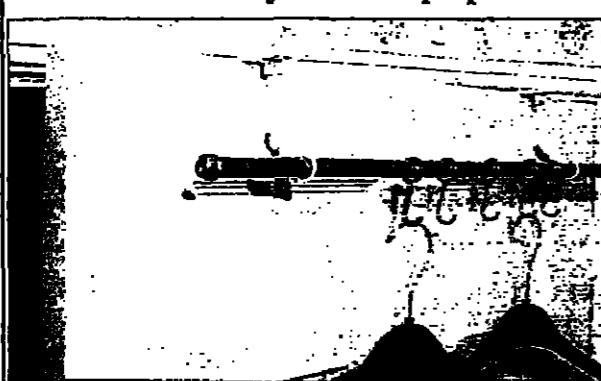
Russia's inability to establish a working free market. To break these men's power means renationalising - at least for several years, until they could be sold again for their true worth - the industries which they stole from the Russian state and people. That would be an unpalatable process for many in the West, and it might also involve violence. But it has to be done if the Russian state and economy are ever to have any chance of developing in a modern and civilised direction.

The author's *Chechnya: Tombstone of Russian Power* is published by Yale University Press

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Clinton has lost his moral authority

I RISE today to make a most difficult and distasteful statement: for me, probably the most difficult statement I've made on this floor in the 10 years I've been a member of the United States Senate.

I have come to this floor many times in the past to speak with my colleagues about the concerns which are so widely shared in this chamber, and throughout the nation, that our society's standards are sinking, that our common moral code is deteriorating, and that our public life is coarsening. In doing so, I have specifically criticised leaders of the entertainment industry for the way they have used the enormous influence they wield to weaken our common values.

And now, because the President commands at least as much attention, and exerts at least as much influence on our collective consciousness as any Hollywood celebrity or television show, it is hard to ignore the impact of the misconduct the President has admitted to on our culture, on our character and on our children.

So when his personal conduct is embarrassing, it is sadly so not just for him and his family. It is embarrassing for all of us as Americans.

The President is a role model who, because of his prominence and the moral authority that emanates from his office, sets standards of behaviour for the people he serves. His duty, as the

President's contention that his relationship with Monica Lewinsky and the way in which he misled us about it, is nobody's business but his family's, and that "even presidents have private lives". Whether he, or we, think it fair or not, the reality in 1998 is that a president's private life is public. News media standards will have it no other way.

But there is more to this than modern media intrusiveness. The President is not just the elected leader of our country. He is, as the presidential scholar Clinton Rossiter observed, "the one-man distillation of the American people", and, as President Taft said at another time, "the personal embodiment and representative of their dignity and majesty".

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Michael Samuelson

THE FAR-REACHING influence and considerable activity of the Samuelson brothers, David, Sydney, Anthony and Michael, throughout the British film industry is by no means as publicly well-known or as well-documented as contributions by far lesser lights, and perhaps that's the way they'd prefer.

The four offspring of the British film industry pioneer G.B. "Bertie" Samuelson, a Lancashire cinema exhibitor who became an early film producer in the days before the cinema could speak, went on to build up the Samuelson Group, the largest film equipment servicing company in the world. Founded in 1955 as the Samuelson Film Service Ltd, it grew under the control of the four brothers and was eventually acquired by Eagle Trust in 1987.

At that time Michael Samuelson organised a management buy-out (funded by his own family, his two daughters and two sons) of the Lighting Division of Samuelson Group, and established himself and the company - world-wide as Michael Samuelson Lighting Ltd.

Among the many films serviced by Samuelson Lighting were *Gandhi* (1982), *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (1988), *Good Morning Vietnam* (1987), *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (1989) and *Hawards End* (1992). Television series included *Poirot*, *The Camomile Lawn*, *Jeeves and Wooster*, *Love Hurts*, and *Minister*, among many, many others, before the company was taken over by the VFG group earlier this year.

Michael Samuelson was born in 1951 and educated at Shoreham Grammar School. During his National Service in the Royal Air Force he received training as a photographer; but a career in film was not immediate, for he found a job with the Worthing Repertory Company, assisting the assistant stage manager. The stage manager was Andrew Sachs, now better known as the actor who played the *Fawlty Towers* waiter, Manuel.

Samuelson toured Europe as



His team of loyal technicians became known as 'Dad's Army', with Samuelson as Dad

stage director of the spectacular *Holiday on Ice* extravaganza from 1982 until 1986, with responsibilities including supervising the erection of the portable ice rinks and lighting rigs. In Spain, the ice rinks were often set up in bull rings; one of the difficult tasks was to prevent the ice from melting in the hot summer months.

Coinciding with the launch of independent television in 1955, Sydney Samuelson founded what was to become the Samuelson Group by purchasing, for a down payment of £300, a Newman Sinclair clockwork camera, which swiftly paid its way in rentals. Sydney persuaded his three brothers to stump up a further £100 each to invest in another camera and thus "Sammy's" was born.

Michael Samuelson eventually secured a position in the film industry as a unit manager and joined Movietone as a cameraman, where he developed a new manner in which great sporting occasions were

captured on film. Many of the sporting events he was sent to film were being photographed in the conventional manner, cameras shooting the FA Cup Final, for instance, from inevitable fixed positions. Samuelson recognised that with more flexible cameras and longer fixed focal length lenses available, football and other sporting events could be made much more exciting for the home or theatre viewer. His associate Drummond Chaffis recalls: "Michael had his crews drill holes around the touchline of the turf and from ball height penetrate the otherwise hidden depths of our national game."

Michael eventually joined Sydney Samuelson in the family firm in 1960, and in 1965 the four brothers took the company to the London stock exchange, but executive management never stopped Michael's work behind the cameras.

In 1966 he was the Director of Photography on the official film of the World Cup, *Goal!*, but his contribution to that was not merely in photographing the Bafta Award-winning documentary.

On the evening before the final at Wembley, the film's producers ran out of cash and it was Samuelson who paid the technicians out of his own pocket. Unsurprisingly his craftsmanship, care and sheer professionalism began to win him world attention. The Mexican government appointed him Director of Photography for Olympiad in Mexico (1968), and he followed with a remarkable succession of theatrical features including *The World at Their Feet* (the 1970 World Cup film and *Visions of Eight* (1972, the multi-directorial Olympic feature). He also directed another football film, *Heading for Glory*, and produced the 1976 Winter Olympic feature *White Rock*. Other features as producer and/or director included *Olympic Harmony and Golden Opportunities* (both 1976, Montreal Olympics) *Europe '80* (1980, the European football Championship) and *Goal!* (1982, the official film of the World Cup in Spain).

Samuelson built up an impressively strong team of loyal technicians who worked regularly over a 35-year period with him and with the passing of those years, became known affectionately as "Dad's Army", with Samuelson as Dad. Only eight weeks ago, he was the senior member of the team at the Stade de France for the year's World Cup Final.

As though film-making in itself was not enough for one life, Samuelson also undertook tireless charity work. He regularly produced appeal films for the Variety Club of Great Britain, the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and for Canterbury Cathedral and the Royal Opera House. He organised film crews to travel to Biafra, Vietnam, Uganda, and took a controversial but admirable position in insisting that the Variety Club should take a leading role in resettling the many children among the 50,000 refugees expelled from Uganda in 1972 by Idi Amin.

Samuelson had joined the Variety Club of Great Britain in 1965, and by 1974 had become their president (known as the Chief Barker). From 1988 to 1991 he was chairman of Variety Clubs International. A prolific fund-raiser, he was instrumental in the club's policy of arranging life-saving surgery for children from the Third World and, to date, over 200 children have had such operations.

He was also responsible for investigating an Australian branch of the Variety Club (Chief Barker: Paul Hogan, plus new branches in both Israel and New Zealand. At the time of his death he was planning the formation of a South African branch.

The biggest charity appeal ever in Great Britain, the Wishing Well Appeal, was set up in 1987 to raise money to redevelop the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

Samuelson was the vice-chairman of the appeal and co-chaired the special events committee. In 1989, the appeal passed its target a year early, raising a total of £54m and the hospital's Variety Club building was opened in 1994 by the Princess of Wales.

Nothing indicates Samuelson's embrace of charity more than the tale of his witnessing an unknown javelin thrower create a 64-metre throw back in 1978. He found himself travelling on a plane with the young record-holder, Tessa Sanderson.

Fallen in the US television series *Dynasty*. Additionally, he was appointed to that august and secretive group, the Council of Management of the British Board of Film Classification, working with the outgoing chief censor James Ferman.

A long-time lover of opera, Samuelson also supported the local Holland Park Opera Festival, entertaining many guests at each production. In a uniquely fulfilled life, his only source of constant disappointment was his undying affection for his football club Tottenham Hotspur and Brighton and Hove Albion.

TONY SLOMAN

Michael Edward Wyke Samuelson, film producer and director; born London 25 January 1951; CBE 1988; married 1957 Madeleine White (two sons, two daughters, and one son deceased; marriage dissolved 1990); died London 26 August 1998.



A still from *Goal!* (1966), the official film of the 1966 World Cup, for which Samuelson was the Director of Photography. BFI Still

Espartaco Santoni

ESPARTACO SANTONI enjoyed two cinematic triumphs, one at the beginning and one at the end of his career; but he was chiefly famed for his jet-set lifestyle on the Spanish Costa del Sol - which included numerous marriages, at least one of them bigamous.

His early triumph was as co-producer with Orson Welles of the film *Fujiyama*, which took the Cannes festival by storm in 1965. His last was acting in the role of a Mafia don in a film by the idiosyncratic Spanish director Santiago Segura, *Torreón, el bruto tonto de la ley* ("Torreón, the stupid arm of the law"). Shot last year, the film is still playing to enthusiastic houses throughout Spain.

But Santoni was chiefly renowned as a Don Juan who featured regularly in Spain's colourful gossip magazines. He had the tanned features of a bon viveur, and was often photographed with a pirate's bandana tied round his head, sporting a succession of lovelies on his arm. He spent his later years in Marbella, fitting perfectly into the glamorous Eurotrash world of Arab tycoons, film starlets, models and royal aristocrats.

A spectacular public Santoni moment occurred in 1975 when he married Carmen "Tita" Cervera, a former Miss Spain. Within a year he was

jailed in Madrid for fraud, humiliating his nicely brought-up, convent-educated wife, who visited him in prison, and coughed up £5,000 bail. Last year, "Tita" - who married Baron Heinrich von Thyssen in 1985 and is now one of the richest and most powerful art patrons in the world - described the Santoni episode as the worst moment of her life. She added: "It turned out he was already married to someone else, so I was never really his wife at all, thank God."

Santoni's father, who was from Naples, divorced his son's Venezuelan mother when he was 65, and went on to remarry in his eighties.

Espartaco Santoni was born in Venezuela in 1937 (or 1932, according to some sources) and his first marriage took place when he was aged just 17, to a Catalan, María de los Angeles Seijo, in 1954. Three years later, in Caracas, he met the Andalusian singer Marijita Diaz, whom he accompanied to Spain and married. His new wife introduced him to the world of cinema, where he produced a number of films and met his third wife, the Mexican actress Terri Velázquez. But the marriage founded upon his serial infidelities.

In 1978 he returned to Caracas - despite orders to report to Madrid's Carabanchel prison twice a month - where after a succession of failed



Santoni: 'I deny nothing'. EFE

Felix Morisseau-Leroy

FELIX MORISSEAU-LEROY was one of Haiti's popular heroes. Through his poems, plays and articles, he was the person who made Creole, the language spoken by ordinary men and women in Haiti, as acceptable as the French taught in schools. It was thanks in no small part to his efforts that Jean-Bertrand Aristide declared it an official language when he became president in 1991, at a ceremony where Morisseau-Leroy was one of the guests of honour.

He was born in Grand Gosier; near the historic southern port of Jacmel, in 1912. His family were well-to-do mulattoes, and he learnt both French and later English. It was in Jacmel that he met his wife Renée, who said she admired his prowess as a horseman; he responded that she was the main inspiration for his literature.

In the 1940s, after studying at graduate school at Columbia University in New York, he taught in Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital. It was then that he became interested in the Creole language spoken in the streets, but rarely written down. The end of the decade was one of the few periods in Haitian history when new ideas could flourish in relative freedom, and Morisseau-Leroy used the opportunity to write political poems and sketches.

But it was in 1963 with his production of the classical Greek tragedy *Antigone* in his own Creole version that Morisseau-Leroy really made his mark. The play was set in a rural Haitian village, with King Creon portrayed as a powerful voodoo priest. This was the first time that many Haitians realised that their oral language was capable of nuance, analysis and profundity.

Unfortunately, the 1960s also saw the Duvalier family take power in Haiti, and any chance for free expression was soon snuffed out. When Morisseau-Leroy was offered the chance of putting on *Antigone* in Paris, he went to France and decided to stay there, fearing he would be arrested if he returned to Haiti.

Then began an unsettled period which saw him teaching in France, Nigeria and later Ghana and Senegal, where he was important in promoting popular theatre movements. By 1981, he had moved to Miami, and was welcomed by the Haitian exile community, already creating a lively culture of their own. He was hailed as the forerunner of many of their efforts; as one of them said on his death: "He realised that for people to understand the problems, they need to be taught in their own language, not a language they don't understand. Otherwise,

they're being mystified, they're being shown a lack of respect."

Despite encroaching blindness, Morisseau-Leroy continued to write a weekly column about Haiti in the periodical *Haiti en Marche*. He returned briefly to Haiti after the fall of the Duvaliers in 1986, and attended Aristide's inauguration in 1991. But apart from these short trips, he preferred the memories of his home country, which he put into the work of which he was most proud: an epic novel called *Les Dions d'Haiti Tom* ("People of Haiti with Courage"), in which he tells the story of the people of his own town Jacmel from the time of the US invasion of 1915 to the ousting of President Aristide in 1991.

The novel was published three years ago; but perhaps the most fitting tribute to Félix Morisseau-Leroy and his influence was the staging earlier this year of his Creole version of *Antigone* to a packed audience in a Miami theatre: the kind of mixture of races, traditions, and languages to which he devoted his life.

NICK CAISTOR

Félix Morisseau-Leroy, poet and playwright; born Grand Gosier, Haiti 1912; married (two sons, one daughter); died Miami, Florida 5 September 1998.

Yuli Shreider

YULI SHREIDER was a mathematician who did not stick within the narrow confines of his trade. His wide-ranging interests and keen intellect led to a strong commitment to the revival of Christian intellectual activity in Russia in the 1990s. He played a key role in Russian Catholic circles as well as in promoting contact between the small local Catholic community and the Russian Orthodox Church.

Shreider was born in Ukraine in 1927, the son of an engineer who was arrested and executed in Stalin's purges in 1937. Despite being branded the son of an "enemy of the people", the young Shreider managed to gain entry to the prestigious Moscow State University to study mathematics, graduating in 1946.

He then worked for 10 years in secret research institutes before joining the All-Union Institute of Scientific-Technical Information in Moscow in 1961. He remained at the institute until 1988, when he became

chief research scholar in the Institute of Information Transfer, Russian Academy of Sciences. He published over 700 articles and books in pure and applied mathematics, computer science, semiotics, philosophy of science, literary criticism and, in later years, theology. Shreider's intellectual searching had brought him to a Christian faith as a young adult. He later recalled:

I grew up in an atheist family, but while still a child I felt within me the importance of religion. I can remember the shock I felt when right next to my school they started knocking down the Orthodox church. So from very start I felt the importance of Christianity as a whole - without denominational distinctions.

He decided to join the Catholic Church. Fear of reprisals led him in 1970 to be baptised not in Moscow but at the Catholic church in the Estonian capital Tallinn. He joined the Dominicans as a lay tertiary in 1977 and took part in a secret group of Catholics meeting in Moscow, but

was interrogated by the KGB when the group's priest Father Vladimir Nikitov was arrested in 1983. Shreider was deprived of the right to continue his scientific work or publish and was transferred to the production department of the institute.

As the climate eased in the later Gorbachev years, Shreider was instrumental in setting up a Catholic club in Moscow, Spiritual Dialogue, in August 1989 of which he became chairman. In June 1990 Shreider joined a group of Polish pilgrims for an audience at the Vatican with Pope John Paul II.

In 1991 he became a professor of Christian ethics in the newly-established St Thomas Aquinas College of Catholic Theology in Moscow, as well as at the Orthodox St Andrew the Apostle theological institute. This unique double-act was characteristic of Shreider's broad Christian commitment.

Shreider was constantly aware of the historical suspicion of Catholi-

cism in Russia and worked to break that down:

The community of Russian Catholics occupies a rather special position: they are a group of people who belong to Russian culture, are organically Russian, but who - mostly as adults - have chosen to come to the Catholic faith. They are by no means fugitives from Orthodoxy, but people who have found that their path to Christ lies through the Catholic Church.

He participated in numerous conferences and seminars around the world, visiting Britain several occasions to attend events organised by the Keston Institute in Oxford.

In the late 1970s, Shreider had begun a quest to set science in its wider cultural context. In semi-jest he devised a list of features common to science and the circus (a discipline equally lauded in Soviet culture) and presented his findings in 1979 at a seminar at the Institute for the History of Science and Technology of the USSR Academy of Sciences. Among the similarities he highlighted were

the importance of achievements, not official position, the necessity of dedicated work from an early age and the requirement of being a professional before being able to take part.

"The report was welcomed," he later recalled:

partly as an apt joke dismissing the sombre gravity of science studies' "great depths", and partly as a fruitful path to explore. I undertook to write down the main points for possible publication. But science in those days was reckoned among the sacred cows, and such a frivolous juxtaposition had indirectly touched on Marxist ideology - the most scientific ideology in the world. It was not customary to make a travesty of "scientificity".

Sadly, no Soviet publication would touch his article.

FELIX CORLEY

Yuli Anatolevich Shreider, mathematician and religious activist; born Dnepropetrovsk, Soviet Union 1927; married 1958 Tatjana Ventsel (one son, one daughter); died Moscow 24 August 1990.



Shreider with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican, 1990

July 1998

F. Maurice Speed

"As a fellow author I sympathise with Mr Speed. I do more - I admire him," wrote Bob Hope in the foreword to *Movie Cavalcade* (1943). F. Maurice Speed's first book: "I recently wrote a book myself." Hope confirmed, "but the publishers got wind of my project and left town in a body. Mr Speed did better than I - the publishers didn't get away. His book is all about the movies, or rather it is about all the movies, right from the time when Radio City Music Hall was no bigger than a telephone booth and assistant directors still dared to say 'No' to Cecil B. De Mille."

One of the best features of Mr Speed's book, according to Hope, was the price, "one which ordinary, plain, down-to-earth folk like you and I can afford". That price was sixpence (two and a half pence today), which back in 1943 was about average for a 64-page paperback complete with a full colour cover from *Gone With The Wind*.

It told a concise history of the cinema from Part One, "And That's How The Movies Were Born" (Edward Maybridge of Kingston-on-Thames uses a multi-camera system to photograph racehorses at the gallop), to Part Four, "The Screen Talks" (Warner's Vitaphone of 1926 was preceded in 1911 by Emil Laemmle's sound-on-film).

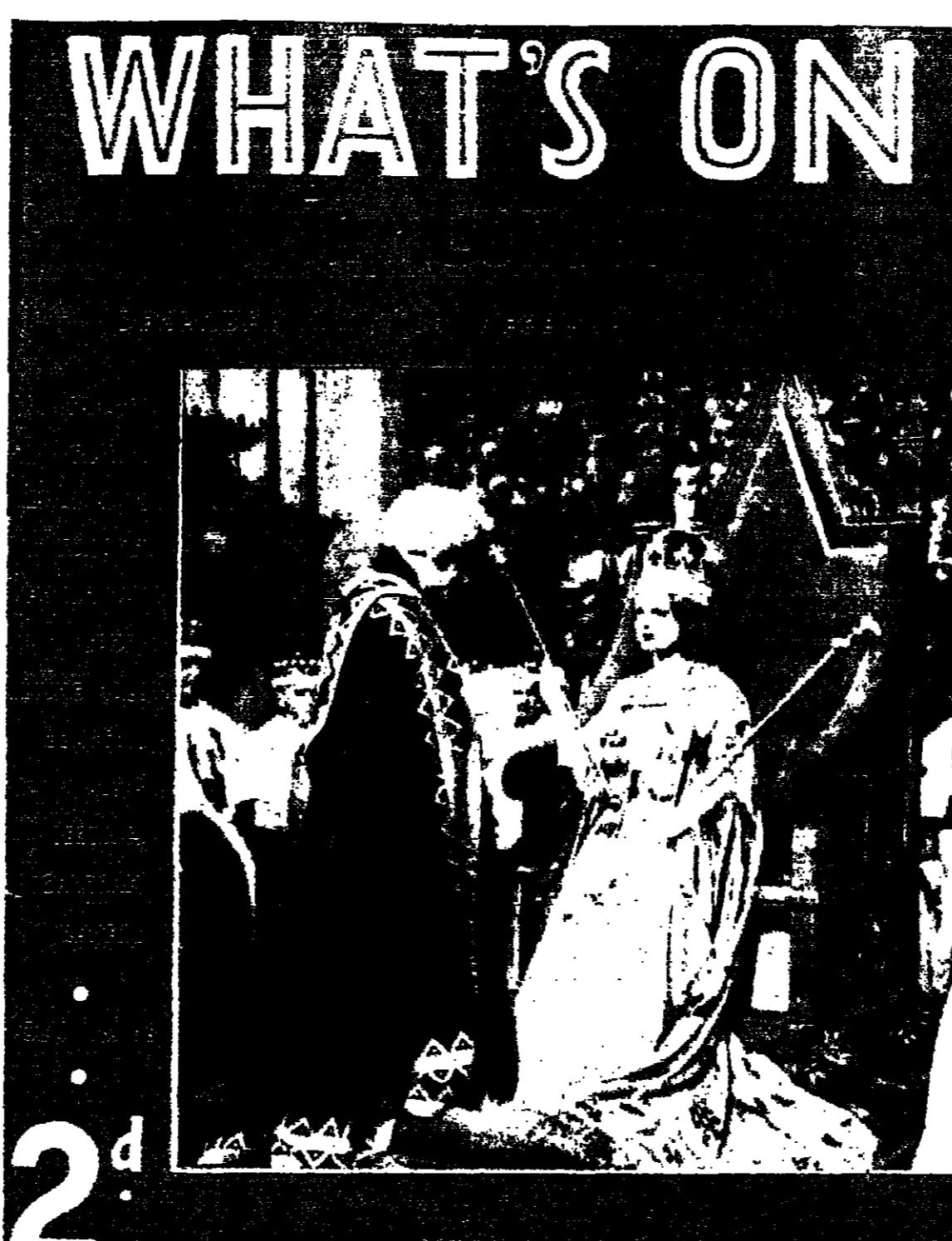
This, subtitled "The Cartoon", delighted at least one young reader who worshipped Walt Disney and his Technicolored title *Mickey Mouse Weekly*. But wondrous as this little booklet was, it would shortly be surpassed by the author's mightiest and longest running work, a hardback annual fabulously illustrated in full-colour film stills, which would list in detail every film released in every year beginning with 1944. That was *Film Review*, but even before the books began to pour from his pen, F. Maurice Speed had created a name for himself as the country's foremost film buff - a modern term he may not have liked; perhaps the original form of "film fan" is more appropriate.

Frederick Maurice Speed was born in London in 1911, and became the creator, editor and chief writer for the first totally successful listings magazine, appropriately titled *What's On In London*. Actually that full title only occurred during Coronation Year of 1937 when Speed realised the vast appeal that George VI's coronation would have for visitors from abroad. "Indispensable to Visitors" became the front-page subtitle from then on, replacing the original and less catchy "Complete Arrangements for the London Week".

As a schoolboy, the young Speed showed talents as an essayist, winning several prizes whilst sharing his education with his local Hammersmith "feet pit" where he studied the "B" westerns of Buck Jones and Tom Mix with equal enthusiasm. His first real job was in journalism, as assistant to Edward Martell, proprietor of the lively and independent newspaper *The Sunday Referee*. This was the only newspaper to acknowledge the existence of commercial radio, and carried a weekly supplement about the programmes and stars of Radio Luxembourg.

What's On, Speed's brilliant concept for a listing magazine devoted to entertainment etc in the world's biggest city (it used "etc" wisely as the full table of contents ran Theatre, Cinema, Restaurants, Cabaret, Exhibitions, Sport, Music Hall, Concerts, Music, Lectures, Churches, Reviews - evidently listed in order of popularity) began in the autumn of 1935. It was not the world's first such as Speed acknowledged by giving free promotional space to *This Week In Boston*, *The New York Metropolitan Host*, *Parisian Weekly Information* and even *Die Reichshauptstadt*.

Most of *What's On*'s text was written by Speed, who split himself into several personalities including "Frederick Deeps" and "H. William Harn". Eventually he left sport and such like to others,



2d

contenting himself with reviews of films, plays and restaurants, plus his chatty editorial feature called "Round and About". On 15 January 1937, he saw BBC television for the first time, and was thrilled. "Last Saturday we saw the lovely lady announcer, Gillie Potter wonderfully explaining nothing and wearing a blatant version of our Harrow hat; and an amusing little Irish play. We also saw a

there are none. The Cameo in Charing Cross Road was running its fifth Disney Season: *Mickey's Polo Team*, *Through The Mirror* and many more cartoons, and the Good Food Guide included the Vega Modern Vegetarian Restaurant in Leicester Square: "salad lunch one shilling".

Despite *What's On's* success, Martell shortly withdrew, perhaps because the publication was essentially local and not

national one, complains of the hard work it was to wrest these pictures from the American film companies. They had to come from Hollywood, British colour films being few and far between in wartime. Also, his bitter regret was that Disney only provided monochrome stills where the animated cartoons cried out for colour.

Film Review is now in its 54th year of publication, each issue an improvement on the last as Speed encouraged new film enthusiasts to write for his book. Many found their first voices in the series, notably William J. Everson, whose detailed descriptions of Hollywood "B" movies and their manufacturer were the first real writings on this cult subject. Everson went on to become the world's top historian of popular films.

F. Maurice Speed's connection with *What's On* remained beyond his retirement. He contributed freelance film reviews from 1982, and his final piece was published in 1996. He remained true to the cinema screen throughout his long life, and will continue to fill every true buff's bookshelves despite everything the new technology can try to do.

One wonders whether there are any surviving members of the "What's On Club", the constitutional dinner of which was held at Pimoli's Restaurant on 14 January 1937.

DENIS GIFFORD

F. Maurice Speed, editor and film critic: born London 18 October 1911; twice married; died London 29

Full-colour film stills ranging from the gorgeous Rita Hayworth to the long legs of Betty Grable were Speed's particular pride

travel film and the Gaumont British News. It made us realise that television is a real entertainment now and not just an experiment."

Films he reviewed that week included *The Great Ziegfeld* ("really a dazzling production"), *Craig's Wife* ("Rossand Russell so lovely as his well-gowned wife") and an early version of *The Maltese Falcon* called *Satan Met A Lady* ("the one bright spot is the delightful witlessness of Marie Wilson").

Each review included a full cast list with characters plus technical credits, something no popular magazine had done before. Speed also listed all London's News Theatres: then there were 12, now

national, but Speed quickly found a new, smaller publisher located at Number One, St Paul's Churchyard. Even though there was a paper shortage during the Second World War, the magazine prospered, being a vital information source for servicemen on leave. And it was during the war that Speed conceived his brilliant *Film Review* series.

First published in late 1944, the 100-page hardback, printed on quality art paper, included 36 pages of full-colour film stills; these ranging through the loveliness of Linda Darnell, the gorgeous Rita Hayworth and the long legs of Betty Grable, were Speed's particular pride if not quite joy. His editorial, a typically per-

sonal one, complains of the hard work it was to wrest these pictures from the American film companies. They had to come from Hollywood, British colour films being few and far between in wartime. Also, his bitter regret was that Disney only provided monochrome stills where the animated cartoons cried out for colour.

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GAZETTE

BIRTHDAYS

Professor Norman Ashton, pathologist, 85; Mr Franz Beckenbauer, former West German football captain and manager, 53; Sir Austin Bide, honorary president of Glaxo, 83; Dame Margaret Booth, former High Court judge, 65; Mr Paul Cole, racehorse trainer, 57; Mrs Mary Pagan, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, 59; Sir Bernard Feilden, architect, 76; Mr Eddie George, former governor, Bank of England, 60; Lord Gibson-Watt, former government minister, 80; Mr Michael Lambert, racehorse trainer, 54; Mr Richard Linley-Jockey, 44; Lord Marlesford, political consultant, 67; Lord Mayhew of Twysden QC, former government minister, 69; Mr Andrew Rowe MP, 63; Mr Barry Sheene, motor cyclist, 48; The Right Rev John Taylor,

former Bishop of Winchester, 84; Mr Roger Utley, rugby player, 49.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Pierre de Ronsard, poet, 1524; James Thomson, poet, author of "Rule, Britannia", 1700; Thomas Barnes, editor of the Times, 1785; Sir George Clement Martin, organist and composer, 1844; Benjamin (Gen) Tillett, Labour leader, 1860; O. Henry (William Sydney Porter), short-story writer, 1862; Sir James Hopwood Jeans, mathematician and astrophysicist, 1877; David Herbert Lawrence, novelist, 1885; Theodor Adorno (Weisengrund), philosopher and sociologist, 1903. Deaths: James Harrington, political theorist, 1677; David Ricardo, economist, 1823; Antero Tarquino de Quental,

poet, 1891; Prince Louis Mountbatten (first Marquess of Milford Haven), admiral, 1921; Mohammed Ali Jinnah, first Governor-General of Pakistan, 1948; Field-Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, South African statesman, 1950; Robert William Service, novelist and poet, 1958; Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, Russian leader, 1971; Salvador Allende Gossens, president of Chile, allegedly committed suicide 1973.

On this day: the Duke of Marlborough defeated the French at the Battle of Malplaquet, the bloodiest war of the century, 1709; the British commanded by General Howe, defeated the Americans under General George Washington at the Battle of Brandywine Creek, 1777; in Chile, the government was ousted by a military coup, and government

was taken over by a junta, 1973; during a riot at a gold mine near Johannesburg, 11 African miners were shot and killed, 1973.

Today is the Feast Day of St Denioli, St Phagnutius, St Patiens of Lyons, St Peter of Chavonan, Saints Protus and Hyacinth and St Theodore of Alexandria.

LECTURES

National Gallery: Colin Wiggins, "Back to School 1": Salvator Rosa, *Witches at their Incantation*, 1pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: Stephen Jackson, "German Stained Glass", 2pm. Tate Gallery: James Malpas, "Getting on the Nerves: art in post-war Europe", 1pm. Wallace Collection, London W1: Irene Logan, "Limoges Enamels", 1pm.

SYNAGOGUE SERVICES

Details of synagogue services to be held tomorrow may be obtained by telephoning the following. Sabbath begins in London at 7.10pm. United Synagogues: 0181-343 8989. Federation of Synagogues: 0181-202 2263. Union of Liberal and Progressive Synagogues: 0171-580 1663. Reform Synagogues of Great Britain: 0171-349 4731. Spanish and Portuguese Jews Congregation: 0171-289 2573. New London Synagogue (Masorti): 0171-325 1826.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

SIMON GOODWIN & JOHN GRIBBIN

Are we alone in the Universe?



AS WE enter the new millennium, astronomers stand on the brink of answering the age-old question of whether there are planets like the Earth, and life-forms like us, elsewhere in the Universe. The caveats are important, because although discoveries of other planets orbiting other stars have made headlines in recent years, those discoveries all relate to planets far bigger than Earth, more like the giant Jupiter, which has 300 times as much mass as the Earth. But soon, it seems, we will be able to detect Earth-like planets.

The recent discoveries push existing technology to the limit. Improvements in telescope design make it just possible to detect the "wobble" in the motion of some stars caused by the presence of a massive planet in orbit around the star and tugging on it gravitationally. In fact, the planet doesn't orbit the star - they both orbit the common centre of gravity. As a star is much more massive than a planet, this centre around which the star "orbits" is actually inside the star - so all we see is the detectable wobble.

Detecting Earth-like planets needs technology that is literally out of this world. A proposed telescope designed to look for evidence of life in the Universe, and dubbed "Darwin", could be put into orbit by the middle of the next century. Designs exist for a telescope which would obtain images of Earth-like planets up to a hundred light years away, and even provide information about life on those planets.

Such planets are too small to produce a detectable wobble in the parent stars, and have to be imaged directly. The light they reflect from the parent star makes them only one-billionth as bright as the star - but in the extreme infra-red, light with wavelengths much longer than those our eyes can see, they are a million times brighter, one-thousandth as bright as the Sun. With several infra-red telescopes joined together to make one huge instrument, Darwin would be able to detect any Earth-like planets in orbit around the 118 nearest stars. And 44 of those stars are sufficiently like our Sun that such planets might well be there.

But the cleverest feature of Darwin is that it will be able to monitor the chemical composition of the atmospheres of those

planets. Every chemical substance emits and absorbs light at different wavelengths, producing a characteristic "fingerprint" in the spectrum of light we see, or detect with our telescopes. Darwin will be able to see the fingerprints of three key compounds - carbon dioxide, water and ozone.

Of the three more or less Earth-like planets in our Solar System, Venus and Mars both have carbon dioxide atmospheres, typical of a dead and lifeless world (which makes the debate about whether there is life on Mars today rather pointless). But the atmosphere of Earth contains both water and, for more, oxygen, and oxygen is produced by the activity of life. Oxygen is highly reactive, as we see every time we strike a match, and cannot survive without being replenished. If all life on Earth ceased tomorrow, all the oxygen would soon react with other substances and be locked up in stable compounds such as carbon dioxide. There would be no more ozone.

There are just 39 stars close enough to us that Darwin would be able to detect ozone on an Earth-like planet in orbit around one of them. But it only takes one observation. If Darwin finds ozone on just a single planet, we will know that we are not alone - and people alive on Earth today may still be alive to witness the discovery.

Dr Simon Goodwin and Dr John Gribbin work in the Astronomy group at Sussex University. They are the authors of 'Empire of the Sun' (Constable, £16.99).

Cold beer and truth in the Captain's Cabin

THE INDEPENDENT ARCHIVE

11 SEPTEMBER 1989

Robert Fisk reflects from a bar in West Beirut where time stands still

THE BAR has the feel - even the smell - of the late 1960s. There are plastic grapes hanging from the ceiling, and empty whisky bottles line the top of the counter. A sign behind the fridges announces: "Please do not ask for credit today - ask tomorrow."

On good days, Georges Toriz steals electricity through a line from the local supermarket, cranks up the old tape-player and treats his few remaining customers to a diet of dated pop songs. But, at only 35p a bottle, the local Almaza beer comes cold.

Wander into the Captain's Cabin any day of the week - and any time of the day - and the chances are you'll find Adib Afifi by the door, sipping his first, second, third or fourth beer. "What else is there to do?" he asks. "Have a beer - it's on me."

Course, there are other places to drink in West Beirut. But the Captain's Cabin is special. You only have to see Véra Habib walk in to know that.

Véra says she is 86. She is shabby and wears a grubby skirt. Her lined features hang from her face. In her cracked hand, she holds a bunch of dying carnations. She also speaks impeccable English, with an upper-class accent. "I was rich once," she says. "I was married to a German. He taught me English. But he died 15 years ago. We had a home downtown, but when the war started, it was destroyed. Now I go at nights to the homes of different friends and I sleep in their houses. I don't have a home any more."

Véra holds out a white carnation. "Will you buy one, dear? The Lebanese are crazy that way - but it helps to keep them going."

Selling carnations is Véra's

only occupation. She goes to the flower shop in Jeanne d'Arc street every morning before the daily shelling begins. A whisky drinker at the bar, a silver-haired man, says: "Don't you remember? Véra was one of the richest women in Beirut, but she gambled her inheritance away on the horses." Adib Afifi smiles at the tale. "She knows she'll always sell a flower here, because there's always a few of us around. We are waiting for the shelling to get worse before things get better - then maybe we'll be able to go back to work."

Adib

is waiting for the airport to re-open, an event which still

seems very far away. He is

head of technical training for

Flight Crews and Maintenance for Middle East Airlines. Lebanon's national airline. The Captain's Cabin used to be an MCA haunt - a pilot's bar hangs above the bar. General Michel Aoun's artillery now shells the airport. There have been no planes since March.

"Every day," says Adib,

"my friends say, 'There will be heavy

shelling one more time and then

everything will be solved.' The

Lebanese are crazy that way -

but it helps to keep them going."

cent jazz festival that bolder spirits among them braved the gents'. Whether or not so gallant a phenomenon spreads further, it is certain that, therein, they will continue to head for the cubicles, for, unless one is a lion or elephant, to be retromingent - that is, to urinate backwards - requires discretion.

WORDS

CHRISTOPHER HAWTRE

retromingent,

Nothing like the real thing

You think a few porkies on your CV won't matter. But it depends how far you go. By Oliver Bennett

A false doctor was unmasked this week. Godwin Onobogu's portfolio of bogus but expensive services included acting as witness for drink-drive defendants, fixing the beaks with jargon such as "aberrant physiology", and as a doctor of sexually transmitted diseases, enabling him to make whimsical misdiagnoses, and to examine female patients intimately in his "forensic laboratory". He went down for five years. Also this week, it emerged that an Oxford undergraduate, Katherine Rainwood (who had changed her name when she left school) was expelled for cheating in her finals by using a personal computer - it is alleged that she downloaded an essay she had written earlier.

Last month also saw some exciting frauds. Soraya Yusef was convicted of defrauding Warwick University out of £200,000 when it transpired that she had been using false qualifications, including a fake PhD and MA. "Pupils say she was a very good teacher," said a shocked spokesman for the institution. Then there was the fake nurse Yolanda Ruddie, who fooled hospital staff to the extent that she was able to give a morphine injection to a patient. Lo and behold, she also turned out to be a male-to-female transsexual.

Fakers are everywhere, and they often seem to be drawn to tasks with high prestige, public sympathy and responsibility, such as the medical world. There was even a case of a bogus astronaut this year, who tricked his way as far as the console for Mission Control in Houston. Those despicable bogus council workmen who rip off old ladies have nothing on this lot.

These may seem like isolated cases, but some people think that fakery is flourishing, particularly low-level, day-to-day deception. According to a survey published in July by the Association of Search and Selection Consultants, some 25 per cent of CVs now include lies. "They range from out-and-out skulduggery from bankrupts and convicted frauds, to cases where people are gliding the fly," says Michael Maule of the ASCC, who believes that faking CVs is becoming more prevalent and socially acceptable. "These days, little white lies are considered OK. But where do they stop? Could it be like the Zero Tolerance concept - that they provide the seed for larger fakes to flourish?"

Maule gives some classic examples of "gliding the fly" that will surely make many of us blush. "People with patchy careers cover up gaps by extending the times of employment. A lot of people bump up C grades to A grades. And lots upgrade their salaries and job descriptions." He does not approve. "A CV is a legally binding document, and if it proves to be fictional then you should be dismissed." The problem is so widespread that Maule says that there are companies that specialise in checking CVs, particularly in the City, where the financial risks are highest.

Other recruitment consultants are more sanguine. "A CV is a sales pitch and people embellish them all

the time," says Paul Farrer, of the graduate recruitment consultants Phee Farrer Jones. "People often lie about their interests, and many put 'sport' because it looks healthy. At the interview they are asked: 'What sort of sports do you play?' I've seen people reply 'Oh, I don't play sports, I watch them on telly'."

Aiding languages is another classic of the creative CV. "Candidates who put spoken French, Spanish and Italian when all they can do is order a beer," says Farrer, "often requires phoney linguists to demonstrate their ability to order spare parts in French on the spot. People also claim to have technical abilities they do not possess, particularly in the information technology market. They write down anything they've heard of, and if you challenge them they say: 'Ah, yes, I need to refresh myself with that program'."

References are getting blander owing to fear of litigation, adds Farrer. And it is a convenient function

It used to be wrong to fib, but a chancer's culture has emerged where the main question is 'Can I get away with it?'

of the new ill of age discrimination that you can legitimately withhold your age, though this can lead to a lifetime's subterfuge: someone I know has lopped two years off her age for so long that she had to hide from colleagues the fact that she had turned 40. Few of us, however, can be as audacious as Tony De Silva, who two months ago sneaked back into school at the age of 26. "Tony Blair's always going on about education, and I took him at his word," pleaded Tony, who wanted another chance at life.

Not many of these are dismissal offences, and they pale with time. Who knows or cares after our late twenties whether our A-levels have been massaged up a grade, unless you are Lord Archer? As the authors of our own stories, is it not sometimes important to grab attention by using the cub reporter's dictum: "simplify and exaggerate"? "We're not wildly concerned about low-level stuff," adds Farrer. "The important things are easy to check."

But some believe that the culture of embellishment leaks into fully fledged fraud. "Fiddling CVs is the tip of a vast iceberg of moral and intellectual corruption," says Dennis O'Keeffe, of the think-tank the Social Affairs Unit, who is also a lecturer in sociology at North London University. "Our society is becoming more dishonest."

In the past, says O'Keeffe, to fiddle, fib and blag was recognised as wrong. "There was a consensus society, and anyone caught lying would have felt shame. It would be demeaning to embellish a CV." But

add an A-level to your CV.

Godwin Onobogu, top, who posed as a doctor; Katherine Rainwood, above right, expelled from Oxford for cheating in her finals and 'Lady' Rosemary Aberdour, among friends, who squandered embezzled money on a champagne lifestyle. Main picture: Photoneus

However, my desire not to look like a wally eventually overcame my desire to see my picture in the paper, and I wore a Richard James shirt instead. This turned out to be a wise decision, since, in the event, I was one of the few Brits present who wasn't wearing a Union Jack shirt.

The event was co-chaired by Liz Tilberis, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and Trudie Styler, Sting's wife. No doubt they're doing their best to promote Britain's interests in the only way they know how, but occasions such as these only serve to remind America just how negligible Britain's influence has become. Fifty years ago, when the Anglo-American establishment ruled the world, there was no need to promote British taste. The slogan of the American ruling class then was "dress British think Yiddish". Savile Row tailoring was popular because it was thought to be timeless and low-key.

Nowadays, the only way to market British style is to try to

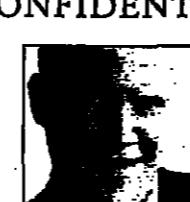
present it as vibrant and of-the-moment. I suppose this ties in with Tony Blair's attempt to rebrand Britain as a modern, classless society, the centre of the United States of Europe, rather than the colonial power of old. (Incidentally, Tony and Cherie were the honorary chairmen of the event, though neither of them bothered to show up.) To my mind, Margaret Thatcher was a better salesman for Britain, with her shameless appeal to our glorious imperial past. Admittedly it was hokum, but it was the kind of hokum the Americans consume by the bucket load. By sending out a radically different message, Blair will succeed only in de-branding Britain, leaving us with no real identity.

—

SHORTLY AFTER Clinton had testified before Ken Starr's Grand Jury, and Zippergate reached a new level of intensity, I met my friend John Mickelthwait, the New York bureau chief of *The Economist*, that Clinton would still be in office at the end of this year. At the time this seemed quite likely so I foolishly gave him odds of 7 to 3. Now that Starr has handed in his report, and Clinton's fellow Democrats have begun to distance themselves from him, the chances of his hanging on beyond the November Congressional elections are more like 50-50.

My fears were exacerbated by a trip to my local photocopy shop

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL



TOBY YOUNG

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earlier this week. On the counter, alongside a sign saying "Shoplifters will be beaten to death", is a little figurine of Clinton with horns and a ring through his nose. Next to him sits his dog, Buddy, clutching a pair of pink, lacy knickers in his mouth embroidered with the letters "MI".

The only thing that may save Clinton is the growing awareness among Democrats that if he does go, Al Gore will become President. That means that Newt Gingrich, as Speaker of the House, will be the next in line for the presidency, will be only a heartbeat away from becoming the leader of the free world.

the Wu-Tang Clan from New York to Los Angeles. She works for an LA production company which was making a video to promote the Clan's latest single.

Whenever you take a domestic flight in America you have to show some identification to the airline's check-in staff so that they can make sure the name on your ID coincides with the name on your ticket. Consequently, my friend had to call up all the members of the Wu-Tang Clan and find out what their real names were, so that she could

book their tickets. "Jus" put 'Ol' Dirty Bastard', said the rapper (pictured below) who now goes by the name of Big Baby Jesus.

"But does it say 'Ol' Dirty Bastard' in your passport?" my friend politely inquired.

"Say what, bitch?" replied Ol' Dirty Bastard.

In the end she gave up. It could have been worse. She might have had to book an airline ticket for the squiggle formerly known as the artist formerly known as Prince.



How we told America we'd lost the plot...

LAST WEDNESDAY I went to a party at Saks Fifth Avenue to celebrate what was billed as the "British Invasion Part II". The first part of the British invasion, needless to say, was the one led by Sir Paul McCartney rather than Sir Walter Raleigh, but every single Brit at the party pointed out this ambiguity, thinking that they alone had noticed it.

The real purpose of the event was to publicise a week-long exhibition of British designers at Saks called "London Now", a rather belated attempt to jump on the Cool Britannia bandwagon.

My next-door neighbour, Hutton Swinburne, offered to lend me his Union Jack shirt for the occasion. I initially thought this was a good idea, since it might result in being photographed by all the paparazzi standing outside. I've always wanted to hold my hands up in front of my face and pretend I don't want my photograph taken.)

However, my desire not to look like a wally eventually overcame my desire to see my picture in the paper, and I wore a Richard James shirt instead. This turned out to be a wise decision, since, in the event, I was one of the few Brits present who wasn't wearing a Union Jack shirt.

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—

SHORTLY AFTER Clinton had testified before Ken Starr's Grand Jury, and Zippergate reached a new level of intensity, I met my friend John Mickelthwait, the New York bureau chief of *The Economist*, that Clinton would still be in office at the end of this year. At the time this seemed quite likely so I foolishly gave him odds of 7 to 3. Now that Starr has handed in his report, and Clinton's fellow Democrats have begun to distance themselves from him, the chances of his hanging on beyond the November Congressional elections are more like 50-50.

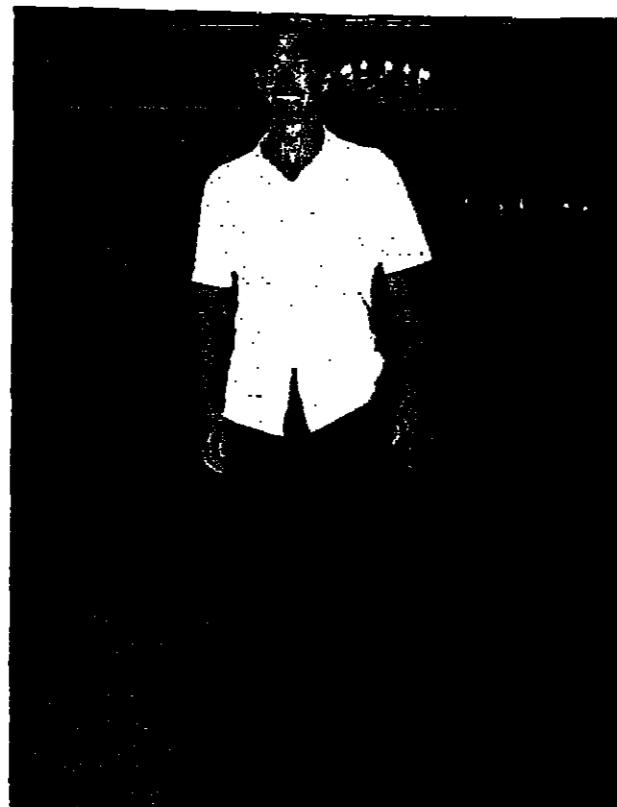
My fears were exacerbated by a trip to my local photocopy shop

8/10/98

A guide to tribal Britain

IF THE Sixties was the "us" generation, the Seventies the "me" generation, and the Eighties the "sod you" generation, the Nineties must be the "who am I?" generation. Fashion tribes have sprung up from the catwalk, dance and music scenes like vegetables on an allotment, and they've been harvested, tinned and labelled by advertising, PR and the media for our consumption. And we're hungry for them. No band is manufactured by a record company, no new drink is launched on the youth market without

copious amounts of market research into which fashion tribe will buy the product. We are all being pigeonholed faster than parcels at a post office and we love it. We pigeonhole each other constantly, and flock to the bars, clubs, shops and restaurants where we will find birds with our own particular feathers. The funny thing is that the cult of the individual has never been so strong. As Calvin Klein says "Just be", but then, he's just catering to Fashion Girl and the Hoxton Bohos. By Cayte Williams



WHITE VAN MAN

Name: Mark, Dave, Chris, John, Barry, Darren, Trevor.
Age: 25-30.
Wears: White Van Man never tucks his shirts in. His Ben Shermans flow freely over his Versace stonewashed jeans. He loves rip-off Ralph Lauren T-shirts and white Reebok Classics. Although White Van Man loves Michael Bolton, you'll never catch him with a mullet. It's always a short number two hairdo for him.
Habitat: Well-heeled White Van Man lives in a detached new house in a Hertfordshire new town. White Van Man loves Stevenage. He loves fitted carpets, heated towel rails, fitted kitchens with fake wood paneling with names like "Tudor glory".
Hangouts: McDonald's with his kids. Any themed pub. He'll cause havoc on the M25 for a session in Chelsea Football Club's Shed Bar. Hits The Hard Rock Café on his birthday. He's never seen out with the wife unless he's shopping in Iceland.
Music: He loves his music like he drives his van - in the middle of the road. Has back catalogues by Jon Bon Jovi, Michael Bolton and Eric Clapton on CD.
Job: Van driver, builder, plumber, delivery man.
Posture: Has "Popeye arm" from constantly leaning out of said white van and shaking his fist at fellow travellers. Luckily, he can often be avoided as his Paco Rabanne aftershave precedes him.
Wheels: White van, Ford Escort, Ford Mondeo.
Idols: Hard men Tony Adams and Vinnie Jones. Cheeky chappy Johnny Vaughan.
Prospects: Ten years inside for GBH.



WALLABEES MAN

Name: Dan, Jez, Rob, Tim, Jamie, Pete.
Age: 19-26.
Wears: Wallabees Man gets his name from the classic casual shoe from Clarks which looks like a Cornish pasty. Which means that Wallabees Man's face matches his shoes. Wallabees were once the favourite of history teachers but are now cool. Kangol hats pulled right down over his eyes, canvas jackets, Diesel jeans. **Habitat:** Originally Wigan but he's migrated south to Brixton, Camberwell and Camden Town. Lives in an all-lads shared house where no one does the washing-up.
Hangouts: Spent the summer festival-hopping Glastonbury and V88 were the Wallabees Man's finest hours. Loves Dog Star and Mass in Brixton where he drinks real ale if nobody's looking and lager if they are. Likes slouching, rolling his own and looking miserable. Chip shops. Anywhere he doesn't have to take his hat off.
Music: The Verve, Ocean Colour Scene, Oasis, Paul Weller.
Job: Works in customer sales at HMV (he's the miserable one who won't fetch anything by All Saints). A&R man for indie label Humanities student and Emts officer. Has own band who aren't very good. At all.
Posture: Slouched. He's got a curved spine and jutting chin from trying to see from under Kangol hat.
Wheels: Ford Anglia. Public transport.
Idols: Richard Ashcroft, Liam Gallagher, Bill & Ben the Flower Pot Men.
Prospects: The new face of Old Holborn. Hat model. Hod carrier.



THRIFT GIRL

Name: Iris, Stella, Rose, Saffron, Daisy, Maisie, Jasmine.
Age: 22-28.
Wears: The entire contents of Portobello Road's second-hand shops in one go. Anything girly and Thirties with a Nineties kick. Petticoats-as-skirts, embroidered cardigans, denim jackets, Lurex floral dresses, Seventies YSL baseball boots. A mess.
Habitat: Notting Hill, Ladbroke Grove, student halls of residence. Rich Thrift Girl loves to dress down. Poor Thrift Girl commutes between squat and mummy's council flat. "Ironic retro" sense of humour means Bay City Rollers posters on the wall, Ker-Plunk on the sideboard and knitted toilet-roll holders in the loo.
Hangouts: The Cow in Portobello where she drinks bottled lager or port & lemon if she's feeling particularly Pre-war Common. The local greasy spoon.
Music: Anything with a girly name, like The Cardigans and The Pixies. Old Top of the Pops compilation albums. Anything she likes the cover of on a second-hand trawl. Thrift Girl never plays records, she just hoards them in an old suitcase in her living room.
Job: Ariston model, muse, bohemian heiress, jeweller, art dabbler, drama student.
Posture: Cute and girly. She's perfected that whimsical Stella McCartney pose with head to one side and imploring kitten eyes.
Wheels: 2CV Citroën (which she's painted with pretty flowers) or studied old banger. Scooter Space Hopper.
Idols: Iris Palmer, Stella McCartney, Sophie Dahl.
Prospects: Marriage to fellow aristo, actress, kleptomaniac.



FASHION GIRL

Name: Angela, Sharon, Kylie, Sarah, Tracy, Victoria.
Age: 18-25.
Wears: Labels, labels, labels. Tight Moschino jeans, D&G vest tops and kitten heels for day, short black D&G dresses. Gucci thigh-split minis and stilettos. Fashion Girl loves accessories and co-ordinates her Gucci shoes, bag, belt and watch to perfection.
Habitat: Essex, Manchester, Leeds and Liverpool suburbs. Setting up for mock-Georgian pad with Mr Right.
Hangouts: Bond Street and Harvey Nichols down South. Flannels, House of Fraser and Harvey Nichols Leeds up North. She loves the Epping Forest Country Club where she drinks Sea Breezes and eyes up footballers. Northern Fashion Girl hangs out at Manchester's Mash bar and The Malmison hotel or anywhere with a posh name like Peruvia and Prague 5.
Music: House & garage, speed garage if she's feeling adventurous. Anything she can dance to with minimal movement. A handbag is for showing off, not for dancing round.
Job: City girls, beauticians (not hairdressers), rich daddy girls.
Posture: She's a high-maintenance girl with a supermodel pose. Fashion Girl emphasises her pedicured feet with a delicate turn of the ankle, enhances her manicure with an engagement ring. Knows exactly how to get in and out of a Porsche.
Wheels: Renault Clio, boyfriend's Porsche.
Idols: Posh Spice down south, Tara Palmer-Tomkinson up north.
Prospects: Shopping-therapy consultant.



HOXTON BOHO

Name: Toby, Damien, Alex, Zoë, Jane, Camilla.
Age: 18-35.
Wears: Combat trousers (would never call them cargo pants - see Middle Youth Woman), hooded tops, Camper trainers, fake London cashmere tops, Flying Elephant zipper pants, gaudy T-shirts made by artist friends.
Habitat: Hoxton Bohos started life in London's East End (they went to The Blue Note in 1996 and have the flyers to prove it but have since spread out to all four corners of the globe. Now you'll find them in Liège in Belgium, Baboon Bar in Milan and Lot 6 in New York. London Hoxton Boho lives in a converted loft in Old Street peppered with designer statements. Inflated fruit bowls, Philipp Starck lemon squeezers and Droog milk-bottle lights compliment all that minimal white space).
Hangouts: The Blue Note (although it's moved to the Angel), 333, Shoreditch Electric Showroom (designed by Hoxton Boho design hero Seng Watson) in Hoxton and The Bricklayers Arms in Shoreditch. Anywhere in the Village, Manchester. You can't keep a good Hoxton Boho away from a converted warehouse. Design shop previews where they drink gin cocktails.
Job: Product designer, artist, potter, small-time artisan, style magazine publisher.
Music: Break Beat, Big Beat, Hip Hop, Rap, Soca, etc. The Chemical Brothers, Jamiroquai (they only admit this on cocaine).
Posture: Hoxton Bohos permanently look like they're sizing up Art. They fold their arms, cock their heads to one side and throw the occasional glance to make sure somebody is watching. Usually no one is.
Wheels: Skateboard (under the arm only and only on Sundays), number 30 bus. Morris Minors.
Icons: Damien Hirst (boys), Natalie Imbruglia (girls).
Prospects: The head designer at Alessi. A model in a *Wallpaper* fashion shoot. Hoxton Bohos want their own show at the Design Museum or at Space in Shoreditch. Sales job at Habitat.



MIDDLE YOUTH WOMAN

Name: Rebecca, Liz, Anna, Caroline.
Age: 35-45.
Wears: Anything safe and expensive which from a distance might look vaguely fashionable. Beige Ralph Lauren cargo pants, Calvin Klein trouser suits, Prada handbags. Deck shoes, Hermès trainers. The cashmere. Anything from Selfridges second floor.
Habitat: Large family house in Queen's Park, two-bedroom flat in Islington, Georgian Terrace in Bath, Old Compton Street with her gay male friends. Likes to think her taste comes from *Wit & Wisdom* when really it's from Red.
Hangouts: Ralph Lauren Bond Street and Selfridges on a Saturday (especially Gordon's Bar on the first floor). Moro's in Islington, 192 in Notting Hill and The Engineer in Primrose Hill where she drinks chilled white wine and anything with a salad. Dining is the new rock'n'roll.
Job: Something in advertising or has her own PR company. Solicitor, arts administrator, doctor, magazine editor.
Music: Capital Radio A-list when sober. Abba when drunk.
Posture: Rushed. Important. Nervous when around Young Youth.
Wheels: Black BMW, Peugeot 205.
Icons: Sharon Stone, Jemima Goldsmith (before she went all Imran), Patsy Kensit (daywear), Cherie Blair.
Prospects: Early retirement. Life membership of The Sanctuary.



FASHION MAN

Name: Christopher, David, Ryan, Michael (Fashion Man never abbreviates his name).
Age: 20-29.
Wears: Prada, Patrick Cox, Paul Smith, Helmut Lang turned-up jeans, tank tops. Northern Fashion Man loves anything from Richard Creme (supplier to Manchester United stars), Bryceland and Yoshi Yamamoto. Southern Fashion Man prefers suits by Copperwheat Blundell, Emporio Armani and Katherine Hamnett.
Habitat: Lives with mum and dad in rich suburbia (see Fashion Girl) or in a male-model mire in Soho. Super-rich Fashion Man has his flat in Primrose Hill. He is pathologically neat. Fashion Man is rather sad.
Hangouts: See Fashion Girl. The Reform Bar opening night in Manchester. Any supermodel haunt like the Met Bar in London.
Job: Model/footballer/whatever. Something in the City. Carphone Warehouse salesman. Shop assistant.
Music: House, speed garage and old soul music, although he'd much rather prop up a trendy hotel bar than drink in a noisy club.
Posture: Self-satisfied and serious yet strangely uncomfortable. A bit of rough in a designer suit.
Wheels: Porsche, black cab.
Icons: Roman Keating, David Beckham.
Prospects: Ridicule. Shop manager. Player-manager.



MANGA BABE

Name: Tina, Juniko, Ingrid, Katrina.
Age: Early teens to mid-twenties.
Wears: Part-Japanese schoolgirl, part-North European trash (see Wigmore), part-overcharged Spice Girl, the Manga Babe wears baby clothes with attitude. She loves the cult Japanese label Superflops (lots of pretty mini-smocks), Hysteric Glamour T-shirts, six-inch platform trainers from Buffalo or Swear. Anything by club label Cyberdog especially ultraviolet reflective skirts and Manga T-shirts. Daniel Poole, Evisu jeans. Manga Babe can't get enough gadgets and usually her two mobile phones (one for international calls), pager, CD Walkman and Sony Playstation all go off at the same time.
Habitat: Lives in a colourful brick-wall squat in Camden Town or Soho. Surrounds herself with lots of Manga graffiti, ultraviolet lights, alien motifs and strange kinetic sculptures made by her friends. Or else it's safe suburbia with mum and dad, but she keeps that quiet.
Hangouts: The Fridge on Friday nights and 414 in Brixton. BTX in Soho. Hair salons like Peppi's in Camden or Children of Vision in Kensington Market to get her dreads done or just to look decorative. The Tokyo Diner and Wagamama's for sushi and noodles. Bus stops, where she can frighten tourists.
Job: Modelling, fashion designer, art student, computer game designer, shop assistant or hairdresser (see Hangout).
Music: Techno and trance. The electronic tunes from her gadgets.
Posture: Bad Girl from Hell. Assumes eye-to-eye contact at the nearest opportunity. Confident stride. Crushes little children under her Buffalos.
Wheels: Tube, in the hope that her gadgets will stall up the Central Line signalling system even more. Roller skates.
Icons: Anything to do with Manga or computer games. Tomb Raider ball-buster Lara Croft, Tank Girl.
Prospects: Virtual reality. A star in her own computer game. Communion with extra-terrestrials.

STARTING ON PAGE 16: NINE PAGES OF MUSIC

THE NEW ALBUMS FROM PULP AND THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS REVIEWED;
BB KING'S JAILHOUSE ROCK REMEMBERED; SIR COLIN DAVIS INTERVIEWED

Public school for scandal

After a teacher was indicted for rape and a pupil died while drunk, the new term sees Millfield school in sombre mood. By Kathy Marks

From the theatre, take the path that skirts the golf course and cross the bridge over the ornamental lake. Turn left, and duck under a canopy of trees to reach Millfield School's pride and joy, an eight-lane Olympic swimming-pool. Meander back up via the running-track and the stables, pausing to admire the sculptures dotted around the periphery of the 1,000-acre grounds.

Millfield, in Somerset, has perhaps the loveliest setting of any public school, and facilities to make a doting father swoon. Add a reputation for sporting excellence and tolerable academic results, and you begin to grasp why parents are prepared to part with nearly £15,000 a year in boarding fees.

This week, though, there was many a furrowed brow among people dropping off their children for the beginning of term. For in recent months an institution that once rejoiced in an impeccable good name has lurched from one damaging scandal to the next. This is, without a doubt, the most difficult period in the school's 53-year history. Beneath the air of cheerful industriousness that greets visitors, there is a profound sense of malaise.

The 1,250 pupils broke up for summer in sombre mood after the death in June of Jennifer Gelardi, a 14-year-old who fell to her death from a dormitory roof. Jennifer, a bright and promising girl, had drunk a litre of vodka with a friend.

As the new headmaster, Peter Johnson, prepared to take over this week, there were hopes that his arrival would lift morale. Little could Mr Johnson have dreamt that his first task, even before term began, would be to issue a statement on the arrest of a music teacher accused of raping a 15-year-old girl.

David Fitzgerald, who was remanded on bail by Frome magistrates, is charged with assaulting the girl in a school flat on the campus a fortnight ago. The case evokes uneasy memories of Paul Hickson, the swimming-coach jailed in 1995 for raping teenage girls before he took up a post at Millfield.

For legal reasons, little more can be said about the allegations. The soul-searching continues about the Gelardi affair though, because although its tragic conclusion was unusual, the events leading up to it were not. The inquest, which recorded a verdict of accidental death, was told that drinking was rife at the school. In one of a spate of unfortunate incidents, a dozen boarders were suspended in 1995 after a late-night binge.

Drugs, too, have become part of the culture at Millfield, which prides itself on attracting the offspring of foreign politicians and royalty, including Boris Yeltsin. At least 10 pupils have been expelled for taking cannabis and LSD at school.

Were the authorities to break their current vow of silence, they would doubtless talk reassuringly of a few bad apples. Speak to parents and teachers and you hear the same refrain: even the best public schools are affected by such problems; Millfield has no more than its fair share.

Millfield, though, is not like most other public schools. Founded in 1935 by Jack Meyer, an eccentric former Somerset cricketer, it is progressive in philosophy and liberal in outlook.

These attributes have persuaded the likes of Sean Connery, Elizabeth Taylor, Charlie Watts, King Hussein of Jordan and Adnan Khashoggi to send their offspring here. Children enjoy an uncommon degree of freedom, being permitted to wander unaccompanied around the local town, Street, after lessons. Boarders - 75 per cent of pupils - can visit pubs at the weekend once they turn 18.

The other difference is the sheer wealth of these teenagers. As they descend on the town at lunch time, they stand out from the locals in their expensively cut clothes. The girls have the elegance and poise of cat-walk models. Adolescents queue

up at cashpoints to withdraw wads of cash, and arrange assignations on mobile phones. As 2pm beckons, they order taxis rather than walk the half mile back up the hill to school.

A former teacher recalls one boy who arrived at Millfield with 30 credit cards with no limit," he says. "If they fancy going on a drinking-spree, money is no object." Emma Wilkinson, who boarded for two years, says: "Money was a massive focus. We're talking new wardrobes of designer clothes every half-term."

Street's proximity to Glastonbury, haunt of hippies and travellers, means that drugs are more easily available than in most small towns. Phil Daysh, licensee of the Street Inn, says Millfield's image as a school for rich kids made it a magnet for dealers. "They could park up outside like an ice-cream van and do a roaring trade," says a lunch-time regular, suppressing a giggle.

Chris Brown, a former day pupil,

is entirely unsurprised by such lurid stories. When he was there, he and his contemporaries would persuade older pupils to buy alcohol for them in Street. They smoked cannabis in the school grounds from the age of 14. "It's such a huge site, and there are plenty of secluded spots for

children to have a shag or a spliff."

"Boss" Meyer, who, legend has it, founded the school after a despondent maharajah friend failed to get his son into Eton, would spin in his grave if he heard all this. His own weakness was gambling. His abrupt departure as headmaster in 1971 followed an unfortunate all-night ses-

sion at the gaming-tables, and a bag of school fees.

Meyer's unorthodox selection methods - some pupils in the early days were admitted if they could catch a cricket ball hurled at them from behind his desk - were part of a mission to nurture a broad spectrum of gifts. The accent on sport has provided Millfield with a roll-call of illustrious alumni - including the Welsh rugby player Gareth Edwards, the Olympic gold medal swimmer Duncan Goodhew and the cricketer Ian Botham. But it has also contributed to the school's reputation as a haven for children of unexceptional intellect. Nick Ashforth, who attended a rival establishment, says: "Millfield was the team that you didn't want to play against, because it meant getting thrashed. It wasn't the place where people sent their academically gifted sons."

Christopher Martin, who retired as head last summer after eight years, tried to shift the emphasis from brawn to brains. But he also

presided over a big expansion in pupil numbers, which some insiders believe helps to explain the wave of teenagers going off the rails.

The school argues that it takes a pragmatic approach to such matters. It offers drug counselling and arranges visits to the campus by police with sniffer dogs. Pupils found with illegal substances are expelled on the spot.

Anne Leaman, whose two daughters attended Millfield, approves. "When we first met the head, he told us: 'Don't think that the school doesn't have a drugs problem, because it does,'" she says. "I was horrified, then I realised that it's no worse than other schools. It just doesn't believe in sweeping things under the carpet."

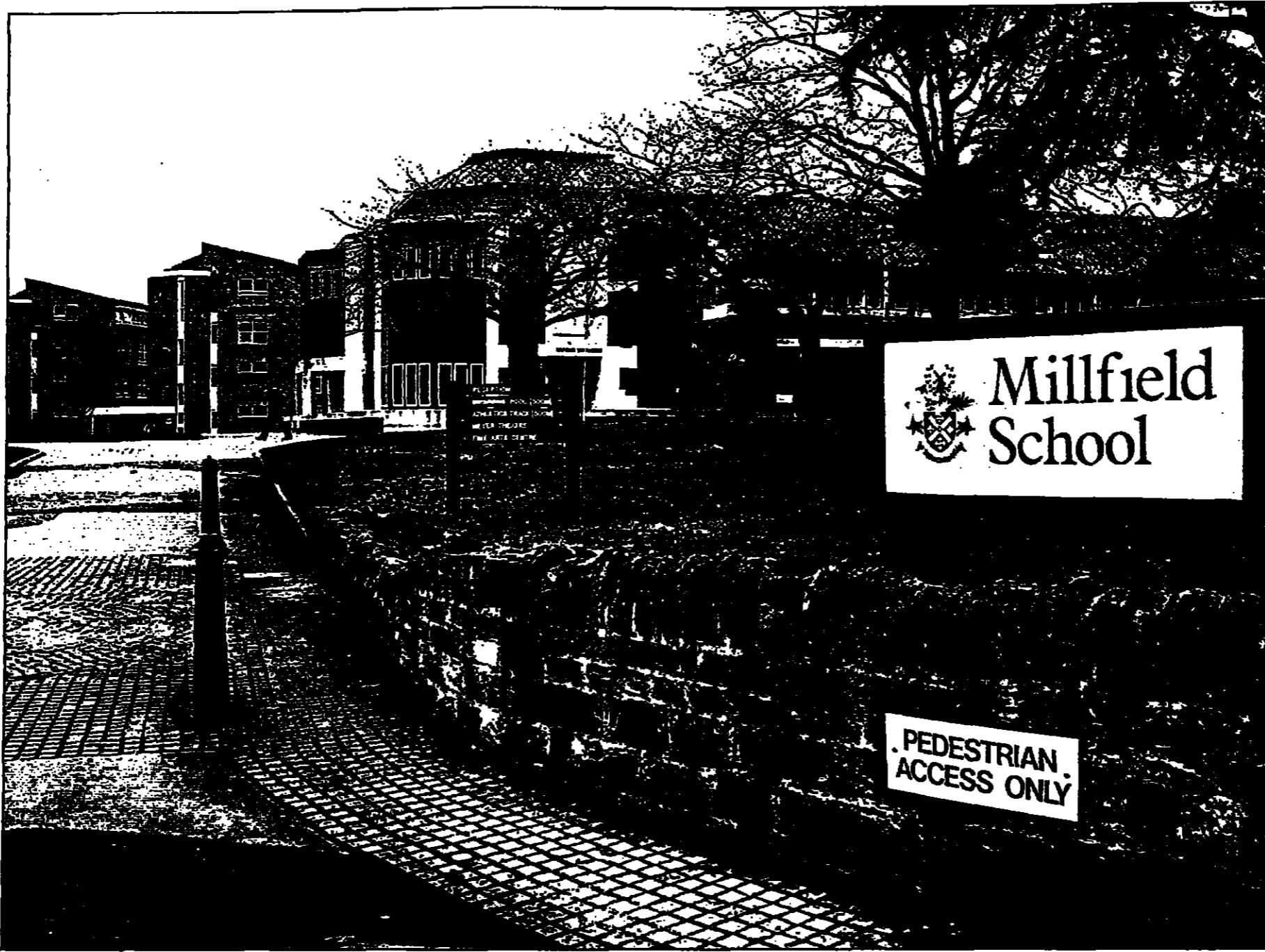
She, together with numerous other parents, says that the pastoral care at Millfield cannot be faulted.

Brian Letts, a criminal barrister who has four children at the school, agrees. "Because of my professional life, I am only too aware of the

problems that drink and drugs pose for young people," he says. "Despite all the recent sad events, I believe that Millfield's modern outlook makes it better able than most schools to equip children to deal with the challenges of the modern world."

In Street, there is a scant sympathy for Millfield's plight. Residents are ambivalent towards it. They recognise its importance to the local economy but resent its privileged pupils and fabulous facilities, beyond the wildest dreams of comprehensives in Street and Glastonbury.

Millfield is proud of its famous old boys and girls and circulates a list of them, with their occupations; whatever bad habits pupils pick up at school, they can look forward to networking when they leave. There are advantages to rubbing shoulders with children who bring their ponies to school, and whose parents turn up at open days in private hell-keepers. Millfield, it goes without saying, has its own helpers.



Main photograph: Nick Ray

A school struggling to rescue its impeccable good name; right, from top, teacher David Fitzgerald, indicted for rape; ex-pupils Ian Botham and James Hewitt

My mother first came hopping in 1897," says Ada, a tough East Endger in her late seventies. "Last year they had a celebration of our hundred years on the hop, with cakes and everything."

Her husband Wally, a fierce former lorry-driver with a bristling moustache, continues: "Everyone would set off in pony traps; whole families would turn up for the harvest. Everyone lived in tents, or slept on straw in the pokes. They were real hoppers, not like this bunch."

By "this bunch" Wally is referring to the assorted characters who still descend on rural Kent each year to pick hops for a few weeks, in exchange for free accommodation and cash in hand. Workers have been coming to pick hops in Kent for centuries, traditionally from London's East End but now from all over the world. Yet still, among all the New Age travellers and foreign exchange students, there are many working-class Londoners for whom the annual pilgrimage is a paid holiday away from the inner city. There is plenty of work both in the fields, driving tractors, and in the sheds.

I am employed as a hanger, working in the shed hooking the long, thick hop stems to a conveyor belt which constantly feeds into a huge shredder. The hops are small, round pods attached to a thick, sinewy stem that is rough on the hands and highly irritating to the skin. For many, the smells emanating from the hops are overpowering, and it isn't hard to imagine how tough the work must have been before the days of tractors and conveyor-belts.

The hops on the belt come around fast, and every time you miss one or the stem falls out on to the floor, Wally bellows his wrath into your ear like Alf Garnett.

"Don't mind old Wally," says Roy, a humorous Dubliner in his thirties. "His bark is worse than his bite." Un-

Let's go to the hops, everybody

It used to be a working summer holiday for impoverished Eastenders. But a determined bunch of assorted characters still descends on Kent every September to pick hops. By Mark Piggott



Hop-picking holidays: "In the old days, it was like a big happy picnic."

Andrew Buurman

brightly, "but I had no money so I came here to work. Anyway, you get to meet real English people, not only students. Everyone is very friendly; I like it here very much."

Pay on this particular farm is good, at £4 an hour - the rate set down by the farm unions and Min-

istry for Agriculture, Farming and Fisheries (Maff). But, says the farm manager, Pat Goode, "competition from other farms is slowly forcing us out of business. Some of the northern farms up around Lincolnshire and East Anglia pay less than two quid an hour, mainly to loc-

als on the dole and illegal immigrants who can't complain. We've already had to stop growing cauliflower and other vegetables. We just can't compete. Hops are still profitable, as they goes mainly into brewing, and this weekend we're sending samples to America, but

they're only harvested for three weeks in the year."

Although the business may have shrunk from Wally and Ada's day, there are still huge fields of hops, 15-ft stems in long, straight rows with names like Puggles, Goldings and Challenger all around this idyllic corner of Kent. Increased mechanisation and stricter employment laws mean that there are fewer families now, and children have to be content to play in the empty fields.

"I've been coming down to Faversham for over 50 years," reminisces Ada. "We've brought our kids and grandkids down. It used to be a kind of paid holiday, but now we come here more to see our friends than anything else."

"In the old days, all the kids would be singing in the rows; it was like a big happy picnic. You got paid a lump sum on what you'd picked. Later, when work was over, we'd all sit round the camp fire telling stories. We'd sing hymns; that was lovely. And in the pub up the village there'd be hundreds of us round the old piano, singing and having a good laugh."

The conviviality of the farm is striking to the outsider. There are about 30 staying in the barn, in tents and camper vans, and a somewhat drab row of rooms in a prefab outside on which hangs a sign saying "Bangs-hop Hilton". Part of the community feeling is due to the fact that so many return here year after year. But the majority of hop work-

ers are locals (whose accents are sometimes completely impenetrable) and east Londoners. In the village pubs each evening (now only two of them), city slickers and country cousins enjoy a mutual respect and understanding. Over the years, a number of relationships have sparked between the two tribes, some of which have resulted in marriage. It isn't long before Helen from Romford is trying to fix me up with a local girl called Jeanette.

"You could do a lot worse," says Helen, "she's a well-built girl."

Helen, now 47, has been coming down to Kent on and off since she was three months old. "Traditionally it's the women and kids who come down; the men all come straight from work on a Friday night for their 'marital dues'." Helen's husband Ted, a mild-mannered double-glazing manufacturer from Chelmsford, grins as he sips his bitter. "He comes down more for the beer than for me," says Helen.

In a brave attempt to fan the flames of romance, Helen has managed to borrow a hot dog van from a friend in the village for a Saturday night barbecue. Saturday is the highlight of the week: we rise at 6am for a 6.45am start and Matt and Adam's breakfast consists of a straight whisky. You finish at 12, have a hot shower in the somewhat dilapidated toilets, and wait for your wages and the beer man. Pat, the farm manager, duly arrives with pay packets for all the workers.

The beer man is next, arriving with crates of lager straight off the ferry and extremely cheap. This year there is simply too much work to do. The tradition of migrant labour is an ancient one in the Garden of England, that part of the nation which Le Shuttle seems to bypass in time as well as space, and as long as you are away from the village by the end of September, you will be welcomed back with open arms next year.

Houston, we have a result

When scientists lost contact with a solar observatory spaceship, it looked like disaster. But then they received a call. By Alexander Helleman

Disaster struck at a point somewhere between the Sun and the Earth where objects are pulled with equal gravitational force by the two celestial bodies. It was Wednesday 25 June when engineers at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, lost radio contact with the most powerful astronomical instrument designed to study the Sun. For weeks the Solar Heliospheric Observatory (Soho) drifted aimlessly in space until, out of the blue in early August, it started sending brief radio signals back to Earth. Now the mission impossible is to fully revive the satellite that was once written off.

Last week, the investigation into what went wrong concluded that the prospects look good. The joint investigation board of the American National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the European Space Agency found that there were at least no "on-board anomalies" but rather "a number of ground errors" which led to the satellite spinning out of its carefully allotted position between the Earth and Sun.

Radar signals sent from Earth pinpointed Soho's position and found that it was spinning at a rate of about one revolution per minute. This rotation prevented the solar panels recharging the spacecraft's dead batteries but now engineers are hoping to regain control by slowly bringing life back to the frozen satellite. "It is now in reach to get it back," says Bernard Fleck, ESA's Deputy Project Scientist for Soho at the Goddard Space Flight Center.

Before the mishap, solar scientists had already heralded Soho a resounding success. "We collected a lot of data, and very good data," says Russell Howard at the US Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, and the principal investigator of an American instrument designed to take images of the solar corona — the superheated halo surrounding the Sun. "All the instruments were working well."

Built by the French-British company Matra Marconi Space, the craft was launched in December 1995 and was placed in a solar orbit at a point about a million miles away, where the gravity of the Sun and Earth cancel each other out.

During the past two-and-a-half years, its 11 instruments have harvested an impressive amount of information. Cambridge University's Douglas Gough says that in the two years Soho was operational, he and his colleagues managed to get a much more precise idea of both the structure and the rotation of the Sun — it rotates at different speeds depending how far you are from the solar equator.

Among the most important observations concern the coronal mass ejections — huge clouds of ionised gas ejected from the solar atmosphere and hurled over vast distances into space. In the past they have been observed only from Earth, but the instruments aboard Soho have made it possible to study the clouds as they head towards Earth — which takes them about 80 hours to reach. Because these masses of electrically charged gases carry magnetic fields, they cause "magnetic storms" in the Earth's magnetosphere, disrupting radio communications and interfering with electrical power supplies.

Several of Soho's instruments are able to detect vibrations of the solar surface, in analogy with the study of vibrations of the Earth's crust, the study of solar vibrations is called solar seismology. Just like a bell, the Sun "rings" at several pitches simultaneously. Unlike the smaller planets in our solar system, the Sun lacks a perfectly defined surface. "It is practically a perfect gas that simply becomes more dense as you go down," explains Richard Bogart, an astronomer at Stanford University in California.

The hot masses of gas in the outer layers of the Sun constantly move up and down like boiling water in a tea kettle — a process called convection.

This convective movement causes the Sun to vibrate constantly. Several of the instruments on board Soho are able to detect the oscillations of the hot gasses on the Sun by looking at how the light emitted by these gasses changes in frequency while they are moving, just like the pitch of the horn of a passing train changes — a phenomenon known as the Doppler effect.

As the Earth's seismic waves tell us about its interior, so do the seismic waves on the Sun tell astronomers about what is going on

inside our own star. These waves are called pressure waves or p-waves and they travel through the Sun just like sound waves, but have much lower periods than the sound waves we are used to: the periods of the different detected vibration are in the range of several minutes. The study of the p-waves has revealed a complex array of motion in the outer solar layers: the Sun rotates at different speeds, and huge flows of gas stream under the visible solar surface.

With Soho's instruments, astronomers also discovered how huge flares, eruptions in the solar atmosphere mainly visible at X-ray wavelengths, cause quakes on the Sun. Such a flare is caused by disturbances in the solar magnetic field, whereby vast numbers of electrons are accelerated downwards from the solar atmosphere. As these electrons hit the solar surface they cause seismic waves that propagate over the solar surface "like ripples from a pebble thrown in a pond", says Valentina Zharkova of Glasgow University, one of the astronomers

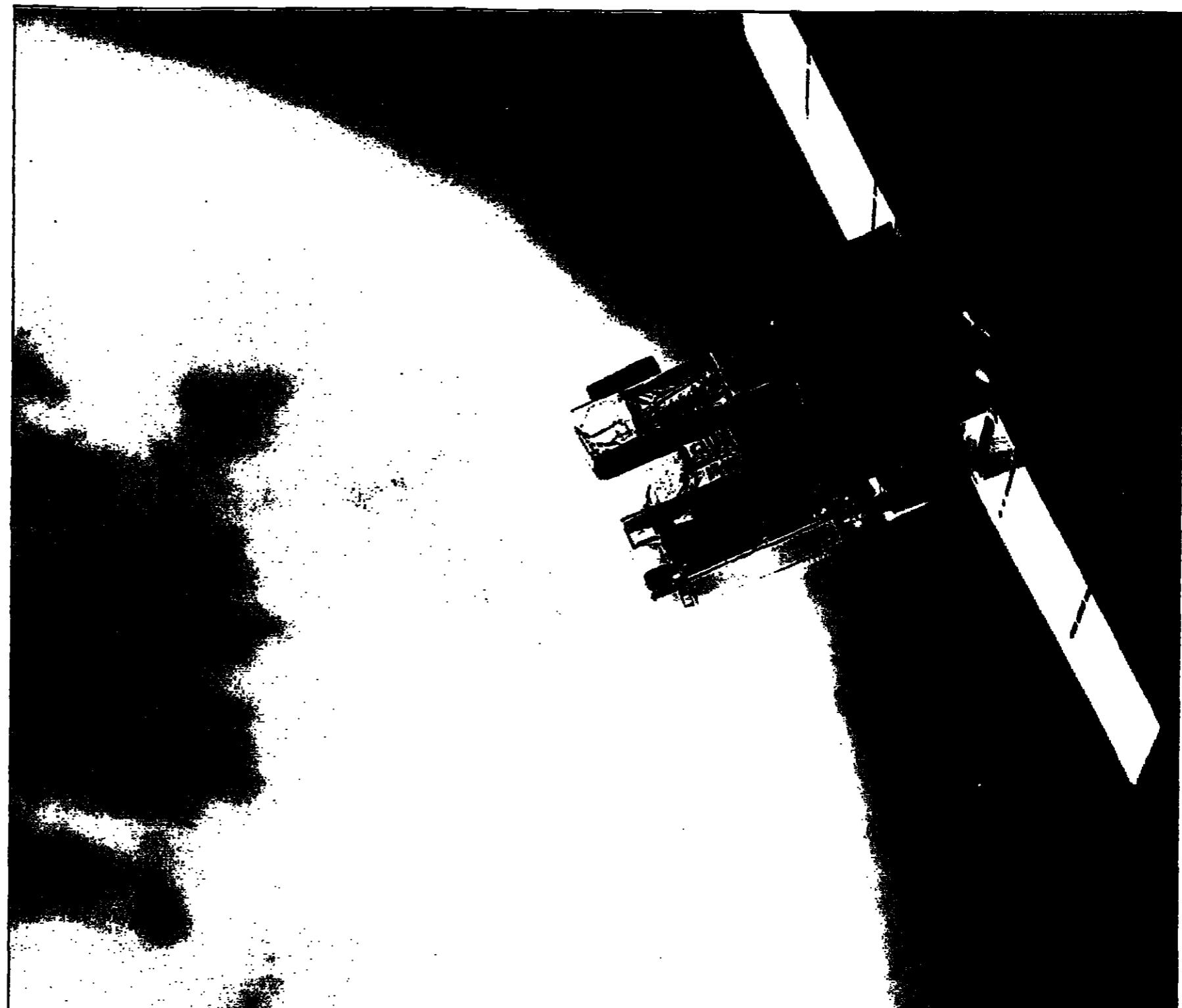
who observed such a large x-ray flare in 1996. Soho has also allowed astronauts to observe comets striking the Sun, and hopes were high that Soho would observe ripples caused by their impact.

The loss of the spacecraft would be an even bigger disappointment for the solar astronomers because the observations period of two years that was originally planned was ex-

ceeded by the firing of hydrazine thrusters that also control the orientation of the craft. The investigation board confirmed that during the last maintenance session, a wrongly programmed sequence caused the loss of control of the spacecraft. However, its report also points out that several other factors — such as the display of housekeeping data that is "not user-friendly", and the overburdening of staff during the maintenance operation — contributed to the mishap.

Fleck expects that the thawing of the pipes can take up to two weeks because a quick thawing may cause the pipes to burst due to the expansion of the hydrazine. The next steps are the testing of the gyros that control the craft's position. Then the spin of the spacecraft will be slowed down in an attempt to point it back to the Sun, where its solar panels will receive their full complement of sunshine. However, none of the 11 solar instruments have yet been tested and Fleck acknowledges that this month will be crucial to future of Soho. "We aren't home yet, but a couple of miracles happened in the last few weeks."

Science Photo Library



An artist's impression of Soho: the craft's rotation is preventing its solar panels from recharging its dead batteries

Hope of recovery has increased dramatically since contact was established

tended until 2003. This would have made it possible for the spacecraft to study the Sun when it goes through the maximum activity of the 11-year solar cycle. At this point, the number of sunspots reaches a maximum and the Sun's magnetic field goes into reverse. "We wanted to find

out how the structure was going to change through the solar cycle," says Gough, who is co-investigator on three instruments that detect solar vibrations. "We are really interested in being able to observe the huge expulsions of plasma as the Sun picks up in activity," said Howard. If Soho cannot be revived, scientists will lose the opportunity to redesign their research in response to what has been found out to date. "We planned on doing different things that we never even planned on doing. That is where the real discovery starts," said Gough.

A post-mortem into the disaster found that contact was lost because of errors in pre-programmed command sequences during maintenance operations, whereby the spacecraft, instead of remaining pointed at the Sun, entered a slow spin. Flywheels control the spacecraft's orientation and they gradually spin faster during attitude corrections and so need to be slowed down at regular intervals. This is done in a controlled fashion during maintenance sessions whereby the slow down of the flywheels is

compensated by the firing of hydrazine thrusters that also control the orientation of the craft. The investigation board confirmed that during the last maintenance session, a wrongly programmed sequence caused the loss of control of the spacecraft. However, its report also points out that several other factors — such as the display of housekeeping data that is "not user-friendly", and the overburdening of staff during the maintenance operation — contributed to the mishap.

The hope of recovering the space-

craft has increased dramatically since first contact was established on 3 August. "So far the recovery went fairly smoothly," Fleck said. The major problem was that because of its slow spin, about one revolution per minute, the solar panels were not operating at full capacity and the batteries became discharged. The solar panels now deliver about 10 per cent of their capacity because the craft is in a more advantageous position in its orbit around the Sun than two months ago.

Now the housekeeping opera-

tions are working continuously; but before the spacecraft can be taken out of its spin, the hydrazine in the main tank and the pipes leading towards the thrusters have to be unfrozen with electric heating elements. "We completed the thawing of the hydrazine tank," said Fleck. "We are now heating the pipes that connect the hydrazine tank to the thrusters outside."

Fleck expects that the thawing of the pipes can take up to two weeks because a quick thawing may cause the pipes to burst due to the expansion of the hydrazine. The next steps are the testing of the gyros that control the craft's position. Then the spin of the spacecraft will be slowed down in an attempt to point it back to the Sun, where its solar panels will receive their full complement of sunshine. However, none of the 11 solar instruments have yet been tested and Fleck acknowledges that this month will be crucial to future of Soho. "We aren't home yet, but a couple of miracles happened in the last few weeks."

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miracles happened in the last few weeks."

TECHNOQUEST

Q: Why does static electricity affect water? Everything is made up of atoms. But atoms aren't the smallest things in the world. There's a central bit called the nucleus and around that are lots of "electrons". An atom is a bit like a small solar system.

Static electricity is to do with electrons. Atoms usually have an equal number of electrons (which are negative) and protons (which are in the nucleus of the atom and are positive). So the electrons balance out the protons. This means the atom has no "charge" — it's balanced.

But you can remove electrons from an atom which means you've either got too many or too few electrons making atoms negative or positive. And just like opposite ends of magnets attract each other, so do opposite atoms. A negative atom will attract a positive one.

When you rub a comb or plastic ruler, you're taking electrons away from the atoms in the comb. So the comb becomes positive.

Water is a special material. Most things are balanced — with equal numbers of electrons and protons, so they wouldn't be attracted to the comb. But water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen. When these atoms join together, they share their electrons. This is often how things join together, by sharing electrons.

But they don't share them equally. The oxygen atom likes electrons more than the

hydrogen atom so takes more than its fair share of electrons. This means the oxygen is slightly more negative than the hydrogen. So the comb will attract the oxygen and pull the rest of the water with it.

Q: Life, the universe and everything. The answer is 42, isn't it? Yes — maybe! A recent report from some early results from a radio experiment in Cambridge to measure small temperature fluctuations in the cosmic microwave background (the heat left over from the big bang) suggests one of the answers to a puzzling question is 42.

The small fluctuations they observed are caused by very large clusters of galaxies as they are first forming. From the information gleaned it is

possible to interpret the time it takes for such large things to form in terms of models of the formation of structure in the Universe. The group

discovered one such cluster, the analysis of which produced a very uncertain value of the Hubble constant which is 42. However the uncertainty is very large. Correctly calculating what Hubble's constant is, is one of the bugbears of modern astronomy. The current consensus is somewhere close to 60.

You can visit the Technoquest World Wide Web site at <http://www.science.net.org.uk> and answers provided by Dial-a-Scientist on 0345 600444.

TEN OR more different genes could contribute to each individual's risk of developing schizophrenia, says Peter McGuire, of the University of

THE TRUTH ABOUT... AMBER

AMBER HAS been admired for its golden hues since time immemorial. It is only in recent years, however, that the wider public has become aware of its unique fossil-preserving features, thanks to Hollywood's Jurassic Park, which depicted the fictional extraction of dinosaur DNA from a mosquito trapped and preserved in amber for millions of years.

The decorative qualities of amber have made it a sought-after substance since at least the Bronze Age. Scientists also look upon it as a source of information about the distant past. Although no one has so far extracted dinosaur DNA from an amber-trapped insect, biologists have nevertheless been able to discover intriguing insights into early evolutionary history as a result of studying the imprisoned and often extinct life forms trapped in the fossilised tree resin.

Certain trees exude sticky resin to protect their vulnerable bark against attack. The resin gums up the jaws of tree-eating insects and its antiseptic properties help to kill invading bacteria and fungi.

When bark exudes its resin the sticky blobs can engulf anything that land on, including insects, spiders, flowers, seeds and even small lizards. Its antiseptic nature and lack of water help to prevent the organisms from decaying straightforwardly. As the volatile components of the resin evaporate, the sticky exudate begins to amberise and dry out, enhancing its preservative qualities.

The organic molecules of the resin form bonds to make bigger molecules in a process known as polymerisation, which is similar to the chemical reactions resulting in the formation of plastics. Hardened resin, known as copal, gets incorporated into soil and rock and remains around long after the tree

dies. Amberisation — when fossilisation is complete — takes a further 2 to 10 million years. The result is a completely inert substance, which can survive intact for hundreds of millions of years.

Dominican amber is the best preservative. The extraction of DNA from amber-trapped insects was first reported in 1992, when scientists claimed to have recovered small stretches of genetic material from a bee in amber.

However Andrew Ross, curator of fossil arthropods at the Natural History Museum in London, who has just failed to repeat the DNA-extraction experiments, which casts doubt on whether the DNA really was from an ancient insect, or whether it was the result of laboratory contamination.

As for the idea of ever extracting dinosaur DNA from a trapped mos-

quito, Dr Ross is even more sceptical. "Even if DNA could be extracted from insects in amber, a real-life Jurassic Park is not possible. There are many reasons why such a venture will remain fiction. First, there are no known insect-bearing Jurassic ambers. Second, contrary to

popular belief, mosquitoes are extremely rare in amber."

Steven Spielberg, please note.

'Amber: The Natural Time Capsule', published by the Natural History Museum, £7.95

STEVE CONNOR

UPDATE

BEING AGAINST genetic engineering would be "like being against the steam engine in the last century," according to Professor Stephen Hawking, the renowned Cambridge physicist. In a statement issued yesterday he said that "what I want is a recognition of the possible dangers and proper controls. The potential benefits are so great, it's not good trying to outlaw it."

Wales in Cardiff. "The population risk is 1 per cent, but if you have relatives who have schizophrenia then it changes that risk," he explained this week at the British Association. "There could be 10 or more genes and it may not always be the same ones in different people." However, population studies do show that the root cause of the illness is genetic, rather than simply environmental.

proved to be a useful natural broker in many countries in negotiations of power between ethnic groups," said Dr David Graddol, of the Open University. "Chinese, by contrast, doesn't look as if it's about to take over as a global lingua franca." Yet, while in 1950 9 per cent of the world population spoke English as their first language, by 2050 that will decrease to 5 per cent — the same as for Spanish, and the Indian and Arabic languages.

August's total solar eclipse, the first to be visible in the UK since 1927. But scientists this week launched a safety campaign to encourage people not to try to view the eclipse directly, and instead to view the sun's image projected onto a surface. People are also being encouraged not to go as far as Cornwall: the "totality" will occur in Devon, too, said John Parkinson, of the UK Eclipse co-ordinating group.

Things to do with a turkey baster

Liz Lochhead's latest hit play is not autobiographical. But then again she likes to write about evacuees, Dracula and kitchen utensils. By Sue Wilson

ENNY JOSEPH'S famous pean to disgraceful ageing - "When I am old shall wear purple" - is only the best-known articulation of the subversive freedoms many women find themselves enjoying later in life. Having reached the point where they may not be past it - even if a youth-obessed world might beg to differ - they are certainly past caring what the world thinks.

So it is, perhaps, that 51-year-old Scottish playwright and poet Liz Lochhead can come out with statements such as, "I think people go to the theatre to see the truth", quite needless of the outrage she's committing against received post-Modest wisdom.

Lochhead's salty disdain for the modish (a word she uses several times to illustrate everything she and her work aren't) has the force of fresh indication behind it, given the thoroughlygoing success of her Edinburgh fringe hit *Perfect Days*, a sellout traverse run, a Fringe First, a London transfer in the offing and a Channel 4 film deal.

There is irony here, certainly in her subtitle "A Romantic Comedy" - an epithet usually reserved these days for cutesy American date movies starring Meg Ryan or Jennifer Aniston. The play is about a 39-year-old Glaswegian hairdresser and local TV celebrity, Barb Marhall, attempting to embark on singlehood with the help of her male best friend and a turkey baster. (No, says Lochhead, there's no autobiographical subtext: "I had to go out and buy a turkey baster to see what one looked like, and I'd rather have a bad plate of wheels than a baby.")

There is real subversion, too, beneath the play's traditional staging and narrative structure, not least in its depiction of the choices open to women of Barb's age and circumstances: single, self-made, financially secure, worldly-wise and sexually assured. While she might initially be seen as hemmed in, either by liberated by the inexorable ticking of her biological clock, Lochhead's treatment of her response to the situation has elicited

its share - though emphatically a minority one - of male disapproval, the kind that generally ill-conceals defensive unease.

"A few critics went on about her making these cold, 'clinical' decisions, or that she hadn't thought through the implications of her behaviour, or I'd avoided the moral issues. I was partly interested in the moralities of having a baby on your own, but in the context that the notion itself actually isn't any major skin off Barb's nose in moral terms, not these days."



Liz Lochhead: A salty disdain for the 'modish'

"The taboos she's broaching are deeper ones, unwritten ones, to do with her exercising autonomous choices, or her right to be a mother - whether she's entitled to demand that right, given that she can. As I see it, the way she goes about it is simply the solution this particular loving couple - her and her gay pal, Brendan - arrive at, out of the various options that are open to them."

Perfect Days looks set to mark a breakthrough for Lochhead, in terms of bringing her blend of pungent colloquial humour and penetrating emotional insight before a wider audience. She has long had both critical respect and popular affection within Scotland, where she's known both for her poetry (plus her still at performing it, and her plays,

- *Blood and Ice*, *Mary Queen of Scots Had Her Head Chopped Off*,

Jock Tamson's Bairns - or her adaptations of classics into Scots, such as *Turkfe* and *Dracula*. Despite this, her work has only had one major outing in London when *Mary Queen of Scots*... transferred to the Donmar Warehouse, but not before she'd resisted suggestions that she "tone down" its broad vernacular idiom in deference to tender southern ears.

While in a post-Trainspotting world such crassness is mercifully less common, Lochhead remains conscious of the expectations metropolitan commentators often harbour towards Scottish work. "There is almost this attitude now, of what's the point of these people being Scottish if they're not going to do drugs and stuff," she says. "It's like, if they're just going to be middle-class like us, why do they need a Scottish accent?"

Another instance of such perceptions is the accusation that Scottish playwrights, in the light of the impending Scottish parliament, are currently neglecting their duty by failing to write on "political" subjects. Quite apart from the presumption implicit in dictating to anyone what they "should" be writing about, Lochhead argues that the charge suggests an extremely narrow and outdated definition of political drama.

"I'd like to know what these people think politics is," she says. "Because for me it's about how people live their lives. *Perfect Days*, for example, is all about families. What does family mean? The new kinds of families people are creating, how they compare with the old ones - I mean, political issues don't actually come much hotter just now. It's like the critics who said the play was just a bit of froth, or that it was all terribly clichéd. Since when have birth and love and mortality, the very stuff of life itself, been frothy or frivolous subjects? Just because a situation might be clichéd, like the fact that for women of Barb's age it really is now or never when it comes to having a child, doesn't mean it goes away or gets resolved. By writing about clichés and truisms, you're not going to change them, but you can examine them and maybe give people



'Perfect Days', Liz Lochhead's play about a woman trying to have a baby with inappropriate tools

Geraint Lewis

ple a moment's freedom from their strictures, as they observe them operating on somebody else."

Not content with one major premiere within a month, Lochhead has a second new play opening at Edinburgh's Royal Lyceum this week, barely leaving herself time to recover from *Perfect Days'* last-night party. Strictly speaking, *Britannia Rules* is the completion of an earlier project, *Shanghaied*, a tale of Second World War evacuees from Clydebank, originally aimed mainly at younger audiences. The finished version features this existing piece, some-

what rewritten, followed by a brand-new second half set on Coronation Day, examining the intervening years' impact on the characters.

"It's very different from *Perfect Days*," Lochhead says. "It's not plot-driven in the same way, but more in the sort of Chekhov mode. Watching people hurt each other by accident, by what they say, or by not listening - and also helping each other quite movingly at moments. It's about the heroism of ordinary people, I suppose - but people who are often hiding their emotions from each other. The trick is to show, in

just brief glimpses, how these characters really feel. Mostly they try to act as well as they can, like we all do, but their true selves or feelings are often revealed in those moments when they're turned away from everyone else."

Which brings us back to that tendentious assertion about theatre's responsibility to deliver "the truth". It's an outcome Lochhead sees as emerging ideally, from the contract between audience, writer and company, achieved through an interplay of affirmation and revelation. "I think people want to see something about

their lives being explained, I know I do," she says. "When the truthfulness of people's lives is shared with other people, through fiction or drama, they're able to empathise or understand each other that bit more. They can witness these moments of unguarded or private feeling. They can recognise elements of themselves in these characters' experiences and through that maybe see, or even laugh at things which they couldn't in real life."

Britannia Rules, Royal Lyceum, until 3 Oct, box office 0131-248 4848

TAKE A FRIEND TO THE OPERA



Warner Home Video have finally released the last three volumes of Friends Series 4, now available to buy from Warner Home Video. Who would have guessed that when Ross took Emily on their first date to the opera they would have ended up at the altar? To celebrate, two lucky winners will have the good fortune to take their date to the opera, as well as receiving the entire set of Friends on video, nearly 50 hours of laughs courtesy of Warner Home Video. The prize package includes travel and overnight accommodation in London.

15 runners up will win a complete set of Friends Series 4.

All you have to do to enter this competition is dial the number below, answer the following question on the line and leave your name, full address and contact number:

Q. Which of the following British celebrities did NOT appear in the Fourth Series of Friends?

- 1) Richard Branson
- 2) Jennifer Saunders
- 3) Sarah, Duchess of York
- 4) Tim Henman

Call: 0930 526237

Calls cost 50p per minute and should last no longer than two minutes. Winners of the Warner Home Video promotion will be picked at random. Closing date for entries is 30 September 1998. Usual independent newspaper rules apply. Editor's decision is final.

Rigg stirs audience with guilty desire

THEATRE

PHÈdre

ALBERY THEATRE, LONDON

THE FLAME-COLOURED wig is a bit of a mistake - it's cut too reminiscent of the one modelled so heroically by Fenella Fielding for the past 30 years. But there is not much else wrong with Diana Rigg's portrayal of Racine's *Phèdre*, the woman with a fatal passion for her upright stepson.

From the moment she enters Jonathan Kent's powerful production - shielding her eyes from the prying sunlight and feeling her way along the wall as though half dead with mortification - she delivers a deeply unsettling study of a woman consumed with shame, passion and illicit desire.

It is not often that you get two high-profile interpretations of this great work opening within a week and Kent's production provides great contrast to Luc Bondy's, which was performed last week at the Edinburgh Festival.

Bondy gave the play a tranquil, austere beauty in marine setting, as if to emphasise that tragedy is not fussy about where it strikes.

But in the oppressive, steeply raked gallery where Kent's *Phèdre* takes place, an ominous note is struck from the outset by a statue of Venus - the goddess who has victimised the female line in *Phèdre*'s family - which presides over the proceedings and is spookily



Power and the passion: Toby Stephens, Diana Rigg and Barbara Jefford in *Phèdre*

light at last/Can resume its purity unspoiled".

Having hidden under veils, she is now seeing her tragedy through to the end.

As Hippolytus, the young object of her infatuation, Toby Stephens is much better than his pretty-boy counterpart in the see-through shirt in Bondy's production.

Rigg delivers a deeply unsettling study of a woman consumed with shame, passion and illicit desire

illuminated in the black-outs between acts.

Rigg has always excelled at playing women who refuse to take refuge in illusions about themselves and *Phèdre* is, of all heroines, the one who is most remorselessly eloquent on the subject of her own guiltiness.

The best moment in Rigg's performance comes in the scene where *Phèdre* receives the hardest blow of all - the news that her stepson is not doctrinally indifferent to all women, but has finally fallen in love with someone else.

The most stunning moment in the production comes when her confidante (Barbara Jefford) tries to comfort her by pointing out that there would be no future in the stepson's love for the young woman. "Yes, but their love exists. It exists," exclaims Rigg, giving these few simple words a terrible weight of wonder, hurt and dismay.

In the last scene, Freville crawled on her belly like an exhausted serpent and died abruptly, face down in a heap of sand.

Rigg's *Phèdre*, having confessed all to her husband Theseus (Julian Glover), dies sitting upright and staring directly at the sun, even as she declares, in Ted Hughes's tough, unrhyming avalanche of a translation: "Now the sun's

"A single surge has swept me from myself," cries this character, whom love has suddenly turned from a righteous prude to an ill-at-ease romantic. Stephens makes the cack-handed intensity of his overtures to Aricia (Joanna Roth) almost touchingly comic. In his triumphantly *Boys' Own* upper-class accent and in the affected manliness of his poses, he also reveals a youth who seems to have spent his life compensating for an absent father who is a legendary, womanising hero.

It is an impressive production which whets the appetite for the company's version of Racine's *Britannicus*, which opens in late October.

PAUL TAYLOR

The trick is to think small

Nick Grimshaw thinks details are important, and his approach has proved a big hit on buildings in cities around the world. His latest exhibition gives an insight into the tools and processes that make fine, and functional, designs. By Nonie Niesewand

Just as you thought Britain didn't make anything any more, two exhibitions have opened in London to show the world that industrial design is crucial to new British architecture. Architects are jaded at the hip - and the roof hip industrial designers who customise their buildings with factory components.

The recently appointed professor of industrial design at the RCA, Ron Arad, looks to the aircraft industry to turn moulds his architectural furniture, fireplaces, and pod-like boxes in an exhibition entitled *Ron Arad And At Fusion* in the Victorian pumping-station at Wapping. Nick Grimshaw shows us the nuts and bolts of his buildings. He chose the le because, as simply as "le week-end", fusion means the same thing in several European languages. It also represents the seamless union between architecture and industrial design.

"The aim of this exhibition is to encourage people to look at the details of a building. The details count," Nick Grimshaw believes. "Bland and unsatisfying buildings leave you with the feeling that the architect has just walked away. It isn't really a question of money. It's the need to understand the way that things are made."

God in the details, as Mies van der Rohe once piously observed. In his buttoned-up British way, Nick Grimshaw agrees. "People don't realise yet it is that they like about a building, but they do get joy from details; somehow, that message gets across. They like the feeling of it. It's a very subtle thing."

In a Grimshaw glass box, the details have work a lot harder than mere accents. They are the entire building, the running water that cloaked a glass facade of the British Pavilion at Expo '92 in Seville, the canvassails draped along the wrap-around glass on the Western Morning News building in Plymouth, even the tarpaulins that shroud the passenger platforms at strategic points along the Eurostar Terminus at Waterloo, do not hide the fact that the bits below the glass, like sinew and muscle, hold the skin. It's unforgiving. The engineer Frank Newbould cruelly described hi-tech as "the le of tortured structure for decorative purposes". There is nothing tortured - or decorative - about the many little trusses, clips, joists, clamps and tucks. Captain Queeg would have had difficulty fitting them in his pocket, yet the skeleton supports of every Grimshaw building are surprisingly small.

Britain's best-known hi-tech architect hates the label - "It's so American" - almost as much as its fashionable replacement, eco-tech. His Western Morning News building illustrates his cover of Eco Tech by Catherine Slessor, who argues that "a new generation of buildings expands the vocab and evolves an architecture with different aims, the most significant of which is sustainable architecture".

Going green is at the heart and



Above: Nick Grimshaw with door handles he designed for Fusital, on show at 'Fusion' (left) in a Victorian pumping station

Grimshaw is sensitive to it. "By 2020, aluminium won't be mined anywhere in the world," he predicts. "It's a recyclable material. There will be enough for constant remoulding and it would be a great waste not to use it." Unlike brick, new bricks take a lot of energy to manufacture, and old bricks can't be recycled, since imperial measurements don't fit metric floor plans. So the backdrop to *Fusion*, the cavernous hydraulic pumping station at Wapping, is pertinent. Here the Victorians harnessed the Thames to operate hydraulic lifts. Now the chunky machines are silenced and obsolete, but Grimshaw, who is converting the space for the Women's Playhouse, will leave those dinosaurs of another age. "I like them," he says, recalling that the Victorians made bolt-on prefabricated masonry units, windowsills and doorways in brick, a mass production that stopped with the First World War.

In the 19th century you used individual craftsmanship to produce moulds. Now, craftsmanship at the factory replaces 10 repetitive tasks with one simple system. The art and craft is in that first process to make the template. That original pattern casts millions of pieces."

Since 1995, Grimshaw has employed two industrial designers, Duncan Jackson and Eton Billings, to tailor steel and aluminum components cost effectively. From building parts, they designed street signs, telephone masts, bus shelters, door handles and lights. At *Fusion*, their work is displayed inside shattered aluminium trunks, like the ones film crews and rock stars use to pack things flat. From previous exhibitions in Zurich and Munich, it moves to Liverpool in October, and from there to Japan.

Billboard snaps of Grimshaw buildings are set beside the bits and pieces that gave them lift-off. Different techniques are shown at different stages. Toolled pieces furred like *Titanic* salvage from the sea bed represent the lost wax process kick-started in a British factory that made handbags until they were outlawed. Only the lost wax process can make pieces with a spherical core, from gun barrels to bolt-together panes of glass on the Eurostar Terminal at Waterloo. No wonder Grimshaw goes ballistic at

any suggestion that the terminus is cracking up: "As we understand it, some of the roof panels were damaged by window-cleaners and they replaced 35. I don't like people saying my building is failing down." A glimpse of its spine close up in *Fusion* is reassuring. A clip as slender as a dragonfly's body, but tough as steel, holds two panes of glass on either side. Its tail is a concertinaed fan of rubber that allows the glass to rise and curve into the great caterpillar of the Eurostar Terminus, which measures at either end 36 metres, and soars to 48 metres in the middle. Tried and tested before installation to take the worst-case scenario of a train at full speed slamming to a halt, this concertina allows the glass viaduct to move up and down and not shatter.

Another steel piece shaped like a DNA cluster on stems, which bolts together big spans of glass evolved from a chunky piece like a spanner, supports the glass facade on the *Financial Times* building, and the slimmed-down version on tucks of steel rigged across the *Western Morning News* building in Plymouth. The Paddington Bear version will support the glass over Paddington station. What appears to be a chunky Viking breastplate in steel turns out to be bus shelter seats made for a Spanish billboard company. Hundreds of them line Madrid and Barcelona; New York's Mayo Guitano has called to see them. South America wants them and Grimshaw is launching the modular system at Orgatec in Cologne this October.

How buildings are made may seem like a *Blue Peter* demo that you skip. Go and see it. As the century draws to a close, this exhibition blueprints a simpler way of making things that work. It is a sophisticated product range in a highly competitive market that illustrates the disciplines and sensitivities required when designing a building. It involves structure, space - and a formidable master craftsman.

Fusion's runs of the Wapping Hydraulic Power Station, Wapping Wall, London E1. Admission £3, £1.50 concs. (0171-377 2110). The exhibition moves to the Tea Factory, Wood Street, Liverpool L1, from 30 October to 27 November. Admission free (0151-225 2914).

'What do my creations actually do? Who cares?'

Ron Arad's approach to design has made him famous all over the world. So why is he still unknown in Britain? By Nonie Niesewand

TRIFFID-SIZED metallic sculptures loom over the chairs and tables at the Aram show, staged at Aram Design, are Ron Arad's latest enthusiasm. "Call them vases to save time," he says. "I'm more interested in making things than in what they do." Which deals a blow to that modernist chestnut that "form follows function".

In an aircraft factory in Worcester, he discovered vacuum forming, by blowing up with air until it bubbles an inch-thick piece of steel, cut and shaped with a piece of aluminum beneath it. Out bulged these gravity-defying curvaceous forms on a scale that would have taken Brancusi many months and a great deal of money to mould and cast. Now he's using the technique to make two twin steel fireplaces for a house in Notting Hill.

The most original talent working in Britain today, Ron Arad trained as an architect, launched himself as a furniture designer and is professor of furniture at the Royal College of Art. As a hybrid, he crosses disciplines easily.

Ron Arad once said that he liked working in Britain because nobody gave a toss about modern design. That was before New Labour made design cool - or hot, depending on our jargon. Totally ignored in the

Eighties, when English country house style wrapped Britain up in chintz, Ron Arad got on with designing the "Big Easy Chair" in metal, set hi-fi systems in pebbledash cement, and wired a staircase to a Moog synthesiser so that every footfall created music, in his workshop in Covent Garden.

Meanwhile, in Milan, from 1984 when he first exhibited at the Salone del Mobile furniture fair, his furniture practically walked off the stand. His fans rocked in the metal "Mickey" chair, hanging their legs over its voluminous ears to the sound of sand slithering in its base. Now, bouncers control crowds outside the show he shares every year at the furniture fair with the lighting designer Ingo Maurer. In Paris, at the Pompidou Centre, where groups paid mega-francs for the catalogue to Ron Arad's exhibition in 1988, only to feed them into the paper-shredder that was its main attraction, Ron Arad is as famous as Philippe Starck. The lowest boredom threshold in the design business is now a big name worldwide.

Vintage Arad fetches the kind of auction-house prices you expect from a Louis XV something chair. At Phillips sales, his "Big Easy", the ultimate club chair in steel, has sold for \$6,000 (£27,000). Rarity puts up the prices as much as the restlessness of the designer, who finds repetition boring, one of the reasons why this graduate from the Architectural

missioned all over the world but not here where he studied. It's time to give him a major platform."

Wooded by manufacturers such as Kartell, who put into mass production in plastic his "Bookworm" circular shelving system, Ron Arad still likes to make one-offs to explore new materials. Often they become the prototypes for a range. The "Tom Vack" chair, vacuum-formed in aluminium at the Superform aircraft factory, is now produced in alabaster-smooth plastic by Vitra. His latest chair, called "A Box in Four Moments", is a steel cube that comes with a battery-operated screwdriver. Four hollow steel pillows, each 4cm, stack up to three torsion hinges. Crank up the springs with the screwdriver and the cube unfolds into a zig-zag, stable enough to sit on. It doesn't look comfortable but, surprisingly, it is, because the boxes are hollow and the flexible torsion springs give it bounce.

Vintage Arad fetches the kind of auction-house prices you expect from a Louis XV something chair. At Phillips sales, his "Big Easy", the ultimate club chair in steel, has sold for \$6,000 (£27,000). Rarity puts up the prices as much as the restlessness of the designer, who finds repetition boring, one of the reasons why this graduate from the Architectural

Association put architecture on the back burner. Not for long. His Amega pod house failed to get planning permission for the Hampstead site because it involved taking down an undistinguished Twenties house.

But Camden Council will give it planning permission if the owners can find a suitable site.

Just as Oscar Wilde described his acquaintances as either charming or tedious, Ron Arad divides designs into boring and interesting. "Some-

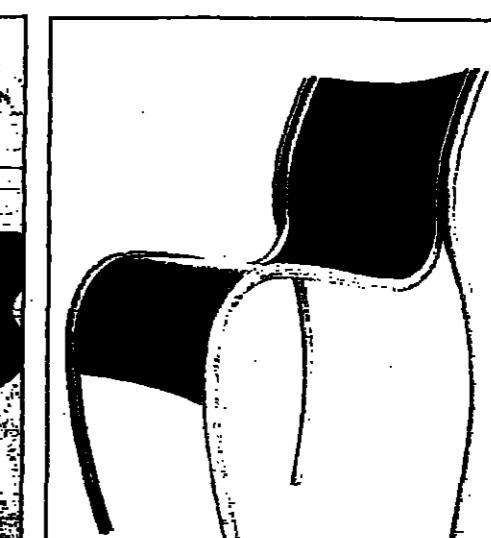
thing can be interesting for all sorts of reasons. Because it's light, cheap, heavy, expensive, inexpensive."

He is scornful of the rounded edges that scallop furniture now. In defiance of that sort of curvy design, his latest spiky design, which is not yet off the drawing-board, uses a toothed comb as both headrest and board on the "PPI Bed" ("Fantastic Plastic Elastic"). Typical Arad: the teeth act as the struts to support, in plastic, a wide span for the mattress.

How does he square working in plastic with a concern for the environment? "Some things have to be made in plastic. Blood transfusion bags, for example. But the new plastics are recyclable. My Rover chair, which recycled old Rover car seats, was environmentally friendly, but if I made it today, it wouldn't be." The first task he set his postgrad students at the RCA the joined last year was to design and make a book on contemporary furniture. Disap-

pointingly, mostly *Wallpaper* and *Elle Decoration* clones resulted, but I'll warrant that after two years of Ron Arad's hands-on tuition, they will think differently. He always does. Whatever advances are made in mechanising furniture production, his impact upon the 21st century is already being felt.

The Ron Arad exhibition is at Aram, 3 Keen Street, Aldwych, London WC2, Mon-Fri, until 12 October



From left: Shelves keep level with the floor while the outer wheel rolls round on the RIV unit; Ron Arad inflated heated sheets of aluminium with air pressure in an aircraft factory for the BOOP table; Fantastic Plastic Elastic chair for Kartell in Italy

Nonie Niesewand

Reflections of all your desires

Mirrors were once thought to hold strange powers. Nowadays they're a miracle of design, a cure-all for lack of light and space. By Ros Byam Shaw

Think of any famous interior and the likelihood is that somewhere it features a mirror. It may be a towering overmantel or a wall of slim pier-glasses; a wall of mirror or a dressing-table mirror; it may be incidental or central to the design. Look around you: mirrors are in your handbag, in your car, over your washbasin, behind the bar in the pub and the cosmetics display in the supermarket.

At one compunction and magical, mirror possesses a magnetism irresistible to the human eye. Used in an interior, it has an unrivalled power of transformation, troubling and redoubling space, creating aerial vistas on to a world that is back to front but still the right way up. And, while mirror has been used to create some of the world's most extravagant rooms, including the Salle des Glaces at Versailles, Coco Chanel's Paris salon, Indian palaces and American casinos, thanks to modern methods of manufacture it is no more expensive than good wallpaper and no more difficult to install than tiling.

It wasn't always so. For centuries after its discovery in pre-Roman Egypt, mirrored glass could be produced only with great difficulty, and in very small sheets. Like the finest jewels, it was believed to hold mystic power. A reflection, it was thought, could capture the soul, hence mirrors were turned to the wall throughout life and after death, until the soul was safely delivered. The chemical decay that attacked the silverying of old mirrors was blamed on moonbeams. Seventeenth-century Dutch housewives protected their mirrors with curtains in order to preserve their reflectiveness, lest it should run out through overuse. No wonder breaking a mirror was thought to bring seven years' misery.

In the late 17th century, sponsored by the French king's passion for mirrored walls, a method of casting molten glass and smoothing it smooth was discovered so that, for the first time, a sheet of mirror large enough to reflect more than a head and shoulders could be produced. Mirrors like these were a phenomenon, a marvel, at new experience. The Salle des Glaces at Versailles still astounds with its scale and grandeur. How much more extraordinary must have seemed when the mirror itself as a rare and extravagant commodity.

Methods of manufacture improved with small bursts of innovation throughout the 18th century. Robert Adam made extensive use of mirror, most notably for the "glass drawing-room" at Northumberland House in London, now long since demolished. By all accounts it was an astonishing room, with its walls of glass backed with a darked pigment, punctuated by pier-glasses and overmantel, the whole linked and embellished with ornate metal fillets.

By the 19th century, large mirrors had sprouted over the mantel of every self-respecting parlour, bringing light to the darkest wall of the room and emphasising the central importance of the fireplace.

In the age before electric light, mirror continued to serve a practical as well as a decorative role, effectively doubling the light of candles and dim gas flames.

By Queen Victoria's death, mirror had been democratised. Brilliant-cut for extra sparkle, mirrors were adopted by the fairground, the pub, the Gypsy caravan and the long-boat.

The ability to make glass in large sheets has had a profound effect on the history of architecture, famously described by Le Corbusier as the battle of the window to attain the greatest dimensions in the face of technical limitations. Today that battle has been decisively won.

Modern plate glass is floated on molten tin, minimising the need for the grinding and polishing that made old mirror so labour-intensive. In 1937, architects Raymond McGrath and AC Frost wrote a book entitled *Glass in Architecture and Decoration*, a paean to the new possibilities allowed by this "medium capable of endless adaptation without loss of integrity". Some of that period's most important interiors, inspired by what the authors describe as "the recent purge or spring-cleaning of architecture and design" use mirror in a way that still looks up-to-date; the fashionable interior decorator Syrie Maugham's all-white drawing room with its chrome-and-mirror screen; the film star Tilly Losch's mirrored bathroom; Norman Hartnell's mirror-panelled salon.

Mirror's recent image has suffered from its ubiquity. As a cheap means of invoking glamour it is too often used indiscriminately in restaurants, cinema foyers and hotels. The horrible Seventies vogue for bronzed mirror glass; the smutty connotations of mirrored ceilings; the popularity of mirrored fitted wardrobes - all have further contributed to the suspicion that mirror, as opposed to the venerable looking-glass, is rather vulgar.

This is unfair: Poor design makes mirror look nasty, but used well, it can still delight and transform. David Hicks was a master, and used it to enhance the sense of space and grandeur in his own, small Albany apartment. Other decorators have made much of it: Michael Inchbold mirrored opposing walls in his hall to give the illusion of endless vistas punctuated by an ever-diminishing file of reflected obelisks; Frédéric Méchéine lined a stairwell with it; David Gill used it to line his bathroom. Charles Jencks, like Sir John Soane before him, used jewel-like fragments of mirror inlay to highlight his architectural fantasies.

At this year's House & Garden Fair in Earl's Court, of four room sets given pride



Seen through the looking-glass in Coco Chanel's Paris salon

Massimo Listri

of place at the centre of the Great Hall, three featured mirror.

Emily Todhunter's included a bath panelled in mirror, a mirrored chest of drawers and a mirrored coffee-table. Just across the aisle, Alida's circular "gentleman's cabinet" was entirely panelled with mirror glass that had been distressed and decorated for an effect utterly different from the clarity of Todhunter's style.

Most hip of all, Jonathan Reed used two large mirrors, one of them an antique convex mirror the size of a luxury car wheel, the other a simple oblong, plainly framed in wood.

Once, the cost of the glass itself vied with the price of the most elaborate frame. Today a frame of real quality, old or new, re-

mains very costly, but mirror glass is cheap, DIY superstores sell an array of unframed mirrors, round, square, large and small, some bevelled and most under £20. They also sell mirror tiles in different sizes.

Every town has a glazier. Here you can order mirror cut to size and, within reason, shape. And now the fun begins. Stained coffee table? Cover it with mirror, bevelled at the edges. Soon you will find yourself arranging pebbles or candles or even ash-trays, and marvelling at the effect. Dreary fireplace? Tile it with mirror. Dark basement? Mirror the window sills, or better still the whole embrasure. The increase in light is dramatic.

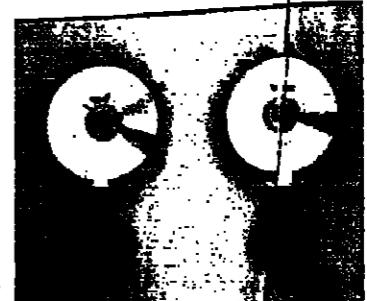
Interior bathroom with no window? Mirror a wall and the sense of claustrophobia almost disappears. And if the sight of yourself, rubicund and wobbly, fresh from a hot shower is too much to bear, you needn't rely on the misting effect alone. Brutally honest modern mirror can be "anti-ideal" for a more flattering reflection.

As a cure for lack of light and space, mirror requires little training or expertise to administer. As a material in itself, mirror glass has no particular style allegiances. Mirror is as appropriate in a modern loft as in a Regency rectory; its effect can be luxurious or sober, sparkling or muted, extravagant or spare.

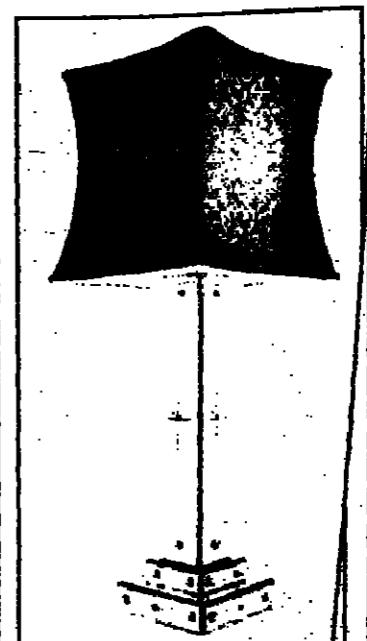
Play with it, experiment, be brave. It won't cost you an arm and a leg. Just try not to break it; no one deserves seven years of bad luck.

DESIGN DETAILS

A STRATEGIC mirrored light or candle sconce can be as dramatic as an entire wall of mirror glass. Here's a selection.



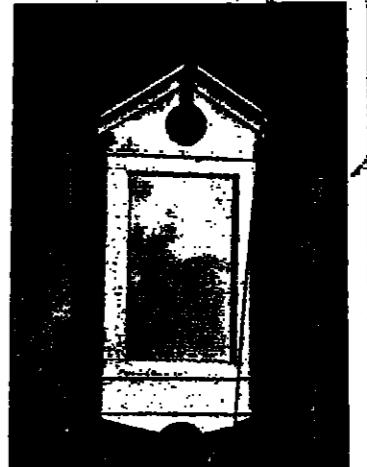
Tole candle sconces in tortoiseshell and green, £289 each from Vaughan, ring 0171 731 3133 for stockists



Mirrored lamp base from Renwick and Clarke, £1250 (0171 730 8913)



Wheat sheaf wall light, £88 from Vaughan, details 5 before



Palladian mirror in silver, £105 from Wilde at Art (01726 824044)

INDEPENDENT COMPETITION IN CONJUNCTION WITH LIBERTY AND CRAFTS COUNCIL SHOPS

Liberty and the Crafts Council are offering you the chance to win £1,250-worth of glass and crafts by choosing the winner of the 1998 Jerwood Prize for Applied Arts



1 'Cascade of Glass'
by Keiko Mukaike



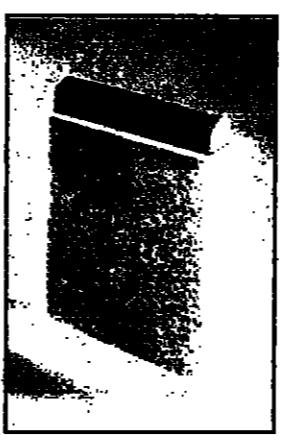
2 'Glass Bowl'
by Anna Dickinson



3 'Untitled'
by Diana Hobson



4 'Serpentine Shape'
by Galia Amsel



5 'Minimal Form'
by Tessa Clegg



6 'Tallis'
by Keith Cummings



7 'Untitled'
by Lise Antogena



8 'Confined Spaces II'
by David Reekie

Write the number of your nomination here:

Tiebreaker: Complete the following phrase in no more than 12 words: I think my nomination should be *The Independent's choice because...*

Name..... Address.....

Postcode.....

Daytime telephone number:.....

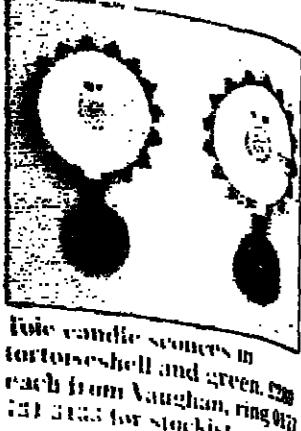
The Independent has joined forces with Liberty and the Crafts Council to offer one reader the chance to purchase glass to the value of £750 for selecting the readers' choice out of the eight Jerwood Prize finalists. To enter, study the work of the eight finalists shown above and write the number of your nomination for the winner of the Jerwood Prize in the box provided, then complete the tie-breaker sentence in no more than 12 words. Fill in your name, address and phone number and post it to: The Jerwood Prize Competition, PO Box 4013, London E14 5BE. Closing date for entries is Monday 14th September.

Competition Rules, Terms and Conditions
1. All entries must be legible and arrive at the address on the entry form by the second post (midday) on Monday 14th September 1998. Proof of posting will be taken as proof of delivery and no responsibility will be taken for lost or damaged entries. 2. Only one entry per person is permitted on one entry form cut from the Independent or obtained from our offices. 3. From the eight short-listed nominees the readers will have to nominate their choice of winner. The tie-breaker sentence will then decide who, in their opinion, completed the tie-break sentence in the most art way. Winners will be notified by post. 4. First prize will be £750 to be spent at Liberty, Regent Street, on glass. Two runners-up will each receive £250 gift vouchers to spend at one of the Crafts Council shops by The Independent Group, their agents and members. 5. Employees and families of the editor and publisher are not eligible to enter. 6. The winners names may be published in the Independent on 1st October 1998, or at a later date. 7. No purchase necessary. To obtain an entry form, send an SAE to Independent Newspapers Group Advertising Department, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. 8. The competition is held by Independent Newspapers Group. 9. Entry implies acceptance of these rules, terms and conditions.

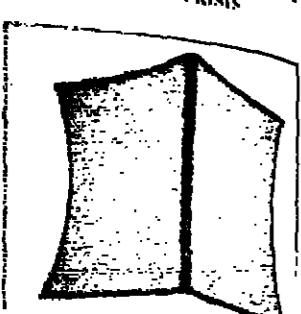
14/11/98

DESIGN
DETAILS

ANNE STOKES' whimsical lighter
comes in tortoiseshell or green.
Buyer's choice.



Tortoiseshell and green, £20 each from Vaughan, ring 0171 31363 for stockists.



Mirrored Lamp base from
Grainger and Clarke, £150
0171 31363 for stockists.

It's not excited I can't work. I need to be at the peak of excitement," says the potter Ann Stokes. This summer she has been just that, creating a flood of fish dishes, reptile mirror surrounds, Moroccan lights, and tulip vases based on an 18th-century example she saw in an Italian church. Her whimsical ceramics, the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery, are - like their maker - bright, effervescent and full of movement. Indeed many seem to have taken flight: eagles, owls and swans with wings outstretched. Starting in conception and ambitious in scale, they are of necessity made in sections in order to fit into the kiln.

Ann Stokes's oeuvre fits into no obvious category: she is neither simply studio potter, sculptor nor folk ceramist. Along with birds, fish and animals, her leaf-printed plates, Cretan-style cups and saucers and casseroles in the shape of ducks are amusing, usable and idiosyncratic. Among the many people who have fallen for them over the past four decades are the decorator John Fowler, who became one of her first clients, the art historian David Sylvester, who favours her blue-and-white tableware, and the gallery owner Nigel Greenwood, who chose Stokes's work for the 1970 Hayward Open, where it must have sat cheerfully and curiously among more focused installations.

Stokes was a ballerina before she turned to clay. When she was 17 and living in St Ives the painter Christopher Leach - later her husband - suggested she took up dance. She trained under Phyllis Badell, who had been evacuated to Cornwall, and performed every night at the local *polka de danse*, catching ringworm off the floor; Barbara Hepworth later turned the building into her studio and it is now a museum. In St Ives Ann naturally ran into Bernard Leach, the patron saint of potters, and was struck by how awful it must be to sit at a wheel all day.

It was only after several years of wartime signalling with the Wrens in



Clockwise from top: standing owl, £50; vulture cup and saucer, £30; hanging fish light, £100. Available at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery

Paris, Warrington and Aberdeen, and when her knee gave out, that she hung up her dancing shoes and got married. After the birth of her son, Philip, she discovered the Hempstead pottery run by Christopher Magarshak. In fact, Ann was no stranger to making things. "I was given a fretsaw at the age of eight, and carved animals such as horses at a hunt. At 12 I invented a spiral fretsaw that would go back and forth."

She started on wood again. At the pottery class, her son was put off when he found glass in the clay, but Ann was mesmerised by the sight of clay growing up on the wheel. Later, the Sudanese potter Mohammed Abdallah taught her to make coiled pots.

Gradually pottery took over her life. At first she had to take her ceramics

to a workshop to be fired and carry them back home again. Then she turned her ground-floor room into a studio, and used the wine cellar under the street to house a kiln. She started to fashion fountains and other objects bigger than herself. However, it was not till the painter and art critic Sir Lawrence Gowing surprised her by suggesting that her work would sell well - which she at first found most unflattering - that it occurred to her that others might be interested in buying her wares.

Thirty-six years ago she held her first Christmas sale, an event that has since turned into a crowded annual institution, with friends and customers fighting over jugs, tiles and mirrors as if it were a Harrods sale.

She relishes the challenge of new

objects and commissions, and of devising ways to make something unlikely work: bird-of-paradise wall lights, bluebird stool, a trireme shelf or a crocodile still life. Early on she began to frequent London Zoo, to try to capture the movement of birds and beasts. Her fascination for animals grew, she believes, out of her balletic background: "Every animal is a dancer. They couldn't slouch even if they wanted to."

Built into the uprights of her stairs is a series of tiles telling the story of two pigeons (ever versatile, she has also made a rich-hued stair carpet designed for her by the art historian John Golding: she stitched it while watching television plays). Fish also feature prominently in her work, from whorl-shaped platters to three-dimensional dishes with spiny-finned lids. A striking recent invention is the hanging fish light, peppered with scale-like holes to let the light through: these look buoyantly surreal when suspended in mid-air. Next she plans to tackle a bat light, fashioning its "lovely umbrella-shaped" wings over a large wok to get just the right curve.

She spends half the year in Italy - till recently annually picking olives from 260 olive trees - with her second husband, Ian Angus, who this year celebrates an achievement of his own: the publication, after 15 years, of the complete works of George Orwell. The pottery she encounters in Italy has confirmed her preference for earthenware, which she has always used for her work. Ann insists that far more personality goes into earthenware than into the ubiquitous, less fragile stoneware which all her pupils - like most British potters - now use.

"It occurred to me when I was humming the song 'Light and Lovely' the other day that that was what I ought to call my show," said Ann Stokes, laughing. "After all, I hate heavy pottery, and I can't open my mouth without using the word 'lovely'."

Ann Stokes's exhibition is at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery, 35 Windmill Street, London W1, until 3 October. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm (0171 436 4899)



Ann Stokes with an osprey, a vast platter and a screen of painted tiles

Philip Meech

STARTING
TOMORROW

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The Independent has chartered an entire Eurostar train to take readers to Paris. To claim a free seat for you and a partner, simply collect four tokens from The Independent or The Independent on Sunday and enter. Winners will be able to spend a weekend (or a week-long) break in the French capital (the choice of return journey is yours).



There are no losers: unsuccessful applicants will be entitled to massive discounts on travel to Paris or Brussels. Look out for the first token in The Independent tomorrow

eurostar

MUSIC

My Country, right or wrong

Lambchop is not your average Nashville band. For a start there are 14 of them. Also, their leader thinks Nashville product sucks. By Andy Gill.

In the lounge bar of the Columbia hotel, the preferred London lodgings of up-and-coming bands, a scattering of young music biz hopefuls neck their Grolsch and give each other the eye, assessing which of their peers are in town tonight. It's a motley Sunday-night crew. One chap sports an ill-fitting bandana on his head, as if he was an American biker.

Two young ladies of doubtless impeccable virtue sip pastel-coloured concoctions as they scan the room. A member of a band - Welsh, I believe - attempts to impress them by activating the always amusing Plastic Hopping Penis (available from all tasteless joke shops), with humiliating lack of success. It must be all too much for sadcore superstar Elliott Smith, who scurries off to the sanctuary of his room. On the bay window sofa, meanwhile, two old farts discuss the state of country music.

What, I ask Kurt Wagner, songwriter with Nashville cult combo Lambchop, is wrong with country music these days? If, indeed, anything is wrong at all - after all, the umpteen million flies who routinely settle on Garth Brooks' albums can't be wrong, surely?

"There are so many things wrong with country," replies Wagner with a don't-get-me-started sigh, "the main one being that it doesn't reflect the time we're living in. It reflects the world of commerce and the idea of formula, not the world of people living in 1998. If the guys who wrote these songs actually wrote about what was happening in their lives, they'd be writing about doing too much coke, screwing around or their wife, about their four divorces and all the alimony, and how they've screwed up their lives. And," he concludes with a smile, "country music would be much richer for it!"

The Sisyphean task of enriching and rejuvenating country music through unfinchingly honesty is one to which the unfeasibly large Lambchop - 14 members at last count, and rising - has dedicated itself, albeit in a quiet, un-pushy kind of way. Part of the band's unique appeal derives from Wagner's songs, odd little ditties delivered in the warm, gentle tones of an avuncular uncle, not unlike Burl Ives. Not that Wagner trades in nursery-rhymes and fairy-tales like Ives - in his songs,



The Lambchop line-up: 'We're all friends... Members join and leave. I think when we hit 20 members we can have our own union'

sometimes difficult themes and situations (death, deception, ageing, alcoholism, and a curious fascination with bodily fluids) are sketched in a few bare observations, with no attempt made to conceal the emotional heart of the matter in question, be it one of bitterness, lust or spite. Nor is there much of an attempt on Wagner's part to mediate his language to Nashville-friendly levels; indeed, few wield the Anglo-Saxon vernacular as effectively as he does on songs like "Your Fucking Sunny Day" (which for its single release, was re-worked as "Your Sucking Funny Day"), with no noticeable improvement in its play-list prospects.

"That's the way I talk, and it comes across that way because I don't take it out later," explains Wagner. "It's just the way I am - I really have a foul mouth! It's my personality; it's not so much about shock value, I just speak the way I speak. I live and work in the construction industry with a bunch of hard-core fucking construction guys, and you don't get by just by being grammatically correct with them: you don't want to waste time searching for the correct multi-syllabic word to get your point across, be-

cause not only does it go over their heads, they want to beat the crap out of you any way."

"I feel bad about it, because I suppose I should have the command and presence of mind to find other words to use. But what country music doesn't reflect is the fact that these singers cuss like madmen, and for them to not put that in, yet at the same time claim they are the voice of the working man or whatever, is ridiculous - it's more like the voice of the working man who's having dinner at his mother-in-law's house."

Wagner came to music by a roundabout route. Though born and raised in Nashville, as a youngster he was never that interested in the city's musical heritage. He chose instead to study sculpture, eventually spending three years in the Montana of James Crumley and Thomas McGuane for his master's degree in fine art.

"There are a lot of artists and writers up there, because it's so fucking gorgeous," he recalls. "I met [American novelist] Richard Brautigan there, when he was basically the epitome of sadness. But then drinking is the state sport in Montana - everybody's in training for that!"

Wagner's art dealt in environments, installations in which all the walls of a room, and all the objects in the room, would have writings or drawings done on them. It's a style

that's carried over into his songs, which probe the different levels of perception. "Lately I've been copy-

ing this thing about journalism," he explains, "about reporting, documenting, and the editing process, and the constraints of space and time. Space and time in music are important issues - these are sculptural techniques that I learned whilst training to be a sculptor. It's very much the same deal. I just tried to apply those learnings, those teachings, into the things I do now. One way or another, I'm still talking about experience and life, and how you perceive that - and how it comes out of my twisted mind."

To help unload his twisted mind, Wagner has gathered around him a versatile multi-talented musical unit incorporating various horns, strings (and even a percussionist who plays spammers) alongside the usual country staples such as pedal-steel guitar. While this gives the group's recordings a remarkable depth and variety - the latest album *What Another Man Spills* stretches its sound to take in covers of soul classics by Curtis Mayfield and Frederick Knight, while its predecessor *Thriller* made subtle incursions into avant-garde noise-scaping - it renders the usual music biz priority of touring virtually

impossible, particularly since most of the band members are no longer in the first bloom of youth, and have wives and families and jobs which must take precedence in their lives.

"It's not the most practical idea,

that's for sure, but we're trying to do

it in a realistic way," Wagner ex-

plains. "We're all friends, a collective

of people who enjoy each other's

company and just like doing things

together. Members join and leave,

but the line-up just seems to grow

- I think when we hit 20 members,

we can have our own union!

"It just takes a little give and take

on everybody's part. It helps that

we're more adults than little kids,

and that everybody has a good founda-

tion in their lives. I don't want this

thing to be a burden on anybody, I

just want it to be something people

can enjoy. It's not like we make any

money out of it - you get a few hun-

dred dollars for a show, it's up and it

it doesn't even pay for the beers for

the night! That's why you only usu-

ally hear four-piece bands - but

that also means that you only hear

a certain type of sound, too. The rea-

son we're kind of unique in our sound

is that there's so many people making

noise at the same time."

When it comes to arranging Wagner's already idiosyncratic compositions, he adopts a flexible, *laissez-faire* attitude, allowing his friends as much space as they need to "find" the song. "I think these guys I'm playing with are brilliant," he much. They listen - that's what it's all about. It's about just starting to play, a matter of recognition, and through recognition comes familiarity and through familiarity comes confidence, and there's your arrangement right there, so by the end of the song it's built up to this beautiful thing. I can't think of many musicians who would put up with that - it's very exciting, but it's also a risk: it can really suck." But in line with his principles of fidelity to reality, Wagner accepts that possibility sets Lambchop apart from any of its Nashville peers. "Sucking is part of the deal," he says, "and it's not a bad thing, necessarily."

Lambchop's latest album *What Another Man Spills* is available now on City Slang Records. They appear on October 15 at the Electric Ballroom, Camden, London

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TOP 10 UK POP ALBUMS

1 Where We Belong	Boyzone
2 Talk on Corners	The Corrs
3 Savage Garden	Savage Garden
4 Tubular Bells III	Mike Oldfield
5 Blue	Simply Red
6 Life Goes On	Sash!
7 100 per cent Colombian	Fun Lovin' Criminals
8 Life Thru a Lens	Robbie Williams
9 Fin de Siècle	The Divine Comedy
10 Back to Titanic	James Horner

TOP 10 UK POP SINGLES

1 Bootie Call	All Saints
2 Everybody Get Up	Five
3 No Matter What	Boyzone
4 Crush	Jennifer Paige
5 If You Tolerate This...	Manic Street Preachers
6 One For Sorrow	Steps
7 Finally Found	Honeyz
8 Music Sounds Better...	Stardust
9 My Favourite Mistake	Sheryl Crow
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And that is why I choose to sing the blues

In 1970, one Chicago jail was like a jungle, rife with corruption and violence. A new warden was determined to change things – with a little help from BB King. By James Maycock

On a sublime autumn day in 1970, BB King performed for 2,117 prisoners in Cook County Jail. Against the sound of BB King's musicians tuning their instruments, a female official from Cook County Jail introduced members of the prison administration.

As she asked the prisoners to recognise "our own, beloved Sheriff Woods", the polite, scant applause was swiftly extinguished by the sound of boozing from the prisoners. Undeterred, and with a growing sense of sarcasm, she introduced "another dear friend of all of yours out there, the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court, Judge Joseph Powers". These sentiments were met with louder cries of derision.

The official responded to the irascible mood of the prisoners by hurriedly initiating the start of the performance. "Would you please come forth, Mr King?" she asked, as the musicians and BB himself abruptly



flung themselves into a very short, but manic, version of "Every Day I Have the Blues". The song bristled with anxious energy. Today, BB King concedes, "Well, yes, yes – I was nervous".

On that day in 1970, he was in a precarious, theoretically neutral position, standing both as an official guest of the prison bureaucracy and also as a musician offering a momentary relief from the insipid existence of the convicts. 75 per cent of whom were black.

Two years previously, in 1968, the Illinois Crime Commission and the John Howard Association, a prison reform body, had jointly conducted an examination of Cook County Jail and uncovered a debauched and anarchic system. Describing the prison as a "jungle", they promptly discharged the disgraced warden and replaced him with a black psychologist called Winston Moore.

A former prisoner disclosed that, prior to Winston Moore's appointment, "Any and everything went. Anything from heroin to whisky was sold and traded in the jail. Homosexual rape, bribery and murder were the bill of fare. No one seemed to give a damn."

On his very first day in office, Winston Moore seized over 200 weapons and a multitude of illegal drugs. He also confiscated the Mafia contingent's three fridges full of Italian food. The prisoners, who had



BB King with his beloved guitar "Lucille" made a big impact on inmates at the Cook County Jail – just as they did on him

EPA

thrived undisturbed in the regime that had been instituted by the previous warden, began to physically intimidate Moore and his assistants. The former Deputy Warden had granted considerable authority to the most deviant and domineering convicts. These men were called "barn bosses" who, initially, refused to submit to Winston Moore.

The scope of the corruption within Cook County Jail made some officials doubt Winston Moore's ability to restructure the prison. But he persevered and, ultimately, broke the will of the dissenters. BB King's concert was in part, to celebrate Moore's achievement in pulling the prison out of chaos.

BB King was at the time

playing at Mister Kelly's, which he remembers today as a "very prestigious jazz club" in Chicago. He was the first blues musician to perform there. Moore approached him and, as King recalls, "He said to me, 'It's a first for you at Mister Kelly's and it's a first for me as a black person over here, so why don't we both get together and do another first and get you to play for the inmates?' That's how it came about."

King was guided around the institution and chatted with the convicts. But he persevered and, ultimately, broke the will of the dissenters. BB King's concert was in part, to celebrate Moore's achievement in pulling the prison out of chaos.

BB King was at the time

told a detailed story about what was going on than I could."

Eighty per cent of the prisoners attended the concert, while the other 20 per cent, who, according to the bluesman, "they couldn't control very well", were locked in their cells.

After the tense, over-fast performance of their first song, King and his musicians soothed the rowdy element within the audience with a succession of slow, emotional ballads.

King admits that he empathises with "anybody that's locked up... anybody that's not free, I should say", and, at Cook County Jail, he was saddened by the way that underlining racist conditions had determined the disproportionate amount of black men in the

prison. His experience at the jail affected him profoundly.

He subsequently performed in other penal institutions and founded the organisation "Inmate Rehabilitation and Recreation", which was based in Washington DC.

In 1970, many prisoners spent up to a year held on remand, prior to trial, and this period of time would not be deducted from their sentence.

King remembers that a TV network did a big story on that some time later on and they changed the system somewhat and that made me happy. I felt that we had done something good."

That day in Chicago, BB King transformed the sullen mood of the prisoners who, at

the end, rose to their feet and applauded like crazy. The warden, Winston Moore, was equally thrilled at what King had accomplished.

Preceding the final song, a ballad called, "Please Accept My Love", BB King confided in his audience:

"Lucille – that's my guitar here – you know, we feel very good today. Very, very good. I would like to do it again some time, if you would like to have us back."

BB King's albums, "Live In Cook County Jail", "Completely Well", "Take It Home", "Live at the Regal" and "His Best: The Electric BB King", have all been digitally remastered and reissued

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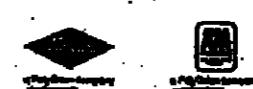
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Nice song, shame about the attitude

ARTY SENSITIVE, and perhaps a little too precious, Belle & Sebastian don't do support tours and their frontman doesn't do interviews. If their beautifully flawed records weren't so beguiling, this might spell commercial death.

As it is, the New Musical Express has already described *The Boy With The Arab Strap* as "one of the best albums of 1998", adding ruefully that "it'd be nice to know how it got that way". This lot don't do the media two-step, but they still seem to be leading the dance.

For a few rather testy moments tonight, it almost seemed that it would all end in farce. The tightly corralled audience was hot and bothered, and when Belle & Sebastian took the stage some 45 minutes later than billed, they were greeted with a fairly even mixture of cheers and boos - even the odd cry of "piss-takers!" Despite singer Stuart Murdoch's claims that it had been "a technical problem", few of us were convinced. This Glaswegian octet almost seem

POP
BELLE & SEBASTIAN
SHEPHERD'S BUSH
EMPIRE
LONDON

to enjoy walking the fine line between alienating their audience and creating rock myth.

Amazingly, they got away with it and though there was plenty of in-between song heckling, the end of each time was greeted with feverish applause. Live, Stuart Murdoch's vulnerable-sounding vocals, the sense that you're watching a particularly inspired church-hall practice session, and the feeling that it could all go pear-shaped at any moment are all part of Belle & Sebastian's considerable charm. Each time the music stopped though, that charm evaporated as Murdoch proceeded to patronise us like only the hippest indie kids can. "Calm down, the heat's getting to you," he advised from up where there was still air to breathe. Yes Stuart. Very droll.

Highlights included the Motown-influenced "Dirty Dream Number Two", which featured a beautiful solo from their hilted trumpeter; "Stars Of Track And Field", played so quietly that you just had to listen; and "Is It Wicked Not To Care?", in which cellist Isobel Campbell took the lead vocal while Murdoch played glockenspiel.

In a pop world where economics often ride roughshod over aesthetics, some have cited Belle & Sebastian's *modus operandi* as the perfect embodiment of a purer ideal. Musically, they certainly have a unique, roughly-hewn magic, but their attitude towards their audience is dangerously glib. One fan told me afterwards that he was surprised how quickly the crowd forgave them. I have a feeling that the popular music press won't be so meek about it.

JAMES MCNAIR

A version of this review appeared in some editions of Tuesday's paper



Belle & Sebastian: the perfect embodiment of a purer ideal?

Ronnie Black

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ROCK
LEONARDO'S BRIDE
UPSTAIRS AT THE GARAGE LONDON

Their intense but restrained live shows are equally intense, placed emphasis fairly and squarely on the music. Indeed, with candelabras, cushions, red velvet drapes and four seated band members, this evening's lounge-style intimacy renders Dobson's first personal reflections on life and love all the more startling.

Commercial radio gives you heavy rotation; your stunning debut album *Angel Blood* goes gold. Labour Party politicians are quick to seize photo opportunities. The media even prints your name in its intended lower case.

But tonight, Upstairs at the Garage, it is just Leonardo's Bride and a clutch of noisy antipodean backpackers - more eager initially, to catch up with each other than to shut it, listen and enjoy.

Unfazed, the lead singer Abby Dobson strums a few deceptively light chords on her acoustic guitar before unleashing a megawatt-powerful voice which conjures melancholy, romance and sex seemingly out of the ether - disarming all remaining chaters in the process.

A blonde twenty-something with a penchant for wearing fairy wings and tinsel, her (unnecessary) technical request for "a hit more sparkle" in her vocals is at odds with the dark, angst-ridden presence of co-founder songwriter and guitarist Dean Manning.

After busking away the early Nineties in Europe, Dobson and Manning returned to Sydney with a swathe of original material, formed Leonardo's Bride and toured Australia on the back of a self-financed EP. With great business savvy, they refused two mainstream recording contracts before Mushroom Records promised them free rein plus a jazz rhythm section for *Angel Blood*.

JANE CORNWELL

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New album: 'Big Backyard Beat Show' available now on Arista

If you want perfect, buy a CD

Susan Bullock doesn't hide behind a beautiful voice. She's not image conscious. Telling the truth is all that matters.

By Edward Seckerson

You're going to be naked, you're going to be naked...," taunted one well-known opera director on hearing that Susan Bullock was to give her first desdemona in David Freeman's new English National Opera staging of *Otello*. Freeman, founding father of the now defunct Opera Factory, was once the wild-man of opera, a rogue, the Antichrist of opera. He's great and good had come to him and love it. While opera slowly but surely atrophied into a "moult" culture, Freeman was among those systematically rearranging exhibits. Then last year he decided for Raymond Gubbay - the water's impresario - on the water's *Madame Butterfly* at the Alhambra. So maybe Susan Bullock won't be naked after all.

Two weeks before opening night when we meet, and stage rehearsals are well underway. So far she hasn't lost a stitch. But a quick through the closed doors of the sumptuous auditorium reveals setting in progress and clearly taking a long way from 16th century Cyprus. Perimeter fencing and a lot of barbed wire suggests this century, if not the here and now. So Freeman is back and this time it's personal. Well it is for Desdemona, the white woman who leaves behind everything she's ever known - home, family, friends - for the love of a black man. That makes her a tough cookie in Bullock's eyes. "She's got guts, she follows her man to this strange far-off place, somewhere she doesn't belong, somewhere she doesn't understand... and all against the wishes of her family. No wonder she can't quite believe what's happening to her. She's not a victim, though, and I wouldn't want to play her that way. She's got character - that's what makes her interesting..."

Bullock's got character, and that makes her interesting. The very idea that she could ever be the kind of Desdemona who floats serenely, complacent to her fate doesn't even bear thinking about. She'll not go softly into any darkness. She's feisty, plain-speaking, risk-taking northerner who's more than a match for opera's outsize emotions. As ever, there'll be a lot of Bullock this Desdemona - a lot of

resistance, a lot of fight. The evening will not, she insists, go out on a prayer and a whimper: "a 25-minute death scene".

'Even as Desdemona sings the Willow Song' there has to be this strange sense that, rather like the song, this is someone else's story. This is happening to someone else. That's the real challenge. For me, that final scene is only dramatically interesting if, despite all her fears, you can still believe that she believes that Otello will come to their bedchamber and make amends. Even as he says her 'confess your sins - I don't want to murder your soul', she still cannot really accept that this is the night, the moment, that she will die."

The resistance makes it harder to sing, of course, but that's least of Bullock's concerns. She's never been one "to hide behind singing", as she puts it, she's never been one for whom "the beautiful voice" comes before the sense and sensitivity, the deeper emotional truths of a role. Bullock's voice - even as it has grown, fleshed-out over the years - has always sounded honest, robust, lived-in. Not without beauty - far from it - but possessed of a vibrancy, an edge, an unvarnished quality. If you want unblemished, buy a CD, she says. The cosmetic approach to opera, singing, singers, doesn't interest her. It concerns her that in the age of the big sell, live opera unadulterated, unamplified - should to some ears pall by comparison with the instant "fix" of a high-decibel, super-digital 24-bit CD. It concerns her that image sells. It's not her style. Nor is it her priority. Singers are becoming increasingly image-conscious, she believes. A slim figure has begun to matter more than a well-rounded portrayal. It's enough to drive a girl to ice cream and chips.

This girl came to opera, to singing, unexpectedly. Neither of her parents was "musical"; both their children were (Susan's brother is head of music at a college in Luxembourg). Susan was an aspiring pianist. She only sang solo at school because her voice was louder than the other kids (you'd better believe her). But the aspiring pianist became an inspiring singer, sailing through two-and-a-half years at the Royal Academy, two seasons in the

Glyndebourne Chorus, and a year at the Opera Studio to a contract with English National Opera. En route she picked up the prestigious Kathleen Ferrier Award (1984).

English National Opera nurtured her, groomed her for bigger and better things. But slowly. Make haste slowly was their motto: beneficial in the long-term, frustrating in the short. Bullock was the "first cover" or she was the "second cast" - which meant no six-week rehearsal period, no first-night glory, and a lot of waiting in the wings for the next throat infection or back injury to strike. The phone, she says, rang at most inopportune moments. But the roles were shaping up nicely - *Peter Grimes*, *Tosca*, *Gilda in Rigoletto*, Marguerite in *Faust*, *Ellen* in *Peter Grimes*, *Tancredi* in *Onegin* - a progressive lengthening of her lyric soprano reach. Then came one of those happy misfortunes. Happy for Bullock but not for Janice Cairns who failed to bounce back from one of *Tosca*'s notorious battlements leaps. Bullock was suddenly "on" for the revival of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* in the starkly uncompromising Graham Vick production. And she was so good, so poignant, so complete in the role that this critic (who wasn't on duty at the time) wrote his one-line review on a postcard and left it at the stage door.

Butterfly demands everything and more, that the lyric voice can deliver. She floats in a child bride, the high-lying vocal line full of wonder; she exits a deserted woman in a blaze of belting robustness. For Bullock, it's become the role against which everything in her development as a singer and performer can be measured. Some critics may have homed in on her less than geisha-like figure, but the truth is she transcended the physical - and she knows it. She's an all-or-nothing total-immersion performer. At this summer's Spoleto Festival she blew everyone away with a performance as Magda Sorrell in Menotti's *The Consul* that my colleague at the *Independent on Sunday* described as one of "historic stature" (happy Chandos Records were there to tape it). Magda is a kind of everywoman against-the-system, and it's her climactic aria which stops the show, your heart, your disbelief.

"I think we have a pretty good idea"

"Essentially," says Bullock, talking me through the aria as if psyching herself up for an impromptu performance, "she loses it." You don't have to have been there to know what Bullock "losing it" might entail. She's just sung her first *Tosca* ("I came off thinking I never want to sing anything else!") and such was the abandon of her Act Two encounter with the evil police chief Scarpia that on opening night she could barely compose herself to sing "Vissi d'arte". "I remember those clarinet chords getting ever closer and thinking to myself - Oh, God I'm not ready. I need another half-hour, a rub-down, and a valium! - but you draw in all your technical reserves, and..." Before you ask, she had listened to the Callas *Toscas*, of course she had. But not during preparation of the role. "I find it too easy to mimic, and that's dangerous. But, you know, Callas is a wonderful example of sound connecting with feeling in a really meaningful way. It isn't a beautiful sound, but that couldn't matter less because it's real."

Meaningful. Without that we're back to "the beautiful voice" once again. It isn't enough. How do you make flesh and blood of a character called Minnie in an opera called *The Girl of the Golden West*? If you're Susan Bullock, you start by trying to understand how she feels. If the feelings are real, the character is credible. And to hell with whether you can shoot straight. Puccini's spaghetti western will be a first for Bullock, a first for ENO. There'll be other firsts (Verdi's *Ballo* and *Forza*, perhaps, Strauss's *Marschallin*, and, who knows, maybe even Wagner's *Siegfried*) but Bullock's options are wide open.

"You have to remember that the voice is constantly changing. A very wise man - the bass Michael Langdon - once told me never to sing to anyone's expectations but my own, and never in any voice but my own! And that means the voice I have today, not the voice I had yesterday, or the voice I hope to have in 10 years. Because I don't know what that is going to be."

I think we have a pretty good idea"

Otello opens tonight at the Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2 (0171-632 2300)



Susan Bullock: feisty, plain-speaking, risk-taking

Neville Elder

ON THE AIR

THE WEEK ON RADIO REVIEWED BY ADRIAN JACK

RADIO 3 could repeat a good many more programmes than it does if only the rigid schedules would allow it. The summer has been a good time to catch things like Susan Marling's *Designs for Living* on weekday evenings, which dealt with celebrated buildings, so the series doesn't come within my brief, though it made piquant use of music at selected moments. Why, though, was *Role Play*, Michael Billington's famous series of interviews with actresses and opera singers, repeated last week? On Wednesday Gwyneth Jones and Zoe Wanamaker shone no light whatsoever on

Sophocles's and Strauss's *Elektra* - Jones speaking in a ridiculously distorted, rootless accent which I suppose is the lot of international stars who belong nowhere and whose minds function in perpetual translation. Josephine Barstow, on Friday, was a lot more sensible about *Salomé* though we didn't need her to tell us that the "Dance of Seven Veils" is musically gross and dramatically boring.

Sunday inevitably brought a repeat of Natalie Wheen's "celebration" of the life of Michael Tippett, whose oratorio, *A Child of Our Time* was in the Proms that evening. Sir Colin Davis, who has

conducted the first performances of seven major Tippett works, was alone in recognising his shortcomings. His scores looked dreadful unplayable, said Davis, because, as the composer Steve Martland explained, Tippett wrote what he wanted - by which he meant, an approximation of the intended sound rather than instructions to performers.

Otherwise, the programme was hagiography, and Tippett was painted as a thoroughly nice chap. Even his most devoted admirers have always admitted he was a less than lucid communicator; both as a person and as a composer. Yet he was,

and remains, compelling, probably because his humanity and intoxication with life seemed more important than mere professionalism. And when the wickled Wheen asked him how many puberties he had experienced, he became coy and grish - "Oh, you're not getting round me like that. Try again!"

Almost the last word was given to Harrison Birtwistle, who said that if Tippett's music was "flawed", then a perfect, or wholly achieved work was probably predictable, and, in effect, that it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive. He, again, was interviewed in the interval of last

Thursday's Prom, following the European premiere of his *Exodus*, and was drawn to make one of those rash and sweeping generalisations few of us can resist. The two most important artistic movements this century, he said, were cubism and serialism. At least, nothing could be the same afterwards. When you consider that neither Kandinsky nor Matisse were touched by the one, nor Varèse by the other, you wonder. And Varèse, as much as any composer, is supposed to have affected Birtwistle's sound world.

In *The Year*, continuing each

Sunday afternoon as part of the

mega-series, *Sounding the Century*, Natalie Wheen's choice for 1943 had one serial work, Webern's orchestral Variations, but nothing else that was at all affected by serialism. It was a stimulating, motley programme, in which Wheen was not too rigid in setting a context - indeed, that was very much the point as I understood it. Harry Partch's US *Highball* represented the social and musical dropout - though Partch got a Guggenheim scholarship that year - in the form of a hobo melodrama with untempered splashings on tiny-sounding instruments, which provided the main musical interest. A primitive curiosity. Equally splashy in its very English way - unintentionally comical and frolicsome - was Tippett's solo cantata, or song-cycle, *Boyhood's End*, resonantly titled in view of his imprisonment as a conscientious objector who refused to follow directions for alternative war service. The War had no direct effect on any music in the programme except Bernard Herrmann's unsentimental berceuse, *For the Fallen*. In their various ways, Kurt Weill's *One Touch of Venus*, Messiaen's *Visions de l'Amen* and Vaughan Williams's Fifth Symphony ignored it.

Keep it in Czech

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL ROUND-UP

RAYMOND MONELLE

YOU WONDER what a Prague audience would make of a British extravaganza like the Last Night of the Proms. Other people's nationalism always seems inspiring but incomprehensible, like a best friend's - for some nondescript girl.

Smetana's opera *Lobz* is a celebration of Czech national fervour. It has no plot to speak of and is largely composed of endless fanfares and marches. Somebody sings a song to a lime tree (sacred in Czech myth) and the piece ends with a series of tableau vivants, in which the heroine foresees episodes from the national future (fortunately or unfortunately, she overlooks the Soviet tanks of 1968).

Despite the strangeness of it all, this concert performance brought the house down at the Edinburgh Festival Theatre. A troupe of adequate soloists had been imported from the home country - only Eva Urbanová in the title role really impressed - and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra did a grand job under Oliver von Dohnányi, its suffering not too evident.

The Festival Chorus was a bit

benumbed, probably having the same kind of struggle with the Czech language that we were all experiencing. But at least it managed to convince us that it spoke for the Czech people in their final cries of "Sízda".

It was an odd experience, rousing and yet a bit oddly unsettling. Its most important pay-off was to reveal the extraordinary inventiveness of this composer: a master of big tunes and infectious rhythms.

This was even more obvious in *Dalibor*, a much better piece, which was given in a brand new staged version by Scottish Opera. It is almost a masterpiece, marred only by a few miscalculations in the scenario and by its atmosphere of buttonholing sincerity. David Pountney avoided cliché in his witty, pretty production; the set designer Ralph Kolta contrived a swivelling and seesawing platform which lifted the singers into the air and delivered them to their next position in the blocking.

Dalibor himself, a boisterous hero from Czech history, was Leo Marian Vodicka, singing with a powerful and tireless tenor and, with Richard Armstrong conducting

spaciously, this was a successful and very impressive venture.

This year's Smetana theme included a piano recital by Jitka Čechová and a concert of chamber music including the nationalistic *The Homeland*.

Finally, there were two concerts by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Charles Mackerras, with an opportunity to hear the whole of *Ma Vlast*.

Some of these six symphonic poems are related to *Dalibor* and *Lobz*, but here the political element seemed gender, more affectionate.

Oddly, the orchestra, which must know this work better than anything on earth, sounded a bit cold; the texture was sometimes rather hollow, the supreme moments somewhat understated. Maybe Sir Charles's return to the original orchestra was responsible.

A rather dry oboe and a warbling horn were accompanied by an undernourished string band. There was a certain tired exuberance but no real grandeur.

No doubt about it; even the best teams play better at home.

perhaps especially, in rare repertoire. Kreisberg is breathtakingly well-prepared, and shrewdly self-facing. He coaxes energetically without getting in the way. He is individual, but never autistic.

Why Franz Schmidt? (With a name like "Frank Smith", he sounds intriguingly like a cross between Jérôme and Andy Capp.) Scarcely a year ago, even Kreisberg had heard, or indeed seen, scarcely a bar of this phenomenal late-Romantic composer's music. It was Franz Welser-Möst - now departed from London - and the LPO (ravishingly recorded on EMI) who relaunched the Schmidt revival over here. Yet in his home city of Vienna, this Hungarian/Slovak-born composer is almost as familiar as Bruckner, Mahler or the Spanish Riding School. Despite the disgrace of his last two cantatas, both "pinched" by the Nazis - the first, in 1938-9, foretelling Armageddon; the latter applauding the Anschluss (with hindsight, about as

politically incorrect as one could get), Schmidt recovered in Austrian popular favour; and his music was promoted by the likes of Knappertsbusch and Karl Böhm, Furtwängler, Clemens Krauss and (most famously) with Fritz Wunderlich in tow) Mirópolous.

The Fourth, composed in a time of deep personal sorrow, is usually seen as the greatest, as well as most tragic, of Schmidt's four symphonies. His own instrument - he was a cellist in the Vienna Philharmonic under Mahler - provides the moment of most touching extended hearing where the material of the first section of this single-movement cyclic symphony miraculously metamorphoses into an extended cello solo of such exquisite beauty that Richard Strauss would have given his eye teeth to have composed it if he did, in effect, a decade later, with *Metamorphosen*). The opening trumpet theme, despite its optimistic cadence, is desolation and puzzlement personified. Schmidt deals in long drawn-out, Wagner-inspired chromatic themes every bit as cogent as those of the *Tristan* and *Parsifal*-imbued *Elgar*. His fragmenting of them is arguably less skilled than *Elgar's*. Rather, he prefers to work with recurrent but

constantly shifting building-blocks, akin to, say, Bruckner's Fifth or Schubert's Ninth. I can't imagine a more lucid Proms first outing for Schmidt than that given him by these dedicated Bournemouth players. The dozen or so first violins phrased for Kreisberg like Bachian angels. The hushed, sensitively phrased cello solo (*Timothy Walker*) was breathtaking, and the later passage for massed cellos likewise. The dry, rather than sonorous, opening trumpet melody (*Peter Turnbull*) gave way to a melting warmth in the closing bars, whose eloquent and unexpected farewells had even the usually clapping Promenaders foaming. Thanks largely to Kreisberg's inspired restraint, the whole symphonic argument, even in the darkly Wagnerian funeral march, emerged with the crystal clarity of chamber music, just as the composer intended. There were few climaxes. When they arrived, they were not blaring, or fancy, or kitsch, but telling, and often enough, terrifying.

The Bournemouth team will take their stunning performance to the Vienna Musikverein next month. Talk about coal to Newcastle. But lucky Vienna.

RODERIC DUNNETT

THE BOURNEMOUTH Orchestra, in its heyday under Sir Dan Godfrey (1888-1939), was the pioneering orchestra of the early 1900s. To this sea-swept retirement outpost on the Dorset-Hampshire border many an aspiring English composer turned for help in getting new works, spurned in London or even Manchester: a first or repeat hearing.

The symphonist Franz Schmidt (1874-1939) is a sense another Elgar - albeit an Austrian one; while the current Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, which on Wednesday gave the first BBC Proms performance of - amazingly - Schmidt's work, sounds in finer fettle than perhaps at any time in its long history. Even as Rattle bows out of transfigured Birmingham, it is clear that the Bournemouth orchestra's new musical director, Valery Gergiev, has the guts to take on the whole of Schmidt's music. His own instrument - he was a cellist in the Vienna Philharmonic under Mahler - provides the moment of most touching extended hearing where the material of the first section of this single-movement cyclic symphony miraculously metamorphoses into an extended cello solo of such exquisite beauty that Richard Strauss would have given his eye teeth to have composed it if he did, in effect, a decade later, with *Metamorphosen*). The opening trumpet theme, despite its optimistic cadence, is desolation and puzzlement personified. Schmidt deals in long drawn-out, Wagner-inspired chromatic themes every bit as cogent as those of the *Tristan* and *Parsifal*-imbued *Elgar*. His fragmenting of them is arguably less skilled than *Elgar's*. Rather, he prefers to work with recurrent but

JULY 10 1998

Everything was music to her

IT WAS predictable that *Hilary and Jackie* should divide its audience in Venice last Sunday. While some saw Anand Tucker's film as a tasteless travesty of the du Pré tragedy, others – including *The Independent's* reporter – were deeply moved. The response, in short, echoed that provoked by the book on which the film was based: those who assert the messiness of life must expect to be hated, and lives don't come much messier than these. But the crucial response is yet to come: what does Daniel Barenboim think? Since du Pré's former husband may have the power; by invoking France's privacy laws, to prevent its release in that country, the film-makers are not falling over themselves to contact him – though, as they rightly point out, they have presented him in a sympathetic light.

Barenboim's verdict matters, quite simply, because he was there. He had nothing to do with the family chronicle by Hilary and Piers, but since he has given his blessing to the musicologist Elizabeth Wilson's forthcoming book about du Pré, we may learn something from that quarter. In the meantime, we must be satisfied with *obiter dicta* such as the one I prised out of him during an interview in 1991. His complex relationship with the cellist was, he said with a cold stare, something that could "never be resolved", and it was, in any case, "not a public subject". Then, after a pause, he delivered this oracular judgement: "I have never come across anybody who was so completely music. Everything was music to her – brain, heart, intestines. It was the most natural form of expression for her. Added to that was her unique instrumental mastery. I'm so very happy that people can still hear her and see her on video." I don't think he will try to ban this film in France; I guess he will just preserve a dignified silence.

Nobody else will: after the critics have come an army of amateur psychologists, each pointing their own particular moral as they did with *Shine*. But, as in *Shine*, some of the most interesting aspects of *Hilary and Jackie* are musical, as I discovered a few months ago on

masterpieces. On these counts at least, the result is a noble success.

NOW TO mayhem, rape and murder, as purveyed by their jolliest musical exponent, Martyn Jacques, who is due to unveil his album *Low-Life Lullabies* next Wednesday at the Spitz (0171-332 0322), known whereof he sings: seven years of playing in transvestite bars, pushing drugs and hanging out with prostitutes have furnished him with real-life material for scores of macabre lyrics. And this is no mere voyeur: he recalls the day a gangster burnt him out of his flat (reducing his accoustics to piles of ash); and he bears the scars of the near-fatal knifing he got on a nocturnal prowl.

As he tells it, his life story comes across as almost conventionally unconventional: putting a pig's head on the altar at the Welsh theological college where he was a student was a timelessly subversive protest. He and his band the Tiger Lillies have won a devoted following with albums called *Spy Bucket*, *Ad Nauseam*, and *Farmyard Filth* (which really is filthy); these have been furively released on the hard-to-find Misery Guts label. In a curious way, it all sounds rather cosy.

Gradually, you discover that he is not a stereotype. He is a born comedian, and once spent a happy day selling songs in the street alongside Arthur Smith – who was selling jokes – but he loathes "comedy" audiences. "I can't relate to them," he says, "nor they to me. My audience drinks, too, but unlike comedy people – who just want to be clones – mine are all misfits." There is a transparent sincerity in his horror of the mainstream. The Royal is dead: long live the English National. And a pox on all schemes that are dreamed up by management consultants.

voice, my body, to create art. If people want to call that pretentious, let them."

Nobody who saw his Grand Guignol extravaganza, *Shock-Headed Peter*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith would call him that. While the human marionettes did unspeakable things to each other, Jacques gave the spectacle a diabolical musical spin. He doesn't make a beautiful sound – his falsetto recalls Dame Edna – but, with sinister effects from his accordion, it chills the marrow in your bones. There is plenty of Weill in his singing, plus Satchmo's rasp, and every so often the band's harmonies degenerate into wild atonality.

This show is now catapulting the Tiger Lillies to stardom: they are touring three continents with it, taking it to Broadway, and, next winter, bringing it into the West End. This week, meanwhile, Jacques and his men have been performing in Paris and Hamburg, where their cult is huge. So hurry along to the Spitz.

DEPARTMENT OF piquant coincidences: while the Royal Opera was desperately ringing down the curtain on Wednesday, English National Opera was introducing its new boss to the press.

Step forward Nicholas Payne, late of the RO, who, in his own words, "just got out in time". He inherits a ship in fine shape, and with a passionately loyal following: tonight's new production of *Otello* is the first offering of his season. Nice to hear him reaffirm ENO's determination to stay at the Coliseum. The Royal is dead: long live the English National. And a pox on all schemes that are dreamed up by management consultants.



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Goodbye to the golden calf

Sir Colin Davis thinks it's high time for a spiritual renaissance. So who better than Bruckner to kick off the LSO season? By Rob Cowan

ON WEDNESDAY 23 September, Sir Colin Davis will launch his fourth season as Principal Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra with a concert of music by Mozart and Bruckner. Both composers tap a main artery somewhere between aesthetic pleasure and spiritual edification, but there can be no doubt where Sir Colin's own priorities lie.

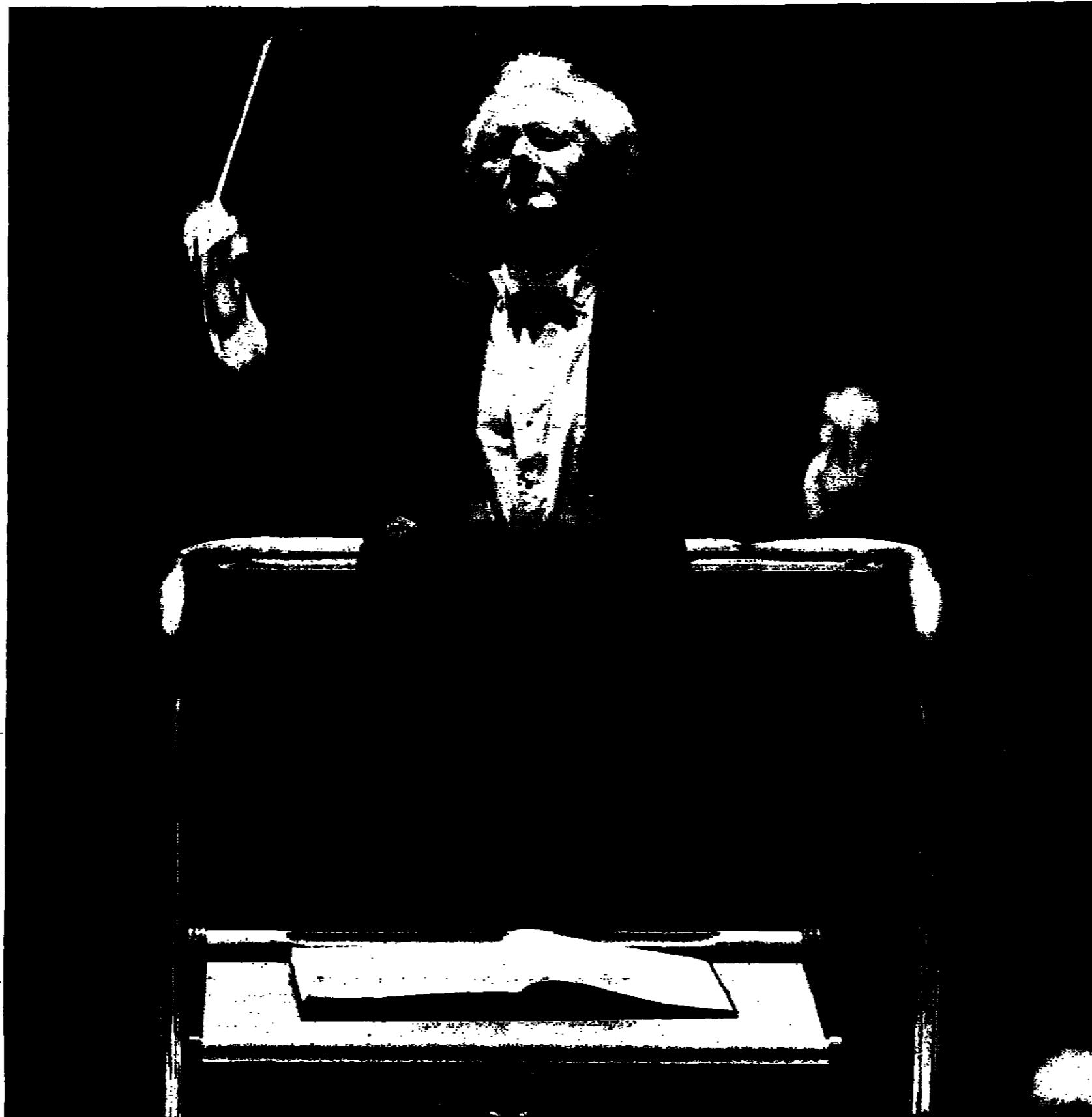
"It's high time that we woke up again to the fact that the 'dance round the golden calf' has been going on long enough," he says emphatically. "And we really have got to look at ourselves and ask what the hell we are actually doing here." So can music really help us to reclaim our spiritual values? "Certainly, music has a great deal to offer in that respect," insists Davis, "and we treasure the great pieces because of that spirituality."

Bruckner's symphonic world is something of a spiritual apocalypse. Think of the Eighth Symphony's cataclysmic first movement. "And the last movement of the Sixth," adds Davis, "the work we'll be playing next week. It's the world under threat, or Bruckner's soul under threat from the Inquisition. A terrible march is

Being an Englishman, they naturally thought 'He doesn't know anything about Bruckner'

on there, with blaring trumpets, frightening interruptions from the brass and terrifying squeals on the other instruments. It is the most extraordinary music. Is that, then, why he chose that particular symphony to open the season? "I chose the Sixth Symphony because it is the one that doesn't really get mentioned in dispatches"; it's usually the Sixth, Fifth or Seventh - but the Sixth is particularly beautiful work. In some respects, it is really a pastoral symphony. The orchestral colourings are remarkable, and there seems to be no reason why the piece should stop - which is the sort of feeling you often have with great music."

Davis conducted Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and F minor Mass during his stint as chief conductor of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in Munich. His readings - and recordings - were widely praised, especially abroad, but was that the limit of his Brucknerian repertoire at the time? "Yes. It wasn't until I came to the LSO that I learnt another four symphonies. It was, above all, an adventure in coping with great blocks of sound. You know how Bruckner puts them side by side and doesn't really think about joining them up? Brahms does that, too. So there is a marked difference between the Munich and London orchestras' response to Bruckner?" "Yes. There's a tremendous difference," confesses Sir Colin, "because the Bavarians have played Bruckner ever since they can remember. Their first conductor was Eugen Jochum, who did loads of Bruckner; and then Rafael Kubelik - who was the orchestra's chief conductor before me - was a great Bruckner conductor." Initial suspicions soon gave way to approval. "When I came along, as an Englishman, they naturally thought 'he doesn't know anything about Bruckner'. But the advantage of playing Bruckner with the LSO is that the orchestra doesn't really have the music in their bones either;



Colin Davis: 'It's high time that we woke up to the fact that "the dance round the golden calf" has been going on long enough' Keith Saunders

so you start off on an equal footing, discovering how a piece could go. And it can go in so many ways; I can't think that the performances of other composers vary quite as much as they do with Bruckner."

Bruckner was still misconceived as heavy, marmoreal, monotonous, a sort of annex to the Wagnerian edifice, but Davis intends to help combat these common misconceptions. "And I feel very strongly about it," he insists. "The aspect of relative tempo is enormously important, and by that I mean that even the people who love Bruckner's music take passages that are treated as if they bring their egos on the platform, they will immediately wreck what is going on. They contribute to something that is much greater than themselves, and produce this vision of order. It costs people

tempo and hurry the music along until they come to another glade in the forest where they can relax and enjoy themselves. I don't think that works. I don't think that the logic of the pieces comes through in that way. You get wonderful episodes in these performances, and then whole passages that are treated as transitional. Admittedly, it is very difficult because not all the material really goes into one tempo - and tempo variation in Bruckner is vital. You should allow each episode to blossom rather than hurrying past the landscape just because the flowers aren't open."

As to present performers, how do the players adapt to the epic timescale of Bruckner's music?

"You must above all have a sense of musical structure, of order. That is reflected in what our orchestra tries to do. There are all those disparate characters sitting out there. We don't know who they are; but in order to sit and play a Bruckner symphony, they have to sacrifice their egos - because if they bring their egos on the platform, they will immediately wreck what is going on. They contribute to something that is much greater than themselves, and produce this vision of order. It costs people

Bruckner's Sixth is really a slow march; in fact, it becomes a funeral march, and Elgar's slow marches are always effective. I think in particular of the slow movement of the Second Symphony, which is one of the most wonderful pieces I know."

Elgar and Bruckner were both epic symphonists, unlike Mozart, the other composer on Wednesday's programme. Sir Colin's Mozart performances are by now legendary, both in the opera pit and in the concert hall. But has Salzburg's greatest son lost any of his power to inspire, to humble? "Mozart is the god of love," Davis says decisively. "He tells us that we're so ridiculous, and that the simplest thing is to forgive one another; laugh at one another and love one another; and go out and have a good meal!" But surely there is a darker side to Mozart, a minor-key sense of unrest? "OK. Then he's accused of trying to break up the universe because of *Don Giovanni*, and I think that there he is misunderstood. Mozart despised *Don Giovanni* because the Don has no inner life of any kind. He hasn't anything to say. He has no proper aria because he doesn't exist as a person; he's just a machine for

Bruckner is still misconceived as heavy, marmoreal and monotonous

disrupting things. And so perhaps Mozart wrote his greatest music just to send this chap down, because he was so intolerable. He also demonstrates, in the same work, the temptation of following stars: *Don Giovanni* is a star; he's a pop star, a football freak."

But not all crowd-pleasers are "mere" stars. Earlier this year, the composer Anthony Payne stole the nation's hearts with his sensitive elaboration on Elgar's sketches for a Third Symphony. Davis will include the new "Elgar Third" in his forthcoming Elgar series. "Payne has come up with a most extraordinary piece of work," he says. "Only the second movement still puzzles me. I'm not quite sure whether I've found my way into that yet, but the first movement has a genuine Elgarian swagger." That was in July, so by now, Davis may have fatigued the mysteries of that elusive second movement.

As to the more general questions about New Music and whether or not the past has an exclusive claim on musical greatness, Davis returns to the perennial ideas of form, order, a centred "mean". "Since the collapse of the Classical system of composition, we've seen various alternatives," he says, "but none of them has survived. There's too much music just being composed. It will take a great spiritual revival, or a need to write what we would call 'great' music, to draw all this new experience into a centre where it can be organised by some exceptional musician. Then they will write a great piece and we will recognise it as such. It has been so centrifugal the whole thing, hasn't it? People whirling around, getting further and further apart. It has got to come back, congeal - and maybe then we will find our souls again."

Sir Colin Davis conducts the opening concert in the London Symphony Orchestra season on 23 and 24 September at the Barbican (0171-638 8892)

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Legal Notices

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

CHANCERY DIVISION IN THE MATTER OF RENAISSANCE GROWTH LIMITED AND OTHERS AND IN THE MATTER OF THE COMPANIES ACT 1985

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that the Order of the High Court of Justice made on 21 January 1991

(Case number 222/000)

WENGERL, Michael, Gisela and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

(Case number 223/000)

LEEDS, Albert, Walker and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

(Case number 224/000)

LLYD, Peter, and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

(Case number 225/000)

PARNELL, Fred, and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

(Case number 226/000)

RAMSEY, John, Mary Reinhold, and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

(Case number 227/000)

REINHOLD, Peter, and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

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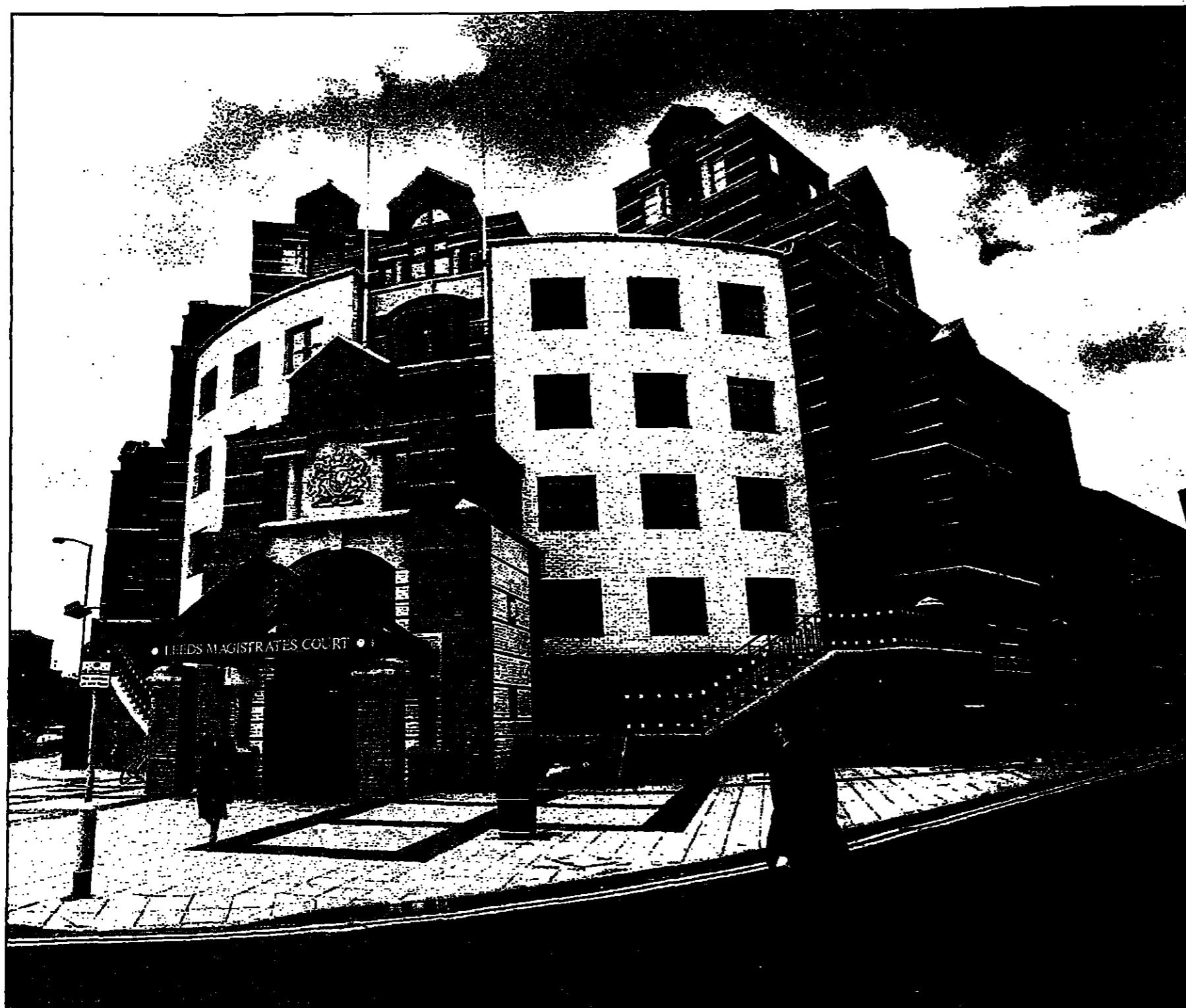
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REINHOLD, Peter, and others v. REINHOLD, Peter, and others

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The modern magistrates' court in Leeds which had to take on more work with the closure of Ripon's court

Outlawing local justice

The closure of old magistrates' courts is not just a finale for some magnificent buildings. It is the end to local links between JPs and people appearing before them. By John-Paul Flintoff

DAVID UFFINDALL, a lay magistrate in North Yorkshire, often bumps into people he has sent to prison. But he could not be more delighted. "I saw one in the supermarket," he recalls. "I said hello, and he said 'By 'eck, I wish you'd given me a couple of days less!'"

Like many of his colleagues on the bench, Uffindall believes that magistrates' courts work well precisely because magistrates are familiar with the local community. "Justice is about local people dealing with local people, magistrates who know the area. To live with your decisions from day to day is extremely important," he says. The tradition of local justice reaches back to the Middle Ages. "It's hard to explain this, but it's about the collective esteem of the local community, about the sense that we can run our own affairs."

But that tradition is under threat, because magistrates' courts – including Ripon's, in which Uffindall used to sit – are being closed down one after the other. This is partly because magistrates' workload is diminishing. Many of the offences that once required an appearance in court can now be settled by post – driving offences, for example, and fare evasion. For other offences, police have become increasingly reliant on the use of a caution.

And if the work isn't there, then keeping the magistrates' court open can't be justified, because local magistrates' courts committees (MCCs) are allocated a fixed sum

each year by the Lord Chancellor's Department, and one of the biggest sources of expenditure is leasing court buildings from local authorities. "These buildings were built a long time ago and were not geared up to modern requirements. It can be expensive to put buildings into an acceptable state," says Paul Bradley, chief executive of the north Yorkshire MCC. A spokesman for the Lord Chancellor's department elaborates: "The Government is committed to the better distribution

'Justice is local people dealing with local people, magistrates who know the area'

and use of the public resources that are allocated to magistrates' courts committees. We look to provide a modern system of justice, with well equipped and secure courtrooms."

On the face of it, Ripon magistrates' court didn't look great value for money. Built in 1850, its single cell was "more or less the cleaner's cupboard," says Uffindall. Outsiders brought in to examine the court by the MCC, suggested that to bring the court up to modern standards would cost a prohibitive £250,000. Where as closing it down, the MCC calculated, would save £10,000 a year

It did not close without a fight. Last October, when they heard about the plan, many local magistrates themselves set about protesting. They collected 4,000 signatures, says Uffindall. They took the campaign to local papers and broadcasters. The local MP, former Conservative minister David Curry, raised the matter in Parliament. The local authority, which pays 20 per cent of the cost of magistrates' courts, appealed against the decision, but in June the Lord Chancellor – who pays the other 80 per cent – backed the closure. Now defendants and witnesses must travel 12 miles to the modern court facilities of Harrogate. In effect, they are subsidising, through their transport costs, the savings achieved by the MCC. And in north Yorkshire, transport is not a simple matter. For people living in the most remote corners of the region, poor public transport can make it almost impossible to get to Harrogate and back within a single day. One local villain recently told Uffindall that he would henceforth wait to be collected for court appearances by a police "taxi".

Over the last seven years, explains Bradley, 10 out of 19 local magistrates' courts in North Yorkshire have been closed down. "In most cases," he says, "the county council did appeal, as did the city of York, but all the appeals were dismissed by the Lord Chancellor."

But Uffindall is deeply unimpressed. "This is a quango taking

away a public service when they are not answerable to the public."

Closures are happening all over the country. In inner London, Old Street, Southcombe Street, Walton Street and, most recently, Marlborough Street and Hampstead magistrates' courts have ceased operating. Still facing uncertainty is the court in King's Cross Road, Clerkenwell. "Wonderful courts – all closing down," comments one sorrowful solicitor, Paul Butcher of Hodge Jones & Allen, in Camden.

Now defendants and witnesses must travel 12 miles to the modern court facilities of Harrogate. In effect, they are subsidising, through their transport costs, the savings achieved by the MCC. And in north Yorkshire, transport is not a simple matter. For people living in the most remote corners of the region, poor public transport can make it almost impossible to get to Harrogate and back within a single day. One local villain recently told Uffindall that he would henceforth wait to be collected for court appearances by a police "taxi".

But Hampstead magistrates' court contained only one courtroom, and little space. It might have been listed as an historic building, but it was nothing more than "a toilet", according to one barrister who appeared there before it closed.

"Or perhaps a large cupboard," she concedes. Her scathing comments have little to do with the wood paneling. What she is getting at are the cramped conditions, in which it was occasionally necessary to write

down instructions on her lap. For this particular barrister, the closure of Hampstead can only be regarded as a good thing.

In place of the smaller courthouses are springing up a smaller number of buildings, each one housing a greater number of courtrooms, larger space and greater facilities. The most recent to open in inner London was the seven-courtroom West London magistrates' court in Hammersmith. In almost every respect, the new buildings represent an improvement – except for hard-up defendants and witnesses who have to fork out for bus or Tube fares for the privilege of appearing in court.

But one defence barrister considers that this is no great hardship – for a few of the defendants, at least. "I've got some clients," she says, "who travel as far as from London to Cardiff to carry out their crimes. I think they can manage a trip to town to court."

And in any case, the inconvenience of making an appearance in a court far from home is always going to be a problem. If the alleged crime took place in Brighton, then that is where the case must be held, even if the defendant is from Liverpool.

"And why not?" asks a spokesman for one MCC. "After all, if you moved the case to Liverpool, then all the witnesses would have to travel there. And that wouldn't be fair either."

The first publication to do the "unthinkable" was Legal Business in 1993. Editor Martha Klein explains that the initial reason for publishing the figures was that "given the amount of money that corporate clients pay to their lawyers, those figures should be in the public domain so that corporate executives can get a better handle on the market; and also it lets the law firms measure themselves against their competitors. Greater transparency helps both the lawyers and their clients in their businesses."

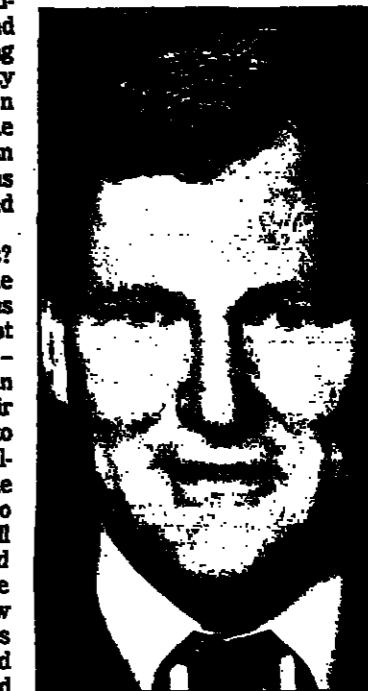
There is also a more compelling reason, according to *The Lawyer's* City editor, Robert Lindsay. "As legal high-flyers become more mobile, the profits which each firm can dole out to its partners are becoming much more important.

Lawyers use these figures to make decisions about their careers."

The general view of in-house lawyers – who effectively instruct those law firms – is that the league tables are a good excuse to get publicity in the general press. The totally expected reaction has been in the middle-market tabloids, with the Labour MP Paul Flynn being quoted as having accused top commercial lawyers of being parasites. "These people contribute nothing at all to society."

The tables also give the Bar an opportunity to defend its own corner. Heather Hallett QC, chair of the Bar Council, says: "What the tables show is staggering. With City solicitors pushing to do more advocacy work, it will mean that they will be charging at those City firm rates, which can be much higher than the Bar – it shows that pound for pound, barristers are better value".

Stephen Ball, managing director and chief general counsel at Nomura International, is another in-house lawyer who does not use the tables to pick lawyers: "As experienced users of legal services, we like to



Gordon Pollock QC, one of the top commercial silks

think that we use only the best," he says, "and we also like to think that we already know who they are. But it is good to have our choice as the best confirmed in the league tables".

One leading in-house lawyer who uses a panel of five City law firms, says that the tables do not go far enough. "From my point of view, I am more interested in the service levels – and I would expect the good firms to be making healthy profits. The figures given in the various league tables are gross figures; the more interesting question to ask is what is being reinvested in the business – in technology, and in the most important resource – the people".

So the view from the business world is that "obviously, knowing the gross fees figures can be useful when negotiating the legal fees. But it is the law firms' business how they cut up the pie – what we want are happy lawyers, not knackered ones because the business is not properly managed – or not properly resourced". And the legal press, in publishing those league tables and their analyses of those figures, has also borrowed another concept from the business world, which applies to even the most profitable of the successful law firms – the profits warning.

Don't fight. Mediate your way out of the relationship

I WENT to a wedding recently where the bride's parents (each with their new partners) sat on opposite sides of the aisle. The wedding reception was a tense affair. Both the bride's father and stepfather made speeches but the animosity between them was evident – all very sad as the bride's parents had divorced some 10 years earlier.

Each year, about 300,000 couples marry, and 160,000 couples divorce. The divorce rate has stabilised over the last three to four years, but the popularity of marriage as an institution is in gradual decline.

Some see this as a natural development in an increasingly Godless society. Others point to the unreality of an institution based on "till death us do part".

But there is increasing public awareness of the huge pain which divorce can inflict on families both in emotional and financial terms.

What part do lawyers play in all of this – an unpopular breed, whom the public regard as largely responsible for delay, acrimony and costs?

As the Family Law Act 1996 is phased in gradually so that the fault grounds for divorce are removed, now is the time when many will look at alternatives to the conventional legal process. Many couples are choosing the mediation option as a civilised means of resolving the disputes which arise when a relationship ends, such as whether to divorce or separate and what arrangements should be made

for the children, finance and accommodation.

Mediation has nothing to do with reconciliation, although this may conceivably be the by-product. Instead, couples meet with a trained mediator who will help them to identify the areas of disagreement and to explore the areas for settlement. The process is confidential and both parties will be encouraged to take independent legal advice at the end of it. Indeed, many mediators (including myself) are specialist family lawyers wearing a different hat.

Susannah and Alan came to see me in mediation earlier this year. Both agreed that the marriage was over, but were still living together. Both were anxious to see as much of the

OUR LEARNED FRIEND



KIM BEATSON

children as possible. Alan had formed a new relationship, and Susannah was upset about this and mindful of the effect this could have on the children. Both

had strong – and opposing – views as to whether the matrimonial home should be sold. In mediation, it was possible to agree a pattern of contact so that Alan could spend frequent time with the children. Alan was able to agree that the children should not be brought into contact with his girlfriend until the separation took place. It was agreed that the house should be sold but Susannah would receive a greater proportion of the proceeds to reflect the fact that Alan had superior pension provision. Both took the agreement to their own lawyers, an agreed settlement was reached and the legal costs were reduced considerably.

If the case had proceeded to a court hearing, costs on each side

could have totalled thousands of pounds with delays of a year or more. In mediation, a settlement can be reached in a matter of weeks. But the mediators still require detailed disclosure of financial circumstances.

Mediation is also suitable for cohabiting couples or same sex couples who may wish to consider arrangements concerning children, property ownership and housing.

The cost of mediation will be split between the couple in whatever proportion they agree. Typically, mediation sessions last one to two hours and lawyer mediators charge about £70 per person per session. Usually the process is completed in four sessions, although this depends on the issues under discussion

and the complexity of the case. Selected services also offer mediation under the legal aid scheme to those who satisfy the relevant financial criteria.

If you are keen to achieve an amicable end to your marriage or relationship, then I urge you to consider mediation. It is impossible to walk away from a relationship where children are involved. School meetings, graduations and weddings mean that couples will continue to meet as parents. Mediation can help in creating an environment where those meetings will be in a spirit of respect and courtesy as a result of a legal battle.

Kim Beatson is a partner at Anthony Gold, Lerman & Musheer

Sept 11 1998

WARNER VILLAGE (0181-427 9009) ♦ Harrow-On-The-Hill Armageddon 10.20am, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm, Dr Dolittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm Gang Related 12.10am, The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm, Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12midnight, Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.50pm Saving Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm Species II 12noon, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.20pm, 8pm, 11.20pm, The X-Files 10.10am, 12.30pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

HOLLOWAY

ODEON (0181-315 4213) ♦ Holloway Road/Archway Armageddon 2.25pm, 6pm, 9.10pm Dr Dolittle 1.20am, 3.30pm, 5.50pm, 7.50pm, 10.15pm He Got Game 12.55pm, 3.45pm, 6.35pm, 9.25pm The Horse Whisperer 2.05pm, 5.30pm, 8.55pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 4.55pm, 7.30pm, 9.35pm Saving Private Ryan 2pm, 4.25pm, 6.80pm, Species II 1.15pm, 3.25pm, 5.45pm, 7.55pm The X-Files 1.40pm, 4.20pm, 7pm, 9.35pm

ILFORD

ODEON (0181-315 4223) ♦ Gants Hill Barnes' Green 11.50am, 12.55pm Dr Dolittle 1.50pm, 3.40pm, 6pm The Horse Whisperer 12.25pm, 4pm, 7.30pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.50pm, 3.20pm, 6pm, 8.30pm, 9.30pm Saving Private Ryan 12.20pm, 4pm, 7.40pm Species II 2.50pm, 8.20pm The X-Files 2.50pm, 8.20pm

KINGSTON

ABC OPTIONS (0870-9020409) BR: Kingston The Horse Whisperer 2.10pm, 7.30pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 1.05pm, 3.30pm, 6pm Saving Private Ryan 12.40pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm

MUSWELL HILL

ODEON (0181-315 4217) ♦ Highgate Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 2.55pm, 4.45pm, 6.25pm The Horse Whisperer 12.50pm, 4.10pm, 7.50pm Saving Private Ryan 12noon, 3.40pm, 7.40pm The X-Files 8.20pm

PICKHAM

PREMIER (0181-235 3006) BR: Peckham Ry Armageddon 11.25pm Babyshock 2.15pm, 4.15pm, 6.15pm, 8.15pm, 10.15pm, 12.15pm Dr Dolittle 1.45pm, 8.55pm Godzilla 2.25pm, He Got Game 2.35pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.25pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.10pm, 4.35pm, 7.25pm, 9.25pm Saving Private Ryan 12.40pm, 4.05pm, 7.30pm, 9.35pm Species II 5.15pm, 7.25pm, 9.30pm, 11.45pm The X-Files 3.55pm, 6.25pm, 8.55pm

PURLEY

ABC (0870-9020407) BR: Purley The Horse Whisperer 3.30pm, 7.20pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.40pm, 5.40pm, 8.30pm Saving Private Ryan 2.10pm, 7.10pm

PUTNEY

ABC (0870-9020401) ♦ Putney Bridge/BR: Putney The Horse Whisperer 1.45pm, 5.15pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.15pm, 4.45pm, 7.15pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 1.45pm, 5.15pm, 8.45pm

RICHMOND

ODEON (0181-315 4218) BR: Richmond The Horse Whisperer 1pm, 4.30pm, 8.10pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 3.20pm, 5.30pm, The Land Girls 1.10pm, 6.50pm The Spanish Prisoner 3.20pm, 9.20pm The X-Files 2.10pm, 6.10pm, 9.10pm

RIMFORD

ODEON STUDIO (0181-315 4218) BR: Rimford Armageddon 5.20pm, 8.30pm Cousin Bettie 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.50pm, 9.30pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.20pm, The Land Girls 1.10pm, 6.50pm The Spanish Prisoner 2.10pm, 7.30pm Species II 2.05pm, 4.10pm, 6.15pm, 8.35pm

ODEON LIBERTY

(071-729040) BR: Rimford Armageddon 2.15pm, 5.30pm, 8.50pm, 11.05pm Dr Dolittle 1.20pm, 3.45pm, 6.40pm, 8.45pm Godzilla 12.10pm, The Horse Whisperer 1.30pm, 4.10pm, 7.30pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 1pm, 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 9.30pm Lost In Space 1.15pm, 4.15pm, 7.15pm, 9.25pm Saving Private Ryan 12.45pm, 4.30pm, 8.15pm Species II 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.35pm, 11.30pm The X-Files 1.40pm, 4.20pm, 7pm, 9.35pm

SIDCUP

ABC (0541-555131) BR: Sidcup Dr Dolittle 12.40pm The Horse Whisperer 2.30pm, 7.40pm Saving Private Ryan 2.15pm, 7.30pm

STAPLES CORNER

VIRGIN (0870-90701719) BR: Cricketwood Armageddon 8pm, 11.45pm Dr Dolittle 2pm, 4.20pm, 6.45pm, 8.45pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 1.30pm, 5.10pm, 8.45pm The X-Files 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm

STREATHAM

ABC (0870-9020415) BR: Streatham Hill Cousin Bettie 2.30pm, 6pm, 8.35pm Dr Dolittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 4.45pm, 6.30pm, 8.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

SWINDON

ODEON (0181-315 4219) BR: Swindon Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

ODEON (0181-315 4219) BR: Tunbridge Wells Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

WATFORD

ODEON (0181-315 4219) BR: Watford Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

WEMBLEY

ODEON (0990-888990) BR: Wembley Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

WILTON

ODEON (0990-888990) BR: Wilton Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 2.15pm, 5.20pm, 8.45pm Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 2.30pm, 5pm, 7.30pm, 9.45pm Saving Private Ryan 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.45pm

THEATRE
WEST END

Ticket availability details are for today's times and prices for the week: running times include intervals. Seats at all prices. Seats at some prices. Returns only Matinees.

● **THE MOUSETRAP** Agatha Christie's whodunit. St Martin's West Street, WC2 (0171-836 1443) 6pm, Sat-Sun 8pm, [3] 2.45pm, [7] 5pm, £22-£23, 135 mins.

● **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** Andrew Lloyd Webber's Gothic musical. Her Majesty's Haymarket, SW1 (0171-494 5400) 7pm, 8.35pm, 9.15pm Saving Private Ryan 12.30pm, 4pm, 7.30pm, 8.45pm, 11pm Species II 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm, 10pm The X-Files 6.45pm, 9.45pm, 12.15pm

● **ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS** Michael Frayn's new comedy about a dinner party which is interrupted by mysterious messages stars Gillian Kendal and Jessie Lawrence. Gielgud Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5065) 8pm, [5] 7pm, £19.50, previews £18.50-£21.50.

● **THE HORSE WHISPERER** Andrew Lloyd Webber's new translation of Racine's tragedy. Abey St Martin's Lane, WC2 (0171-369 1736) 4pm, Got Game 8pm, 11.15pm The Horse Whisperer 1.30pm, 4pm, 7.30pm, 8.45pm Species II 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm, 10pm The X-Files 6.45pm, 9.45pm, 11.15pm

● **AS YOU LIKE IT** Literacy company from Shakespeare contrasting the court and the natural world. The Globe New Globe Walk, SE1 (0171-401 9919) 10pm, London Bridge, rep. mat. today 2pm, ends 16 Sept. £25-£28, concs available, 180 mins.

● **POP CULTURE** Lawrence Durrell's satire on cinema violence. Apollo Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5070) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £19.50, £12.50-£15.50.

● **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUNDED** David Hare's classic mystery play from Tom Stoppard and Peter Schaffer, directed by Gregory Doran. Comedy Pantomime Street, SW1 (0171-369 1733) 7pm, [4] 7pm, £19.50-£27.50.

● **BLOOD BROTHERS** Willy Russell's long-running musical. Phoenix Charing Cross Road, WC2 (0171-369 1733) 7pm, [4] 7pm, £19.50-£27.50.

● **WALSHAMSTON** ABC (0870-9020424) ♦ Walshamstow Central Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm Saving Private Ryan 1.20pm, 4pm, 7.40pm Species II 2.50pm, 5pm, 8.20pm

● **THE BLUE ROOM** Nicolle Kidman in David Hare's adaptation of Schindler's List. Royal Exchange, London, EC2 (0171-369 1732) 7pm, [4] 7pm, £12-£25.

● **ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE** O'LEARY: Oklahoma! Classic musical from Rodgers and Hammerstein, featuring the song "Oh What A Beautiful Mornin'". Mon-Sat 7.30pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

● **LYNNIE'S** Musical biopic showing the brief life of Buddy Holly. Strand Aldwych, WC2 (0171-930 0000) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

● **BUDVIVY** Musical biopic showing the brief life of Buddy Holly. Strand Aldwych, WC2 (0171-930 0000) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

● **EVERYMAN THEATRE** RUMBLE: Ruthie Henshall stars in this hit Broadway musical. Adelphi Theatre, WC2 (0171-344 0055) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

● **THEATRE ROYAL** Our Lady Of The Angels: Ted Neeley's latest production stars Simon Callow. Mon-Sat 8pm, [5] 7pm, £12-£25.

● **THEATRE COUNTRYWIDE** ROBERT: Ruthie Henshall stars in this hit Broadway musical. Adelphi Theatre, WC2 (0171-344 0055) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

● **THEATRE ROYAL** ROBERT: Ruthie Henshall stars in this hit Broadway musical. Adelphi Theatre, WC2 (0171-344 0055) 8pm, [4] 7pm, £12.50-£16.50.

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● **THEATRE ROYAL** ROBERT: Ruthie Henshall stars in this hit Broadway musical. Adelphi Theatre, WC2 (0171-3

